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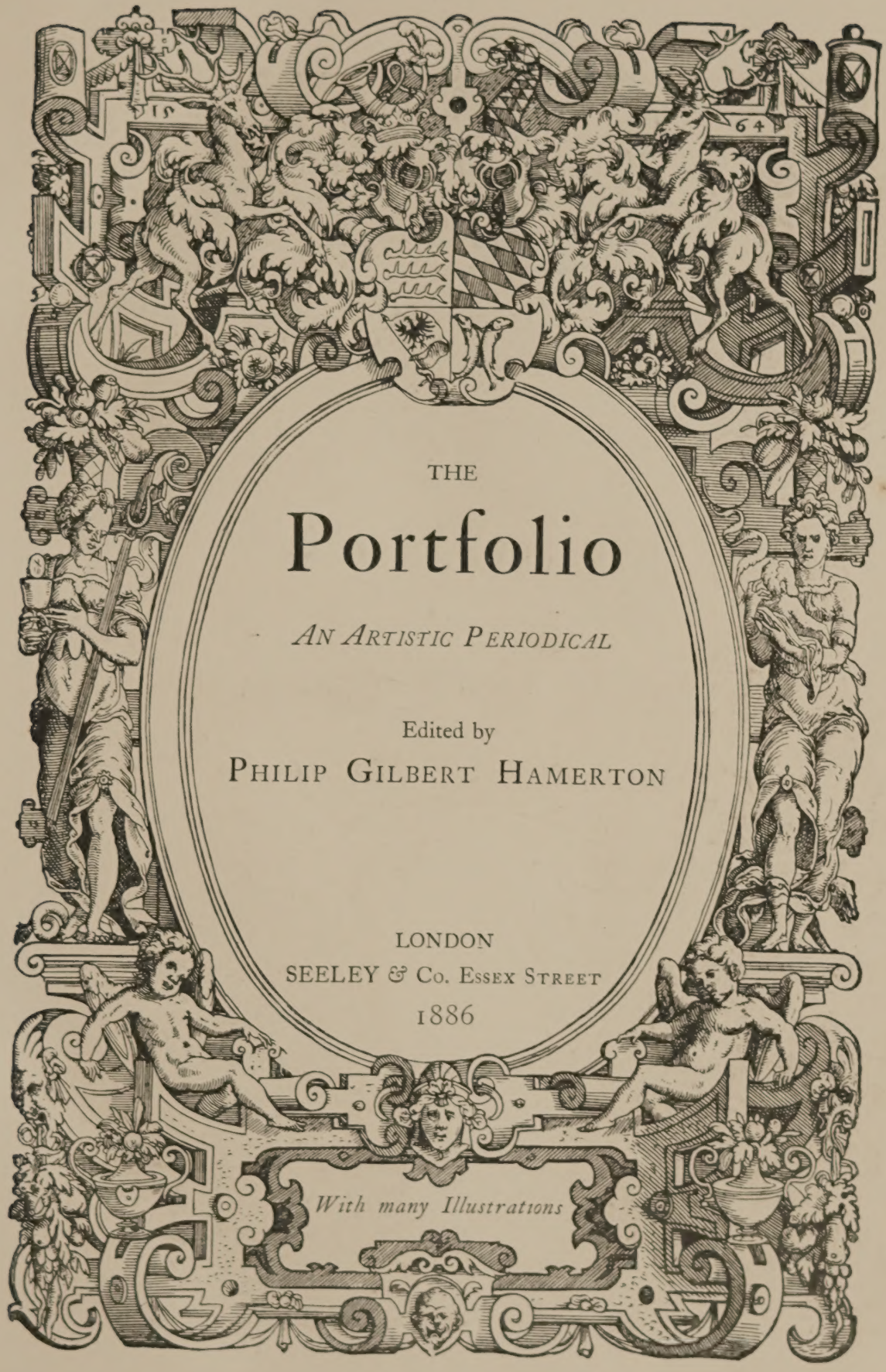

THE

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An Artistic Periodical

Edited by

PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON

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THE PORTFOLIO

IMAGINATION IN LANDSCAPE PAINTING.

I. *Is the Landscape Painter's Imagination of a special kind?*

THE imagination of the landscape-painter differs from that of other imaginative people only in the class of objects or phenomena with which it is concerned. The objects that occupy him are those which are easily visible on the surface of the earth, and the phenomena in which he takes an interest are the effects of light and colour which seem to give to those objects a varying value and significance. He is interested in these things and appearances, not for themselves alone, but because he perceives in them certain obscure analogies with the moods of man.

Landscape-painters, like other men, may be endowed with the imaginative faculties in the most various degrees and in quite different orders. We shall have to discriminate between some, at least, of these in the course of the following chapters. For the present, we must content ourselves with the simple assertion, to be maintained subsequently by proofs, that there is nothing peculiar in the imagination of a landscape-painter, except this, that it is occupied with objects and phenomena that interest him more peculiarly than others. Not that other people are necessarily without interest in these objects and phenomena, for if they were so, the productions of the landscape-painter would have no sale, and he could never win reputation. Thousands of passages in literature give evidence of a landscape-painter's tastes, and many seem to prove that the writer possessed exactly the kind of imagination which we are in the habit of attributing to painters. There is abundant evidence, too, of the presence of taste and imagination exercised with reference to landscape, in people who have no artistic training whatever, and who do not express themselves in literature. We know this by their evident delight in romantic natural scenery, by their choice, when the opportunity is offered, of beautiful sites for their places of residence, and especially by an enjoyment of imaginative pictures which is not the less real because dissociated from the technical discussions of the studio. There is good evidence, even, that a large proportion of the outside public is really more imaginative than some of the landscape-painters themselves, for accurate, unimaginative landscape-painting is never widely popular, and the lowest popular forms of the art, as well as the highest, invariably appeal far more to the spectator's imagination than to any supposed accuracy in his knowledge. The views of places painted on the panels of steam-boats, or the coloured prints that are bestowed gratuitously on the purchasers of certain groceries, or the sketches of landscape on screens and trays, are probably the lowest forms of the art that deserve to be taken into consideration; and in all these you will find, I do not say any display of noble imaginative powers, but certainly far more the impulse to be imaginative than the anxiety to be accurate. This is only in accordance with what we know of the popular imagination in other things. We owe the development of all early myths and legends to the common people, whilst the criticism that distinguishes between legend and history is always the product of a small cultivated class. There is, indeed, such vigour of imagination in the popular mind that the artist who is destitute of it cannot satisfy the instinctive needs of the people. They will be unmoved by his art, and however careful, however full of conscientious observation, it may be, they will feel it to be unsatisfactory, and therefore reject it as untrue.

II. *The two senses of the Word 'Imagination.'*

Littré marks the distinction in popular use between two meanings of the word Imagination. The first sense, according to him, is 'a faculty that we have of recalling vividly, and of seeing, so to speak, objects that are no longer before our eyes.' This is the first sense, but the second appears to involve the exercise of an additional faculty. Littré defines the second sense as, 'particularly in literature and the fine arts,

It is practically impossible that the illustrations which accompany these chapters, should always be especially connected with the portion of the text which may be published in the same number. The illustrations belong to the work as a whole, and will be found useful as examples to refer to in due time; meanwhile, as they are chosen from works excellent in themselves, they may well be accepted on their own merits, and for their own intrinsic interest. As the work progresses, the connection between the illustrations and the text will become more evident.

the faculty of inventing, of conceiving, joined to the talent of rendering conceptions in a lively manner. So we say, "this poet, this painter has a great deal of imagination," and we speak of "the creative imagination."'

Voltaire, in his 'Philosophical Dictionary,' said that there are 'two kinds of imagination, one which consists in retaining a simple impression of objects, the other which arranges the images so received, and combines them in a thousand ways.'

Webster makes the distinction with equal clearness. He defines imagination in the first sense as 'the image-making power; the power to create or reproduce an object of sense previously perceived; the power to recall a mental or spiritual state that has before been experienced.' In the second sense, Webster says that imagination is 'the representative power; the phantasy or fancy; the power to reconstruct or re-combine the materials furnished by experience or direct apprehension; the complex faculty usually termed the *plastic* or *creative* power.' Not satisfied with these two definitions, Webster goes farther and adds a third, defining imagination in this last and highest sense as 'the power to re-create or re-combine with readiness, under the stimulus of excited feeling, for the accomplishment of an elevated end or purpose; in this sense, distinguished from *fancy*.'

The reader will observe that Webster, in his second definition, makes imagination and fancy synonymous, whereas in his third he distinguishes them.

Webster says that Imagination and Fancy are different exercises of the same general power—the plastic or creative faculty; that 'Imagination is the higher exercise of the two, and has strong emotion as its actuating and formative cause; whilst Fancy moves on a lighter wing, it is governed by laws of association which are more remote, and sometimes arbitrary or capricious.'

Wordsworth had a distinction between Fancy and Imagination in his mind when he classified his poems; but if we examine them carefully, taking the poem 'To the Sky-lark' as an example of Fancy (it having been so classed by its author), and that 'To the Cuckoo' as an example of Imagination, we shall not find any greater difference than this, namely, that the tone of the first poem is less mysterious than that of the second. In both poems the first lines are equally gay and the last equally serious. If imagination is the reproduction of the images of things, neither one nor the other of the two poems has any claim to be imaginative, as there is no clear sight of an image in either, and the motive of the verses to the cuckoo is precisely the invisibility of the bird. The reason why the poet called his verses to the skylark fanciful, and those to the cuckoo imaginative, is because, in the first, his imagination played about a fact, the joyful ascent of the lark, whilst in the second it played about a fictitious idea that the song of the cuckoo was not from a bird, but a mysterious voice without any bird's throat to make it. The fiction with

LE DESSINATEUR. FROM THE ETCHING BY CLAUDE.

regard to the cuckoo is carried far indeed when the poet, for the purposes of his art, tries to make us believe that the bird is always invisible; one would think that he had never lived in the country. As for me, I have seen the cuckoo many a time, and Gilbert White of Selborne once saw several cuckoos at once.* The inference seems to be that, in Wordsworth's conception, the Imagination acts more in supposing fictions than in evoking images of realities.

In the original edition of the second volume of 'Modern Painters,' Mr. Ruskin distinguished somewhat elaborately between Fancy and Imagination; but it is interesting to observe that, in the new handy edition of that portion of his great book, he frankly abandons the distinction in the following plain words:—

'In the first place, the reader must be warned not to trouble himself with the distinctions, attempted, or alluded to, between Fancy and Imagination. The subject is jaded, the matter of it insignificant, and the settlement of it practically impossible, not merely because everybody has his own theory, but also because nobody ever states his own in terms on which other people are agreed. I am, myself, now entirely indifferent which word I use; and should say of a work of art that it was well "fancied," or well "invented," or well "imagined," with only some shades of different meaning in the application of the terms, rather dependent on the matter treated than the power of mind involved in the treatment.'

* The birds were skimming over a large pond and catching dragon-flies.

The distinction between Fancy and Imagination is, indeed, one of those which appear to be invented more for the exercise of a needlessly refined ingenuity than for any practical purpose, and it has the immense inconvenience of obliging a critic to be always on his guard in the employment of terms, for if he speaks of the imagination of one of the lighter and more graceful artists it may be objected that an artist of that calibre is not imaginative at all, but only fanciful, and when the critic has to deal with an artist whose imagination is sometimes grave and profound, and at other times disposed to play in a charming manner with trifles, the most unprofitable objections may be raised against the use of either word. In short, this is one of those distinctions which afford opportunities for chicanery, and therefore no attention will be paid to it in these papers. Whenever necessary, a distinction will be made between different phases or tempers of the one great faculty that is properly called the Imagination, but the faculty itself will always be called by one name.

LE CHEVRIER. FROM THE ETCHING BY CLAUDE.

For us, then, there will be only two senses of the word Imagination. We cannot well do without these two, though it may be objected that one of them is only Memory, an objection to be answered in the next chapter. For the present, it may be enough to call the attention of the reader to one of those questions which often produce confusion in our thinking. Imagination is the power of seeing images of things that are absent; Imagination is also the power

of combining and altering these images so as to fit or fuse them together in artistic wholes from which incongruous images are excluded. Now, here we have two powers which are at least so far independent that the first can exist without the second, though the second cannot exist without the first. Many people can bring images before the mind's eye, who have not the smallest gift for combining them in works of art. On the other hand, there have been instances of good composing power in which it was not accompanied by that vivid representing power which seems to be the indication of a perfectly clear memory. Let us suppose the case of an artist with these two gifts, or a gift and an acquirement.

1. The power of recalling images of absent things.
2. The power of representing these images in painting.

Would you call the works of such an artist imaginative paintings? Most probably not. You might call them truthful, but not imaginative. It is even possible that you might be so deceived by their fidelity as to think that not even the memory had anything to do with them, and that they were painted entirely from nature. I remember an instance of this. A painter, whose memory was very good, relied upon it for the materials of a certain work which was afterwards written about as being obviously painted from nature, and as having the usual defects of pictures or studies executed out-of-doors. Nobody would call such a work imaginative, and yet it resulted from the artist's power of recalling images, and it was the very strength of the memory which made the work seem as if it had not been painted from memory. In other words, the image-recalling faculty was so strong, that it could not be believed in, and its results were attributed to something else.

Let us now suppose the case of an artist with an additional gift, that of imagination in the second sense, and we shall see if he is likely to meet with greater justice. Nature and his own labours together have armed him with these three talents :—

1. The power of recalling images of absent things.
2. The power of representing these images in painting.
3. The power of fusing images into pictorial wholes.

I should say that an artist, so gifted, would have every chance of being recognised as what we call an imaginative artist, and that the recognition would be due to the third talent especially. But the first and third equally belong to Imagination. The true distinction I take to be this, that the power of recalling images with clearness is Imagination of the more ordinary kind, though it is more usually called Memory, whilst the power of combining these images in such a manner as to make them into works of art, is the gift of Artistic Invention, which is very much rarer than the other. But if the first is only Memory, why not simply call it so? The reason is that it is a peculiar kind of memory in which an *imago* is distinctly present. If I remember what a man said to me, that is verbal memory; but if his face, figure, costume, attitude, and expression, with the effect of light upon him as he spoke, are all present to me at the same time, then an *imago* appears to me, and I possess the faculty of simple or ordinary imagination. If several such *imagines* combine themselves in my mind's eye so as to form pictorial compositions, governed and ordered by artistic motives, then I possess that faculty of artistic invention which artists call Imagination. The kind of Imagination which leads to mechanical invention will have to be considered briefly at a future time. It is very nearly related to artistic invention, but differs from it in one important particular.

III. *Of Images in the Mind.*

The subject of the distinctness of images in the mind has occupied the attention of scientific men and teachers of drawing more seriously since it has been understood that the clearness of the image varied in different brains, according to their constitution, and also that in some brains the power of evoking clear images could be very greatly increased by culture.

I regret not to have Mr. Francis Galton's inquiry on this subject before me, but remember enough of it to know that he proposed a series of questions to different people with the object of ascertaining the degree of clearness attained by the image in different cases, and that the results were more various than would have been anticipated by any one who had not given some special attention to the subject. The common impression is that all people remember much in the same way, and each person believes that the usual way of remembering is his own way. The truth is, however, that memory acts in many ways that do not concern us here: for example, there is the memory of musical sounds, which may be quite distinct from recalling the visible images of printed notes, as many people remember music who are unable to read the notes; and there is the memory of what people have *said*, which is not the same as being able to recall the image of a printed page, and reading from it in the mind.* Another very curious and remarkable fact about memory is, that it may carry away a very clear and definite abstract of some material object which is,

* Taine speaks of sounds as having also their images, because a musician remembers them. This is employing the word 'image' in a very extended sense. It will be convenient for our purpose if we take the word always to mean a visible image, that is, something visible with the mind's eye.

nevertheless, not at all an image of the object as it was seen by the bodily eye. There are architects and lovers of architecture who, after visiting a cathedral, carry away plans and sections of the edifice in their minds, yet, as the building is entire, they cannot have seen any plans and sections of it in the material form. What they have seen is a succession of perspective views, outside and inside, varying with every step taken during their visits, yet these views have not left clear images of themselves, and have only contributed to form an abstraction that has never been seen.* It is probable that the memory of Cæsar was an abstracting military memory, as his 'Commentaries' are quite remarkable for the absence of ocular impressions; indeed, they might have been written by a blind man from information given by others. To his mind an army would be a certain measurable quantity of force that could be applied to counteract another quantity of force, which it was his business to estimate; he would probably not see the soldiers in his mind's eye, as Homer or Virgil would. There may be the clearest abstract ideas when the opportunity for making images is denied. For example, a friend writes to you that he is building a boat which will carry 450 square feet of canvas, and have a ton of lead in her keel. Now, there are distinct reasons why it is impossible for you, without further information, to form any image of that boat in your mind. You know nothing about the model of her hull, nor the kind of rig adopted; but, notwithstanding this ignorance, notwithstanding the impossibility of forming an image, every boating man will have as clear an idea of the sailing-force possessed by such a boat as of the financial force that there is in a definite sum of money. Here we are in the region of arithmetic, but of arithmetic aided by practical experience, as nobody who depended on figures only could form any notion of sailing-force in his mind.

In all cases of this kind, when we think without images, there is a substitution of a sign for the visible image. In the present case, the sailing-force is represented by the figures 450 for the area of canvas, and 1 for the weight of ballast, but it might equally be represented by letters or any other conventional sign, representing a certain amount of sailing-force. The electricians have lately adopted the terms *volts*, *ampères*, and *ohms*, to represent electrical force—terms which must be entirely dissociated from visible images in their minds, and yet convey to them far more accurate ideas of the force employed than we should derive from seeing batteries and coils.

It appears certain that a large class of thinkers dispense with visible images by substituting signs, but these thinkers are the opposite of painters, they approach more to mathematicians. A successful painter said that he believed there was a simple preliminary test by which the presence of a natural gift for painting might be ascertained. Let the aspirant take any book in which the actions of men were narrated or represented—a volume of Macaulay's history or a play of Shakespeare—and observe whether, whilst he reads, visible images of the persons appeared to his mind's eye, or whether the characters are names for him and bundles of qualities or faults. If the history or play seems to be continuously illustrated by a succession of visible images, moving like actors on a stage, then the reader has the natural faculties of a painter, and needs only practice to paint well. This seems possible at first, but it does not take into consideration the necessity for the technical gifts by which a painter translates the images he sees into the painted images of the picture. If he has not the craftsman's talent of copying cleverly from the living model, it is evident that he will not be able to paint better from a phantom in the mind. Still, there can be no doubt that this test is enough to determine the presence or absence of Imagination in the primary sense of the word—that is, the power of evoking images. The reader may amuse himself, if he pleases, by applying a test of this kind to his own mental constitution. I will write down successively three or four words, and the reader may take note whether they bring images before his mind or not, it being only postulated that he is not to *seek* for images, as they ought to appear spontaneously and at once. The first word shall be *Royalty*. Now, have you seen anything in the mind's eye? For me, I have just seen the Queen, in the state coach, going to open Parliament, with Prince Albert by her side. The impression was very vivid, and is, in fact, nothing but a very old recollection suddenly revived; but why should Her Majesty be in the state coach? Why was she not sitting in a chair, as I have seen her since, dressed like any other lady? The reason evidently is that the word 'Royalty' had suggested the idea of perfectly regal state. The next word shall be *Aristocracy*. It may be considered either as representing an abstract principle or a class in society; but we may see representatives of the principle or the class. Does the reader see anything? I see some gentlemen and ladies very well dressed, riding on very beautiful well-groomed horses, the vision is very distinct in parts; it is a sunny afternoon in summer, the nearest horse is a bay, and the rider has white trousers; the other horses are darker, and their riders not so distinctly seen; but they are evidently English people. Now, for a contrast, let us try *Democracy*. What do you see? The Agora at Athens, full of citizens in ancient Greek dress, or a modern crowd in the United

* In this case, however, the lover of architecture may first form an ideal image of a plan or section in his mind, and afterwards remember that image as distinctly as if he had drawn it on paper.

States? My vision (it came clearly on writing the word) is a group of factory workers coming out of a mill in Lancashire. I see them plainly enough: the men have paper caps on their heads, the women cover their heads with shawls, and the foremost man has his hands in his pockets, thereby lifting up his waistcoat, which is double-breasted and has brass buttons, the two lowest being unfastened.* Another day, *Royalty*, *Aristocracy*, *Democracy*, may call up quite different images, such as a king on a throne, the interior of the House of Lords, and a Parisian mob, but there will always, for me, be *something visible* in association with such words and so, I believe, it is with all who have this kind of imagination. The reader will, perhaps, find a similar experience in his own case. If he is a painter, who has worked much from the figure, the images he sees in his mind's eye will probably be far more clear and distinct than mine; if he has never drawn or painted anything, they are likely to be less distinct. The practice of graphic art, especially in colour, improves the power of recalling images, and thereby educates the primary kind of imagination, though it is not proved that it can do much for the secondary or combining imagination. Even the sight of correct drawings may be of use, and that is why it is so desirable to have them on the walls of schoolrooms. A boy, who has any imagination at all, is sure to see images whilst he reads, so that if you can help him to imagine with some approach to correctness, you will have spared him many erroneous conceptions. Here is an example, a very absurd example, of what I mean. On first becoming acquainted with Virgil at a very early age, a certain schoolboy used to see Æneas dressed as an English clergyman, rather portly in form, and carrying a thick, silver-headed cane. The reason for this was the recurrent epithet 'pius,' and as a clergyman seemed to be the embodiment of piety, the schoolboy did this tailoring for Æneas. On his re-reading the 'Æneid' in later life, lo! the old familiar portly clergyman reappeared, though he had been quite forgotten in the interval, and it was as much as the now mature reader could do to expel him finally from the brain, and substitute a Trojan prince.* Here the faulty childish imagination required to be educated, and we may be quite sure that the imaginations of uneducated people are continually playing them such tricks. The country peasant who hears about Solomon's temple will fancy a building of some kind, but in the absence of all architectural knowledge the image that presents itself to him will probably be something like the handsomest building in the next market-town.

GIRL WITH TAMBOURINE. FROM THE ETCHING BY TURNER.

When the brain is in a healthy state, the image

* Many other details might have been given. For example, the mill is on the right side—it is built of stone; there are cottages on the other side of the street, and they are of brick. I do not remember having seen the place in reality, but see it now as a real place, or nearly so, though not with the bodily eye.

* The reader will please bear in mind that we are considering *the image only*, which comes within the mind's vision involuntarily. Every schoolboy knows quite well that Æneas was a Trojan commander and prince, and that he could not have been dressed like a modern Englishman, whether cleric or layman.

may be clearly visible by the mind's eye, but it will never confound itself with realities, it will not seem to be visible with the bodily eye; in a word, there will be no hallucination. Taine quotes from Brierre de Boismont the case of an English portrait-painter who had a wonderful power of remembering faces, and cultivated it to such a degree that he could see the absent model 'sitting on a chair as distinctly as if real, and even with forms and colours more lively and decided.' 'From time to time,' said the artist himself, 'I looked at the imaginary figure and painted, then I interrupted my work to examine the pose, exactly as if the original had been before

WOMAN PLAYING CYMBALS. FROM THE ETCHING BY TURNER.

me. Every time that I fixed my eyes on the chair I could see the man.' To cultivate the image-evoking power to such a degree as this is one of the most dangerous experiments that can be made upon the human brain. In this case, over-culture led to an inability to distinguish between the phantom and the reality; then came mental confusion, and the patient had to be placed in an asylum, where he remained for thirty years. On his restoration to health, he found that the old power of painting from the phantom still remained, but his medical advisers would not permit him to exercise it. Efforts of the imagination which are easily borne by one brain may be fatal to another. There have been famous chess-players who could play eight or ten games at once without seeing the boards. Labourdonnais (M. Taine tells us) played two games in this manner, but on one occasion he attempted three, and the effort cost him his life. Inaudi, the most wonderful mental arithmetician who ever became famous, can see an image in his mind of a large black board covered all over with small figures, and read them correctly *in their places*, though he has never seen the board itself, and he has only been told where the figures were written, and that some hours before.* Here the image has to be constituted in the mind before it can be consulted, and it must evidently be quite a clear image all over, not distinct in some parts only and obscure in others. Being much interested in the production of mental images, I asked Inaudi if this effort fatigued him, and his answer was that he was not yet conscious of any fatigue from it. I then put a further question of much import,—'Do figures and arithmetical problems haunt you in your hours of leisure?' 'Not in the least,' he said; 'I am very fond of reading and of fishing, and I never see or think of figures when occupied with those amusements.' This is an example of the image-making power in great strength, and at the same time in perfectly healthy action. The images evoked may be as clear as photographs, but they ought not to haunt the brain.

P. G. HAMERTON.

* The figures may be statements of thirty or forty arithmetical problems, with their answers, entirely disconnected from each other. Inaudi remembers not only each problem, and its answer, but also its place upon the board. This is very like remembering all the details of a picture.

ELIZABETH OF FRANCE.

PAINTED BY RUBENS. ETCHED BY MDLLE. POYNOL.

THE original picture is in the Louvre, and the portrait is the size of life. The dress is blue, embroidered with gold, the upper part of it is black satin; the necklace is of emeralds and pearls, the curtain is red, and the chair the Princess occupies is covered with red velvet.

Elizabeth of France is remarkable chiefly because her name is connected with those of three famous historical personages. Her father was Henry the Fourth of France, her mother Mary of Medicis, and her husband became Philip the Fourth of Spain. Thanks to Rubens and Velasquez these personages are as familiar to our mind's eye as if we had actually seen them.

Henry the Fourth had been an enemy of Spain, not only because the Spaniards were favourable to the 'Ligue,' but also in declaring war against Spain in 1595, after the 'Ligue' had ceased to exist, and therefore it seems strange that a daughter of his should have wedded a Spanish prince; but Henry's second marriage occurred late in his life, and he died by the hand of Ravaillac five years before his daughter's marriage with Philip. When, at last, the intention of carrying out this project became clearly manifest, Condé rose in open rebellion, accusing the Queen of sacrificing French to Spanish interests. She went with her own army towards the Pyrenees, and concluded the marriage of Louis XIII. with Anne of Austria, as well as that of the Princess Elizabeth with Philip, both son and daughter being very young. Elizabeth died at Madrid in 1644, at the age of forty-two. The date of her marriage was 1615.

The picture belonged formerly to the collection of Louis XIV.

JAMES WARD, R.A.

ANIMAL AND ALLEGORICAL PAINTER.

ONCE upon a time, when I was working there many years ago, a sudden silence pervaded the Antique School of the Royal Academy, which was then placed in Trafalgar Square, because the door opened slowly and two elderly gentlemen entered the room. In a moment the students suppressed their restlessness, gaiety, and irritation, and every man set to work, or pretended to do so. Nobody shuffled his feet, or moved his drawing-board more than was needful, or whistled, or whispered to his neighbour, or called to his comrade across the floor, which, arena-like, was enclosed by a double crescent of benches with a high rail before each of them, rails on which their boards rested while the men drew from the statues placed in the centre of the crescent. There was a legend that the benches were as old as the Academy itself, and the appearance of those articles of furniture justified the tale then current in the schools that many of the students' grandfathers had used the rails, while the benches to which long service had imparted a peculiar hardness, had, two generations previously, inflicted torments the grandsons experienced anew. The silence of the students was like that of small birds when the 'wheeling' goshawks' advent in the air hushes all the groves 'for fear of wrong.' An honourable courtesy has, with regard to the officers of the institution, always existed in the Schools of the Royal Academy.

Now and then we stole glances at the new comers and wondered who the stranger in Hessian boots could be, while under the guidance of his companion he moved in the alley which was external to the benches, and behind our backs, and we—some thirty or forty lads and young men—painters and sculptors *in posse*, sat drawing on paper or modelling in clay. We knew well enough that the guide was our Keeper, Hilton's successor in the Academy, George Jones, Esq., R.A., *ci-devant* military officer, and, at that time, Chantrey's and Turner's 'Joney,' comrade, and friend. He was one of the executors of both of those artists. More in an affectionate sort of patronage than in disparagement—for, to us, every man who has seen more than forty years was aged—we called him 'old Jones' and heartily denied his right to be an artist at all,* although we knew he had exhibited a picture so long before as 1803.

* It was alleged to be among our Keeper's claims to extreme antiquity, that he had been one of the representative Students of the Royal Academy, who attended the interment of Sir Joshua Reynolds. The notion was less wild than its inventor imagined, and, Mr. Jones, although not officially present on that occasion, might well in his own right have seen the President's obsequies. Sir (then Mr.) Martin Archer Shee, a P.R.A. to be, was one of the ten students selected by the Council to take part in Sir Joshua's funeral. With him went Thomas Cheesman, the engraver, Richard Duppa, the draughtsman, and author of the 'Lives of Michael Angelo and Raphael,' and Messrs. J. Saunders, Collins, Burch, Shelly, Bowyer, Hickey and Wood. (Neither this Collins nor this Burch was

The tall, thin frame, weak step, worn face and scant grey hair of the Keeper, who was attired with military neatness that conceded something to the fashions of a day much later than his prime, contrasted strongly with his companion's looks, for the stranger was below the middle height, broad and square-shouldered, and his body was large for the legs, which were decidedly bulky, stalwart, and rather short; his head was large for the torso it rested on, and it was adorned with dense, curling and flowing masses of perfectly white and very long hair; a white beard of noble form, and solid enough to enchant a sculptor, descended nearly to his waist; his full moustaches were blanched thoroughly, and innocent of shears; under his thick brows, clear, dark-blue eyes searched whatever they took notice of, and his firm-set lips illustrated the energy of a strong and independent character. A large forehead and a hale and ruddy complexion distinguished a very striking face, which was almost, but not quite, of the finest order in physiognomy, and bespoke a man of intellect who had eschewed the ways of London in order to live where fresh air braced his nerves and reddened his blood. Although evidently older than our Keeper, his companion's step was firm, and his movements, if not very ready, were elastic; his head was erect, and all his bearing robust. He wore an easy black cloth coat of the surtout sort, and evidently of country make; and, as if the voluminous beard was not enough to mark the man, his loose knee breeches descended into a pair of roomy, not too well-polished Hessian boots, heavily tasselled in the front.

This picturesque and stalwart figure demanded our admiration, while it puzzled us mightily, for a long beard was then rare enough to make street ruffians furious, and evoke the natural insolence of London *gamins* and cads; and Hessian boots—although not so rare as beards—sorely tried the patience of the vulgar. Our Keeper and his guest passed from one silent and busy student to another, made a few comments while they completed the circuit of the school, and departed.

Then arose a buzz of interrogatories, each worded after the speaker's kind. 'Who is that?' 'Who's the old boy in the boots?' 'Capital head; who is he?' and so on. My right hand neighbour in the school was Charles, younger son of William Collins, R.A., and landscape-painter; who became a prophet on the spot when with that half-disdain he affected to conceal the utmost kindliness and a graceful humour, he said, 'Oh! it's old James Ward, come up from Hertfordshire to see some of his cronies.'* I

the R.A., nor was this Shelly the founder-member of the Old Water Colour Society.) It is certain that Mr. Jones attended the funerals of Benjamin West, Lawrence, and Fuseli, and that all three of these painters were in that company of the famous who followed Reynolds to St. Paul's, where each of them was laid in his turn. We Students of the Academy need not have rejected our Keeper's claim to be an artist; he had even then—*i.e.*, late in the 'forties' of this century, exhibited more than three hundred pictures and drawings, two-thirds of which appeared under the auspices of the Royal Academy. Ere he died in 1869, aged 83, he had exhibited in all as many works as there are days in the year. Like James Ward, his companion in the Antique School, Jones sold a picture to the Directors of the British Institution, which these worthies presented to Chelsea Hospital. He was a son of John Jones, who engraved excellently after Reynolds and others. Our (the Students) opinion of the venerable Keeper did not prevent us from having a sincere respect for the gentlemanly officer who was then past his grand climacteric, and had never failed in kind words and deeds to his pupils, our laughing and graceless selves. About this time, or soon after, Mr. Jones published his 'Recollections' of Sir F. Chantrey, his contemporary, fellow-student in the Academy, and life-long friend. Mr. Jones was Mr. Vernon's chief adviser in purchasing the pictures that collector gave to the nation. Many odd stories were then current about our kindly and gentlemanly chief; these legends generally pointed at his quasi-military air and costume, and a knack—shared with other elderly warriors and non-combatants—he had of dressing after the Duke of Wellington. It was not only on account of the brightness of such a piece of local colour, nor for the sake of its agreement with the silveriness of his own grey hair, that the Keeper wore an inner waistcoat of scarlet, as well as a military stock, and a shell-jacket. These were elements of the attire of the 'greatest warrior of the age.' It was, therefore, not marvellous that malicious persons told the Duke Mr. Jones had often been taken for His Grace. 'I am sure,' remarked Wellington tartly, 'that I have never been taken for Mr. Jones.' The artist heaped coals of fire on the Duke's head, when he painted the Battle of Waterloo in sepia, or, as we students would have it, in stick-liquorice, which he did many times, to say nothing of the big oil picture at Chelsea Hospital.

* Charles Allston Collins, at this time about nineteen years of age, was studying art at the Academy in obedience to his father, but doing so somewhat languidly because his taste and powers inclined to literature rather than to painting, and his health, always uncertain, forbade ardent labour of any kind. 'Charley Collins,' as we fondly called him, had already painted a few portraits in a pleasing way, and showed, under all the shifting whims of the surface of his mind and a characteristic zest for *badinage* and satire, a serious, earnest sense, which, later, induced him to take up some of the graver purposes of the Pre-Raphaelites, and, although he refused to join the much-abused Brotherhood, valiantly to apologise for them. Under this influence, he in 1850 painted *Convent Thoughts*, a nun in a sunlit garden, a work full of poetry and wonderfully finished. Then came a brilliant and beautiful landscape combining with touches of refining grace the qualities of Van Eyck and William Hunt, and called *May in the Regent's Park*. Next came some pictures of pious motives, which attracted little attention. Meanwhile he was gradually sliding from art to letters, by contributing many a graceful paper to C. Dickens' 'Household Words.' Travelling in France in the mode of the 'Sentimental Journey' Charles Collins described his thoughts and experiences in the genial, humorous, half-sad, half-sardonic 'Cruise upon Wheels.' Later, he wrote 'Strathearne,' 'The Bar-Sinister,' and 'At the Bar,' three novels with a fine purpose in them, that was gracefully, if not very strongly, enunciated. He married Miss Kate Dickens, one of Charles Dickens's daughters, who is now Mrs. Perugini. His health gave way, and sharp, heroically-borne suffering attended his later days. In his forty-sixth year he died, April 9, 1873. I need not say that he was the younger brother of Mr. Wilkie Collins. Within a seat or two of 'Charley Collins' in the Academy, sat, as I well remember, a still closer friend, the handsome, genial and ingenuous Walter Deverell, Rossetti's friend and my dear comrade, who has long since joined the greater number, who, short as his life was, contrived to make a mark in art, which, though small, and now fading out of sight,

believe that, in fact, the venerable and sturdy Royal Academician had left his home and rural retreat called Round-croft Cottage, near Cheshunt, in

HEAD OF A COW. JAMES WARD, R.A.

Hertfordshire, and was staying in London on account of some Academy business, an election of a new member, R.A, or Associate; perhaps it was E. M. Ward's, his namesake and relation by marriage, or P. F. Poole's interest attracted the senior towards town at that time. Both of these then young men were, with Mr. Frost, elected A.R.A.s in 1847, a year which, so far as my memory serves me now, was the likeliest to have seen James Ward's visit to the Antique School.

The latest impressions made by James Ward's paintings on the minds of 'us "youngsters'" were by no means flattering to his powers. We probably remembered with wonder a life-size bust 'Portrait of the Artist,' his judicious brethren hung high in the Exhibition of 1847, and which represented a stout, florid, elderly gentleman clad in a plaid dressing-gown, and with dishevelled volumes of white beard and copious hair, all standing in rigid curls about his head. Not many days ago, I saw again this very portrait in the studio of Mrs. Henrietta Ward, to whom the reader is indebted for the loan of drawings reproduced with this essay. It is easy to understand that such a picture did not add to the reverence of the students for the painter it caricatured most sadly. We marvelled how a man, legends of whose youthful powers were rife among us, could have allowed himself to paint, and much more unwisely, to show to the public, such a picture as this. Half-a-score of works that were bewildering, not to say offending and startling to the judgment of a knot of youths trained to be content with nothing less than the severest models of beauty in the antique, had, at that time, exercised us in the Exhibitions of then recent years. It had pleased Mr. Ward to paint, in a manner new to us tyros, certain cattle, and parts of cattle, and other creatures, landscapes, and the like, and send the pictures to the Academy. On these works, I find inscribed in my catalogue of the Exhibition adjectives of amazement, ridicule, and wrathful censure, such as 'Bad,' 'Shocking,' and 'Absurd,' terms which fairly represented the opinions of the students of that day, youths who could not remember the noble and masculine qualities of the painter's prime, and knew only the productions of his decay. It was within memory of the year of Danby's *Wood Nymph's Hymn to the Rising Sun*, Turner's *Whalers*, and *Venice, evening; Going to the Ball*, and *Morning*, Egg's *Winter's Tale*, Haydon's *Uriel and Satan*, and Hook's *Song of the Olden Time*. The Exhibitions, because some of the best men were occupied with cartoons and pictures for the gathering in Westminster Hall, were at their lowest level, and James Ward's contributions did not help them out of the sloughs of

PIGS. JAMES WARD, R.A.

common-place and incapacity. He was already, in truth, long past his prime, and had years before ceased to have touch of his contemporaries, or to lay himself open to criticism. Leslie's charming picture of *The Heiress*, and that treasury of humour, the 'Scene

is still cherished by those who love his very memory. Besides the owners of these now faint honours I would gladly keep alive, there were in the school men whose names stand, and will remain in the first rank; many an earnest, studious face, many a skilful hand.

from Molière,' were rare exceptions in a wilderness of trash.

Nevertheless, so great was Ward's reputation at the period of which I speak, and so faithful is the hero-worship of art-students, that not a few of my comrades left the school, and made excuses for crossing the path of the Keeper and his visitor in their tour through the Schools of Painting and the Life, which then sufficed for the whole pictorial *curriculum* of the Academy.

It was then I saw at whole length, so to say, one of the greatest and most masculine artists of the English school, an animal-painter with whom, except in the achievements of his youth, Landseer was not fitter to be compared to his advantage than Iago with Cassio, as the former esteemed himself to be comparable. The portly, long-bearded, Hessian-booted old gentleman we students crossed and re-crossed was beyond comparison, so far as thorough knowledge and hearty sympathy with beasts qualified him to be such, the best artist of this category since Snyders, while following his master Rubens, contrived to become. In some respects, but with very limited designing powers and great inferiority in regard to the number of animals of which his knowledge approached finality, Stubbs equalled Ward as an animal-painter; but Stubbs hardly got beyond horses and dogs, nor was he very great with respect to the latter, whereas Ward's horses—witness the famous life-size white horse we saw lately at the studio of Mrs. Henrietta Ward, his grand-daughter—are as elegant and vigorous as Stubbs' superb *Whistlejacket* itself, which represents a life-size golden bay, is the property of Earl Fitzwilliam, and one of the greatest ornaments of magnificent Wentworth Woodhouse. Stubbs' *Whistlejacket* is a figure so beautiful and refined that no Greek painter would have been ashamed to claim it as his own. Ward would have painted the same horse with equal elegance and spirit, with greater solidity and more resources. Ward painted lions, boars, cats, pigs, bulls, cows, rams, sheep, goats, dogs, reptiles, birds of prey, swans, poultry, and what not else? I say nothing of boys and girls, whom he depicted with all the Englishness of Morland, his first model; and he painted a pretty woman, full of homely life and tender simplicity, better than Morland could, which is saying a good deal; in this respect he nearly touched Leslie, who, however, recognised refinement in the charms of his pretty women more than Ward could. As a draughtsman of animals, Ward's skill was equal to that of Velazquez, and it was of a finer type in style than Snyders's. With Snyders's only could his resources be compared. Like Snyders, Ward never humanized the looks of his hirsute and feathered sitters. He never failed to make his beasts look what they cannot help being, that is unlike to, quite different from, and far inferior to men and women. Unlike Landseer's, his brutes, however gentle and educated they may be, are never genteel; unknown in drawing-rooms they are at home in the woods, pastures, air, and gardens. Unlike Landseer again he was never less than strong, indeed this very strength

STUDY OF A SWAN. JAMES WARD, R.A.

and the power which it implied, existed in his mind and habits of painting with such intensity, that when age dimmed the clearness of his judgment, and weakened the spirit of his touch, his technique erred in extravagance of robustness, and his wonderful vigour became something very like bluster.

It was to this period of decline that Ward had come when I saw him first as above described, the period of *What a Beauty*, *Dock Leaves*, and the like at the Academy Exhibitions during the 'forties' of this century. We have to remember that he was more than thirty years of age when the year 1800

A THISTLE. JAMES WARD, R.A.

began, and that he was born a few days after Garrick had returned to London somewhat crestfallen on account of the fiasco called the Shakespeare Jubilee at Stratford-on-Avon; he came into the world just when Wilkes was vexing the souls of a wrathful monarch and a bewildered and desperate ministry. People were then reading 'The North Briton,' No. XLV., with revived zest, while the 'King's Friends,' unhappy party, had just drawn together like a flock of terrified sheep, when 'Junius,' a very wolf, was sweeping round and round the group. The Duke of Bedford and his duchess, the 'incomparable Gertrude,' as he of the 'flaying knife' called that horrified woman, had hardly had time to collect their wits, much ruffled by the savage 'letter' of October 19, 1769, when, four days afterwards, our painter came into the world.* Most interesting of all the facts connected with the birth of the man who visited the Antique School on the day in question, is that he and the Royal Academy were born in the same year!

It is needful to remember the chronological position of James Ward, in order to see how old he was when men, then living, were able to take cognizance of his art, and found it effete. Such being the state of the knowledge of 'the general,' it is easy to appreciate the surprise of the uninitiated, when that noble picture, called *A Lioness*, painted by Ward in 1816, was seen hanging in Gallery I. of the last Winter Exhibition of the Royal Academy, *vis-à-vis* to a large study of a dead lion by Landseer, and half the *cognoscenti* discovered, for the first time, one of the best masters of the English School in a painter who, owing to his great age and the weakness of his failing art, had almost sunk out of sight, or worse, had received a measure of contempt. Now his drawings are as shekels in the market, and his pictures find admiration. I think it is very improbable Ward had, more than five years before I saw him, added much to the popular esteem for his works by that exhibition of many of them, which in 1841, as I state below, he had formed at his house in Newman Street.

The question how such a man became eminent in a branch of art far removed from city-birth and city-life, may be left for those who have to account for the fact that many poets, who were inspired by country sights and sounds so that they became the wisest expositors of rural nature, were town-born, town-bred, and town-livers. The examples of Keats and Leigh Hunt, whose almost feminine love for rural life evoked the scorn of Byron and his *entourage*, are sufficient to this effect. Among the painters, Turner was born in a narrow den up a small court leading from a back street, with a chimney-pot view out of the windows which, at the best, was limited, and was only within scent of a great market, which was never redolent of the country, as 'Bucklersbury in simple time' must have been in the days of Sir John Falstaff. George Morland was born in the Haymarket. William Hunt was born in Endell Street, Long Acre. John Linnell entered the world from a brick box in Bloomsbury. Girtin was born in Southwark, where his father was a rope-maker; he began his art studies in Aldersgate Street, as Turner began in Long Acre. After these instances of nature painting by cockneys we must never more sneer at 'town-bred cattle.'

We have the advantage of a biography compiled with untiring care by James Ward himself, which so

* This year is memorable for the births of Sir Thomas Lawrence, the Duke of Wellington, Napoleon Bonaparte, Cuvier, Chateaubriand, Brunel, Humboldt, Soult, and Ney. It will be remembered that Hogarth died October 26, 1764, barely five years before James Ward was born. We can thus get a fair idea of his chronological position, and cease to wonder that the above-named works of his were not specimens of the painter's prime genius.

WILLIAM HULL.

WHILST it is known of all men that Rydal has had her poet, it is known to few that she has had her painter; and in the present article we propose to give a brief notice of the meritorious artist above named, and some specimens of his work with pen and pencil. These consist of a paper with its illustrations, contributed to a literary and artistic society in Manchester, whose 'Transactions' are gathered in ten goodly volumes, containing (among much similar work by various members) a series of fine letters from Mr. Hull's pen, on art, nature, and travel, illustrated by a large number of exquisite drawings.

That the artist well deserves the name of 'The Painter of Rydal,' all who knew him (among them the Arnolds and Forsters) will cheerfully allow; for the last ten years of his life were spent in that pleasant 'lodge' and garden by the Rothay, at the foot of Rydal Mount, in fruitful rambles, at all hours, over the surrounding fells and by the lakes and streams. With him a noticeable figure passed away; whose halting footstep, benignant, wistful, pathetic glance, modest and dignified demeanour, commanded universal respect. 'He was a hard-working man' (said the farmer-landlord of Dungeon Ghyll), 'for though he used a lile brush, after all, it's wark.' With him one did not associate the idea of a high-priest of Nature, but of a mild Brahmin wandering amid sacred groves, pondering on the divine idea pervading all things, and recording, with rare mastery, the symbols of that idea, in the midst of which he was the seeing eye and the recording hand. Of him it might be affirmed, in a special degree, that 'fate and metaphysical aid' had marked him out for this office. That is to say, the mould of his mind, his temperament and physical infirmities, the bent derived from early years, and his Wordsworthian studies, combined to make him the see-er, the reporter, of the phenomena of mountains, lakes, and trees.

He was, as has been hinted, one of those against whom Mr. Matthew Arnold pleasantly puts us upon our guard; namely, a Wordsworthian. But he was one of a very reasonable type; not exclusive in his hero-worship nor given to dogmatise, but catholic, broad, and tolerant. A simple-minded, reverent, religious man, who strove, in a quiet way, to follow in the footsteps of the fathers of poetry and the masters of painting. For Wordsworth's poetry and sound philosophy, for the homely, pure, and noble life of which it was the expression, he had the deepest admiration. It was natural, therefore, that he should gravitate to the ground consecrated by the genius of the master; and there, in perfect harmony with the spirit of the scenery, devote himself and all his powers to the work in which he delighted. For this work, the simple record of his life will show how well the instrument had been fashioned.

At Graffham in Huntingdon (where he was born in 1820), and, later, in the neighbouring county of Bedford, he had the good fortune to spend his boyhood and youth amid the peace of Arcadian woods and scenery of varied opulence and beauty, which implanted in his receptive mind tastes and ideas which influenced him through life. It might well have been thought that the Moravian ministry, for which he was intended, would have suited a devout and earnest disposition such as his; but the five years spent at Ockbrook and other Moravian missions in England and Ireland (*i.e.*, from the age of fifteen to twenty) proved the contrary. Still less to his taste was a position in the publishing office of 'Bradshaw's Guide,' in Manchester, where his father had become town missionary. More congenial was the post he accepted of tutor in a family about to travel on the Continent, since this gave him a coveted opportunity of seeing many famous cities and their picture-galleries, and of turning to account the lessons in drawing he had received from the Moravian brothers, Hassé and Petersen.

All too brief was this tutorship; and the end of it found him, at four-and-twenty, without employment or profession—a cheerless prospect, out of which Art led the way. For tree-drawing he seemed to have special aptitude, founding his manner on that of Harding, but rapidly acquiring an individual style—brief, nervous, vivid, and full of character. At the age of twenty-seven he married; and three years later was prostrated by the terrible visitation of a stroke, which, although happily it spared his mind and hand, left him maimed in limb, and with hearing and health permanently impaired. These shocks saddened and subdued, but did not (as in the case of some, gifted with rare vision and deep endowment) disturb the fine serenity of his disposition. They drove him to find compensation for his losses in the pure sphere of Art, and in the grand, old, genial world of Nature. Recovering, he devoted himself to the woods, streams, and mosses of Cheshire; and in the following years (1854–5) began the serious study of the Lake Country, and of scenes and objects associated with Wordsworth and his poetry. It had already been his lot to dwell in the majestic presence of Cader Idris, Pen-maen-mawr, Moel-Siabod, and

Snowdon; and now he found objects of equal fascination in Skiddaw, Helvellyn, and Coniston Old Man. In him Blea Tarn refound its 'Solitary;' the juniper bushes of Loughrigg their twilight roamer; the ancient oaks of Nab-scar their Druid; the Duddon its pilgrim, and the smoking altars of Skiddaw and Glaramara their devotee. Five years after the death of Wordsworth he found himself inhabiting the cottage at Grasmere to which, half a century before, the poet had brought home his wife.

In a winter passed in Wales in 1861 our artist had the misfortune of losing *his* wife, and of being left to make the remainder of life's journey alone. But one noble love may supplement the loss of another. He is not celibate, who, mated with Art, has lakes and mountains for a dwelling-place. Clouds and winds have healing on their wings—skyey influences, glory of light and colour, and mystery of shadow, reconcile, and relume, and the places laid waste by Time and Circumstance are clothed again. With locomotion and hearing impaired, and the ties of domestic life rudely broken by death, Art, apart from the spiritual life, became the great sheet-anchor of our artist's being, and friendship its chief solace. And in the series of delightful letters referred to it is interesting to trace his presence by the solitudes of mountain tarns; following the footsteps of Wordsworth and Sir George Beaumont in the grove sacred to the Muses at Cole Orton, and amid 'the ivied ruins of forlorn Grace Dieu;' by the romantic waters of the Wharfe, with its glorious Abbey; by the sweeping slopes and pitiless crags of Snowdon, hoary with its winter snows, or when the woods bring their massive weight of gold against the deep azure of sky and mountain; or, again, where lowland streams glide under cool willows, where sky and air breathe softly, and summer twilight lingers over low-sweeping horizons. We may follow him to the southern counties of England, or to the shores of Normandy, or among the monuments of genius and kingly magnificence in Oxford and Cambridge. These famous seats of learning afforded a rich field. Streets, colleges, halls, in grandeur of mass and exquisiteness of detail, awoke his deepest sympathies, the fruit of which appeared in a series of twenty-nine drawings in water-colour, and many studies with the point, made with infinite care.* For him, old towns and mural cities, with their quaint street architecture, had an irresistible charm. His folios abounded with drawings of Bangor, Conway, Coventry, Canterbury, Warwick, Whitby, Uttoxeter, &c. In the latter town he passed three years. From the angular bays of its fine old bridge over the Dove, he was accustomed to study all the effects and incidents of pastoral scenery. Thence, river-reeds and willows lead the eye into the soft azure of the Weaver Hills on one hand, and towards the dark, billowy blue of Needwood Forest on the other.

In the neighbourhood of Uttoxeter are picturesque thorpes, churches, bridges, and water-mills with red-tiled roofs and crumbling colour, some of which he painted with splendid sufficiency and power. These years may be considered the artist's central period, wherein his natural bent and individuality had most unrestrained expression. In his large and broad manner he was able to deal with heavy masses of foliage in a masterly way. His later style became somewhat over-refined and chromatic.

In place of sweet, sober, and grave harmonies, he sought to unite tone and detail with brilliance of tint. From first to last, however, where he erred was not from taking too little, but too much, pains.

With regard to our artist's habitual practice, it was—to draw with deliberate speed an accurate outline in pencil; next, to correct and re-draw with indelible brown ink, so that the outline should never be lost sight of; then, to paint in transparent colours, making separate studies of the various objects in his picture.

He did not draw according to impression, but to fact and measure, with topographical accuracy; holding that 'if, throughout, you adhere to scale, your work must come right at the end.'

But, while he drew the material, he was alive to the spiritual, and to those suggestions in which Nature is so rich. He drew the actual, in order that he might have power over the abstract, and reproduce the poetry of the hour. He was quite alive to the letter that killeth, and to the spirit which giveth life. He had the instinct of composition, which enabled him to make one harmonious thing out of many things diverse; the taste to select, and the power to abstract and emphasize.

No man had less of the sordid spirit of commerce, his sole thought being, not 'What shall I get for this?' but 'How much can I put into it?' His rock and boulder drawing gained the high commendation of Professors Ruskin and Ramsay, and was consummately true, firm, and masterly.

It may seem strange that, though he possessed these qualities, and though he was appreciated by so good a judge as Prince Albert (who, during his visit to Manchester in 1857, manifested his approval of our artist's work by purchasing a couple of specimens), he should be so little known.

This may be accounted for by the unassuming

* These, with a quantity of his finest work in pen, chalk, and pencil, are in the possession of his old friend, Mr. T. R. Wilkinson, of Manchester, where most of his work is to be found. Another friend, Mr. Wm. Brockbank, of the same city, has much of his work, including drawings of the Duddon, from its source to the sea.

nature of the man, the singleness of his aims, and the physical infirmities which kept him out of society. To him, alas! the woods and waters were mute. He could not hear the cry of the windhover nor the 'lonely cheer' of 'the leaping fish;' yet it may have been that, on this very account, the voices which came to him from the land of melody gained in sweetness, and the speculum which mirrored the face of Nature lost its flaws.

In 1870 he settled at Rydal, whose neighbourhood furnished inexhaustible subjects for his unwearied and accomplished pencil. Nothing can exceed the grace and strength, the infinite variety and charm, of the innumerable pencil studies which he made around his beloved Parnassus and Castalian spring; which, like its Grecian prototype, possesses the power of inspiring with the true spirit of poetry. Never was he tired of roaming over the rugged slopes of Loughrigg, or through the incomparable woods of Rydal, or gazing on the grand outstretch of mountain ridges from the summit of the Scar. His favourite effects were those of early morning, when the craggy tops of the hills stand out in pure aerial tones, and silvery clouds roll in magnificence from the valleys, concealing the green hillsides.

Amid these scenes he ended his unoffending days—days not of fiery energy, but of wise passiveness; so familiar with Nature, that she seemed often to take the pencil from his hand and make her own record; his doctrine being that you must first know a scene thoroughly, and, next, that you must love it with your whole heart, before you can paint it worthily.

A man of cultivation and fine intelligence; a charming companion, well versed in the nomenclature and poetry of the Lakes; working to the end in peaceful diligence, in composed and cheerful seriousness; leaving behind him a rare record of that beauty which is fitful yet eternal, and a memory which is fragrant to his many friends. Five years ago, in the opening spring, he was gathered to his Master in Grasmere churchyard; and on the Runic cross above his grave is recorded his 'Psalm of Life,'—'Thou, Lord, hast made me glad through Thy work!'

T. Letherbrow.

My Winter Quarters. *Written and Illustrated by* William Hull.

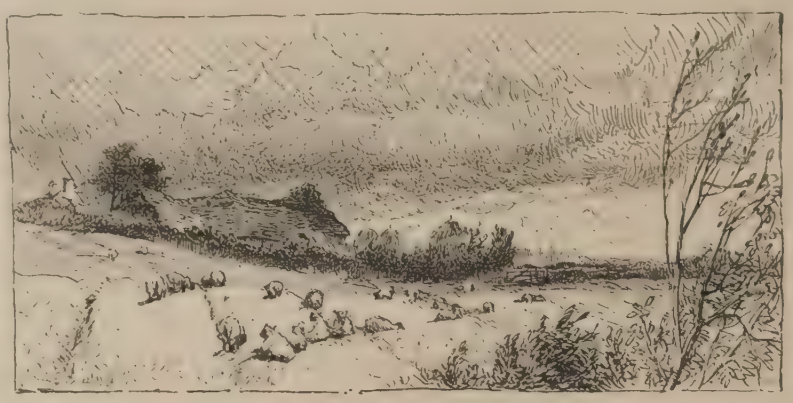
this season have been taken up in a spot particularly rich and varied in pictorial material, so much so, indeed, that there is some risk of falling into the weakness of redundance on the one side, and injudicious selection on the other. I may as well state, once for all, as an apology for either, or for any other irregularity, that these sketches have all been made in the 'intervals of business,' apart from strictly professional aims and pursuits, and are simply the results of what I have observed in the constitutional walks I am daily necessitated to take, without any more definite end in view than making notes of what accident has thrown in my way.

As my quarters are situate near the sea-shore, my rambles, which time in winter will not allow me to extend to any great length, naturally take me oftenest in that direction. But, as a shore, it has little interest in itself compared with those open to a wide unbroken sea, for it is washed only by the tame waters of the Menai Straits, which seldom rise to any degree of wildness, and never to any grandeur; and, moreover, being composed mainly of slaty shingle and mud, it possesses none of those beautiful features, characteristics of broad level tracts of red and yellow sands. It has its own beauties nevertheless, but they belong more to calm and mild moods of weather than to wild and stormy. Thus the thick, tufted woods of dwarf oak, mingled with larch and fir, which retain much of their rich colour till mid-winter, and the soft green slopes which skirt these shores—the bright sails of the gliding vessels, the pale clear sky, bearing delicately tinted clouds—often find a pure reflex in these sheltered waters, equal or exceeding in clearness and brilliancy that of calm inland lakes.

My favourite approach to the shore is by a somewhat circuitous route, but it suits my purpose both for exercise and observation better than many others. From a stile on the Holyhead road I descend by an

almost precipitous pathway, which brings me down at a jolting trot to nearly the sea-level, though not to the shore, as a considerable hill intervenes, which has to be traversed by a zig-zag pathway through furze, brambles, and jutting rocks, or across irregular and half-cultivated fields.

From many points over these knolls peep out the picturesque outlines of a Welsh farm, with its accompanying hay and corn-stacks, with hungry, patient cattle lingering about its approaches, and a flock of sheep, sometimes busily, but peacefully, dispersed over the scanty pastures, sometimes congregated lazily in repose, at others huddling together in a dense phalanx at the note of alarm. Little, low-toned Dutch cabinet pictures such simple materials make, with dark, rich, transparent masses of broken foreground, set against bright gleams of sunset skies, glimmering through the driving vapours of rain and storm-clouds.



Strolling at will over this breezy and exhilarating little plot of ground, and enjoying the occasional peep of blue waters through some cleft in a broken

bank or dark rock, or against the latticed openings through the crooked stems and branches of dwarf oaks, I come up to the farm-house, against whose massive gable a long-lined distance stretches its quiet and peaceful lines, and science lends her aid to art, presenting the two great achievements of Telford and Stephenson, the suspension and tubular bridges, to view, whose successive lines, linked together, harmonise admirably (from this point at least) with those of the surrounding scenery. Though there is nothing strikingly attractive in the general outlines and features of this prospect, yet the presence of bright water, with its gently sloping shores, the level horizon, and the prevalence of a misty southern and western light, give it a peculiar and tender beauty with which one is charmed without knowing the reason why.

The next change of scene I come to is when I approach the edge of an abrupt declivity, sweeping down to the beach. From its elevation and the picturesque variety of its surface, composed of cliff, quarry, shaly slopes, brushwood, furze and heather, brake and bramble, and extending about a quarter of mile in length, this spot seems to command all the beauties of the straits within a convenient compass. From one extremity stretches the prospect over the two bridges far into the west; from the other the sea view widens by gently receding lines to the open distant sea beyond the eastern point of Anglesea and the Great Ormes Head. This, like all extensive views, is remarkable for the incessant changes of effect that play over it; lights and shadows are perpetually changing places, so that points which at one hour are scarcely discernible, draw the eye to them at another almost exclusively, by their boldness and distinctness, completely changing the character of the scene. These appearances, however, are so familiar to you that it almost needs an apology for making a specific mention of them, only that I allude to them because there happen to be some features in this prospect whose obscurity or distinctness very materially influences the feelings of the spectator. The distant town of Beaumaris is one of these, which, when lit up by sunshine in a silvery atmosphere, gives to all the objects about it—the ships in the harbour, the thin strip of sandy beach, the dark pier-head, the white sea-crests, the cliffs of the distant shores, and shadowy Puffin Island—a meaning that brings with it a joyousness that gladdens the whole soul, whereas the reverse might be said of it in the absence of light, being nothing more than a dull, uninteresting mass of grey vapour. Garth Point, on the contrary, a dark headland on the opposite side, and not more than a quarter of a mile distant, owes a good deal of its

striking effect as a leading feature in this landscape to an absence of light, or only such subdued tones of it as would assist in blending its soft dusky masses of thick wood and bold outline into a solemn harmony.

Again, Penmaenmawr and the low line of craggy and precipitous mountains that stretch out to the Great Ormes Head, and from some points of view similar to this, from the extreme boundary to the right, depend much for their charm on a clear mellow light, casting broad, transparent shadows from their rugged but softly-tinted projections; and a certain minute distinctness, even to depicting the houses of Llandudno on the horizontal line, either in bright light or pale flat blue against a pale sky, gives an immense extension to the perspective of the sky. By presenting these few salient points, you may be able to comprehend what a fine field the intermediate spaces of sea and sky offer for the display of fine aërial effects, and why this should be one of my most favourite resorts for watching changes, incessant, evanescent, shadowy, unsubstantial, surpassingly beautiful, acting with never-wearying activity in varied and mysterious unison with the whole, on these few simple masses, solid, unchanging, and enduring in their forms.

But let me not forget to take you lower down, and see if something of interest cannot be found on the uninviting, shingly grey shore at our feet. We have to tack skilfully about in zig-zag fashion among the crumbling crags and slippery declivities, and avail ourselves of the tough boughs and saplings to keep us on our feet. Within about a hundred yards of the spot where we alight is an object sufficiently striking to attract the eye as the predominant feature before us. This is a fine old piece of crumbling cliff, composed of I can't say geologically what kind of rock, but splintered into all kinds of angular and irregular projections and dark recesses of a red and purply brown colour, mixed with veins of grey, the prevailing tone being a light brownish red, something like the colours of red sandstone, but brighter. When I saw it first, early in November, the rich autumnal tints on the oaks and shrubs growing about it formed a most imposing mass of colour, and I have ever since regretted that the lateness and inclemency of the season prevented me from painting it.

We now skirt along the foot of the embankment before described, with nothing of any special interest to observe; but the tide is now coming in with a fresh breeze, and the dancing billows begin to cover the unsightliness of the mud-coloured beach, and to fringe it with their beautiful white lines of foam and spray, sometimes breaking—not in rage, but with a playful vivacity—against a piece of firmly-rooted, black, jagged rock. The clouds will often claim attention, especially when they drift in rolling cumuli over the expansive distance like the perspective of a stupendous dome. The numerous vessels anchored in the distant Bangor roads, and those getting into motion under wind and tide also contribute their share of interest.

Approaching a cottage, which seems to be in a constant state of barricade against the encroachment of the hostile waves, the character of the slopes undergoes a change, which are now higher and

rounder in form, covered with woods of young oak, buttressed against the sea by jutting, angular, dark grey rocks—a shore well suited in bygone times for the smuggler to ply his trade. The first approach to this change is nicely introduced by a winding road through the wood over the hill-top, and generally by a boat or two lying ashore. There is also a running spring at hand, which seems to supply most of the vessels in the roads; and when a boat comes splashing over the still waters of a calm evening twilight, and you hear the grinding sound of running ashore, and see the dark figures of the boatmen handing out kegs, you almost realise what you had before imagined of the actual presence of the smugglers. The same character continues to Garth Point, marked by little creeks and half-cavernous nooks, having, on the whole, a clandestine look, enhanced sometimes by meeting suddenly

with a sea-beaten figure, solitarily employed in putting his craft in order in one of these sheltered corners.

The great impediment, however, to a thorough and frequent enjoyment of this part of the coast is in the abominable sharp, slaty stones of which the shingle is composed, against which you have to bruise your feet at every step. Far more enjoyable in this respect are the winding pathways through the woods above, with their tangled and rich colour of undergrowth, made up of the beautiful remnants of red bracken, the purple stems of the bramble with their frost-curled leaves, and the carpet of bright, new-grown mosses, clustered oak-leaves, and sober-tinted grasses.

With the Garth terminates the purely scenic character of the coast in this direction; and now we come upon the busy haunts of men, with all the picturesque material of loading and unloading vessels, timber, slate, and marble wharfs, ship and boat-building, and the active pursuits common to a port of any considerable size. These, however, I must pass by for the present, contenting myself with giving a very limited peep at the harbour from a quiet and unfrequented corner.

I cannot, however, take leave of you at this point without accompanying you across the ferry, a little voyage that affords me great delight, especially when the tide is nearly at its height, and a slight breeze fills the sails as we glide along over the crisp, green waves. How majestic a passing vessel in full sail looks from this low point of sight! how graceful the motion of everything afloat, down to the return-boat which passes close by our side! How musical the lapping and whisking of the advancing tidal swell, the plashing of oars, and the busy sounds that reach the ear over distant waters.

On landing, I shall not take you farther than the Ferry House, or a few paces beyond, to enjoy the prospect you have left behind. The boat, with its passengers embarking and disembarking from and on to the stone jetty, form a group of sufficient interest for the foreground. The glassy sea you have just crossed leads agreeably to the blue smoke-wreaths and lingering mists that rise lightly from the town and harbour of Bangor, against the low dark hills under which they lie snugly embedded; but the cynosure for all Nature-loving eyes will be on that massive line of blue mountains stretching far beyond in noble and impressive lines. To those who have never visited that far-off-looking region, how it sets

the mind longing to reach the deep gloom of that yawning pass which seems to cleave its winding way through the heart of those stern mountain barriers, to traverse those sunlit slopes, and scale those rugged steeps in whose hollows lie the dark and silent tarns. And to those who have already trodden the ground, to whom every discernible form is familiar, how suggestively they lead the memory over the rambles they have so exquisitely enjoyed over this mountain and that, through that distant pass, and round yonder winding valley! Hence he can plainly recognise old acquaintances, Carnedd Llewellyn, disputing its height with Snowdon; Carnedd David, huge, craggy, and square — in form resembling a stupendous Ehrenbreitstein; Nant Francon, the vale of Beavers, with brooding and romantic Idwal hiding in its dark clefts, backed by the triple-headed Trefaen; and the bold chain of the Elidir mountains, over whose heights is often dimly seen the sovereign summit of Y Wyddfa.

On this final resting-line of sight the rosy-fingered Aurora tips the sharp mountain outlines with her most dainty hues of purple and gold, and weaves about their clear summits her choicest wreaths of curling mist; winter clothes them in her snowy robes, and sets them against the pale, blue sky in crystal alpine brightness; the lowering storm-cloud speeds over their bare breasts, and reveals fragmentary glimpses of their black and solemn outlines through its jagged rents; again they are relumed by the golden light of the western sun, and now, as they fade away in dim mystery with the lingering tones of twilight, let us re-cross the water as it gently lapses into a calm, and the moon shimmers through mottled clouds behind our sails, and the silence is unbroken except by the measured strokes of the boatmen's oars.

ART CHRONICLE.

THE exhibition of studies and sketches by members of the Royal Water Colour Society is hardly representative of the strength of the body at the winter show, which is perhaps generally too apt to wear the aspect of a turn-out of old portfolios. Among important absentees are Messrs. F. Powell, G. Boyce, C. Whaite, and Alma Tadema; while other members of mark, including Alfred Hunt and the two Fripps, send one, or at most, two drawings. The central post at the head of the room has been assigned to the large *Highland Scene near Dalmally* by Mr. Birket Foster, which, however cleverly and cleanly put together, does not prove the unusually ambitious scale and theme suited to the artist's style. Mr. Thorne Waite's studies of Sussex Downs and Commons are honest and fresh as ever, and Mr. Eyre Walker is particularly happy in a sketch of foliage in the golden change of *Late Autumn in Wharfedale*. Mr. North, in a tender study of mazy stems and sparse leaves, has taken *Late Autumn, Somersetshire*, nearer the edge of winter. Mr. C. Gregory is quite at his best in a delightfully crisp and vigorous drawing of the *Fringe of the Common*, which has a concentration and an atmospheric truth not habitual to the artist. Miss Montalba treats Holland and Venice with curious assimilation of palette, but *After Glow, Venice*, in which S. Maria della Salute stands silver grey against the golden sky, is a memorable piece of harmony. Architectural subjects are at a discount; the more welcome is Mr. Hudson's impressive transcript of the noble Romanesque *Cathedral of Limburg*, taken from the meadows beneath the eastern end. Mr. Henry Wallis sends one bold study of gorgeous colour at a silk-merchant's shop in *The Bazaar, Cairo*. This aims at spell of colour from a different point of

view to that of Mr. Albert Moore, who, in the drawing called *The Wardrobe Door*, has posed a girl of beauty and reality above the usually uninteresting models of the artist amid panelling and carpets arranged on a pattern of soft tints, even more than commonly exquisite in subtle interchange. Mr. Poynter, R.A., Mr. Albert Goodwin, and Mr. H. Marshall, send notable contributions. Mrs. Allingham is at her best in *Sandown Sands*, with children at play. The Society offers a tribute to the talent of their late member, Mrs. Lofthouse (Mary Foster) by exhibiting in group between twenty and thirty studies in France and England, which show that this accomplished artist had courage and colour as well as subtlety and charm.

NEARLY eight hundred pictures crowd the walls at the exhibition of the Institute of Painters in Oil Colours, and do their best, as in all miscellaneous collections, to jostle one another out of countenance. Amid this pictorial hurly-burly certain works stand forward on especial artistic claims. Mr. J. W. Waterhouse, A.R.A., has sent a bright study of the untidy court of an Italian house, where a girl, lazily extended on two chairs, looks up to a neighbour at an open window, and enjoys *A Gossip*. The subject is nothing, the manner everything, in aptness of narrative, in selection of detail, in deliciously harmonious colour. Mr. Weguelin also shows himself the colourist when he poses the semi-classic figure of a girl bearing a basket of *Blossoms from a Roman Garden* amid flower plots, and the pearly whiteness of marble walls and bas-reliefs. Mr. Weguelin is always vigorous, and here he is refined also. Two young painters—both, we believe, Americans—are assigned prominent positions. The one, Mr. F. D. Millet, follows up the clever picture that made him member of the Institute by two deliberate, but not especially interesting, interiors with figures, *The Amanuensis* and *The Granddaughter*. Nevertheless, there is that reserve of strength in both which augurs for the future. Mr. Solomon Solomon has made an ingenious and strongly painted composition out of the unpromising material furnished by an average family party in evening toilette, flirting, making music, &c., in a modern drawing-room. Mr. Walter Langley sends only a study looking down into rough garden ground, where an old man digs up the bright earth under the trees, and beyond shine the roofs of a fishing village, and the lustrous sea of *The Sunny South*. The co-operation of Messrs. Frank Walton and Walter Wilson has had happy result in the management of the *Start of the Season* of the Coaching Club. This kind of picture invariably attracts popular curiosity, and the notabilities depicted on foot, horseback, and coach-box, and in this case the clever treatment and fresh execution, give artistic value to the representation of an animated incident in fashionable life. Pictures by Messrs. F. Goodall, R.A., J. Reid, G. Clausen, John S. Scott, Caton Woodville, R. Svoboda, Tom Lloyd, H. Moore, A.R.A., serve to keep up the level of the exhibition. Mr. Burton Barber's elaborately furnished dramas of child portraiture, whether royal or otherwise, are too pretty and thoroughly painted to pass over. Mr. Cyrus Johnson has made a distinguished portrait of the handsome and refined face of Mr. Chas. Earle, whose beautiful landscape in *The Borghese Gardens* hangs not far from his effigy. Among minor pictures that raise expectation, we have marked the sun-suffused bit of outdoor nature, French evidently, called *Snake Catchers*, by Mr. F. H. A. Parker; and a little interior with figure of a lady seated at *Afternoon Tea*, by G. L. Burns, notable for singular completeness and actuality, combined with soft harmony of tone.

MR. HUBERT HERKOMER'S sketches, shown in the rooms of the Fine Art Society, return to the themes by which he first made appeal in England; namely, the life of peasant and huntsman in the Highlands of Bavaria. These studies in oil and body colour, made last year, have not the almost dainty crispness of those early drawings to which we refer,—a collection of which, by-the-bye, was gathered at the German Athenæum many years ago, but they are prompt, singularly fresh, vigorous, and instinct with individuality; and they show that facile command of means which marks accumulated experience. Although several groups are boldly ordered into narrative composition, yet none of these works can be considered other than sketches or preparatory studies. There is hardly a hand articulated anywhere, although the faces are often tenderly modelled, and the figures drawn, however broadly, with unfailing significance of line. Peasants, men and women, kneeling at wayside shrines or engaged in field labour; stalwart huntsmen making love, carrying home their spoils, or gathered together at the village tavern; children quaintly enacting their little *rôles* of play or work, such are the themes into which Mr. Herkomer throws distinctive attraction of local character interpreted from its most artistic side. The colour of these studies is often delightful, although the painter's love of liquorice or foxy browns still too often mars effect. The catalogue, illustrated from original pen-and-ink studies, is pleasantly introduced by Miss Zimmern's preface about the ways of the Bavarian Highland folk.

MR. W. B. RICHMOND'S picture, *An Audience in Athens during the representation of the Agamemnon*, which was exhibited in the Grosvenor Gallery last year, has been bought for the Corporation Art Gallery of Birmingham. *The Newhaven Packet*, by Mr. Henry Moore, perhaps the finest study of sea and sky yet painted by him, has also found permanent place in the same collection.

THE Royal Academy has bought of Mr. Hogarth the large picture of a Drawing School, with students grouped before a nude model, supposed to represent the life-class at St. Martin's Lane Academy, and attributed, but not accredited, to Hogarth.

THE *Three Graces* of Raphael, long one of the gems in Earl Dudley's collection, has been sold to the Duc d'Aumale for 25,000*l*. The design was taken from the antique sculpture in the Opera del Duomo at Siena, and an early drawing from the same group is in the much-disputed Raphael's 'Sketch-book' at Venice.

THE Academy gold medal and travelling studentship for a composition in sculpture (*Cain the Outcast*) was gained by Mr. F. W. Pomeroy; the same award in Painting (*Scene from Hamlet*) fell to Mr. Horace B. Fisher; and in Architecture, to Mr. Thomas M'Laren.

THE Liverpool Art Club intends to hold in the spring an Exhibition of Embroidery and Painting on China. The works of amateurs will alone be admitted, and they must be delivered between the 22nd and 29th of March at 98 Parliament Street, Liverpool.

THE 'Life of our Lord, illustrated from the Italian Painters of the Fourteenth, Fifteenth, and Sixteenth Centuries,' published by the National Society, is in many respects a beautiful book, but also rather an anomalous one. The twenty-four plates, executed in what appears to be a not satisfactory oleographic process of colour-printing, are expressly produced for the education and the pleasure of the young; while the eloquent and informing Preface, and the critical notes on the pictures, by Mr. F. T. Palgrave, are as distinctly addressed to an adult and cultured audience. The selection of the illustrations has been guided, the editor tells us, by a wish to take examples of Italian Christian art, which, while following the narrative forms prescribed by the teachers and councils of the Church in depicting the events of Christ's life, were yet permeated by an intensely individual perception of the combination of human and divine in our Lord's person which it has been the highest endeavour of the painter to express. To paraphrase Mr. Palgrave's words, in the work of artists thus moved the 'hand painted the soul:' the result was not a record of external fact, but a 'vision.' As might be expected, Fra Angelico is prominent among the painters called upon, Duecio di Buoninsegna also, and Gentile da Fabriano, and of later exponents of the Gospel narrative still imbued with spiritual aspiration, Luini and Gaudenzio Ferrari. The literary part of the volume, which raises some debatable points, as for instance, the Græco-Roman derivation and inheritance,

through Byzantium, of the sincere Christian art of the spiritual schools, deserves more careful consideration than is usually accorded to letterpress penned to accompany even high-class illustrations.

MOST delightful of Christmas books, published by Messrs. Smith and Elder, and prefaced with excellent tact by Mr. Hungerford Pollen, is the Journal written and illustrated by Richard Doyle — that Dicky of familiar fame whom here at fifteen we find just the same playful, tender-hearted, facile-handed artist that charmed us in the pages of 'Punch,' and in many a tale of faeryland. Dick's father, John Doyle, the H.B. of the 'Political Satires,' seems to have brought up all his children to follow the arts; and the Journal before us was undertaken at the parental wish to train Dick Doyle in using powers of observation, and to give him the habit of translating his impressions into graphic form. The result is a genuine boy's Diary, full of fun and unconscious self-revelation, in which the incidents of family life and events of public importance are chronicled by pen and pencil with the same eager interest and apt artistic expression. The lad's tastes are chiefly for martial displays and music, and the dramatic aspects of history; and the pages of the Journal swarm with groups from military reviews, sketches of the heroes of tournament and adventure, besides scenes from London streets, and comical transcripts of home-life, in which the shock-headed young artist himself plays a part. The difference between intentional caricature and humorous transcript is clear enough, and in all the drawings Haydon's remark on John Doyle is applicable to the son, that he had 'an instinct for expression.' So good, indeed, are these juvenile sketches, so just in perspective, so close in drawing, especially of animals, that one's wonder is, why the artistic promise of the boy did not develope into a larger and more impressive maturity in later years. The original manuscript of this charming book is now in the British Museum.

MESSRS. OBACH AND CO., of Cockspur Street, are London agents for the reproductions from Tanagra terra-cottas brought out by Herr Fritz-Gurlitt of Berlin at prices varying from six to thirty shillings. Most of the models have been made by Herr Otto Ast, and may be accepted as close facsimiles of the original figures, identical in scale and colour, following as faithfully as possible the indications of polychrome to be traced on the originals. The tombs at Bœothian Tanagra have yielded an enormous number of these supremely artistic little images, the presence of which has been accounted for by the surmise that after having served for decoration of the funeral chamber, they must, according to custom, have been either destroyed or buried, as we find them with the dead. The motive of many figures is drawn from the graceful home-life of beautiful women, and wear the intrinsic charm of portraiture; others, sportive Loves and the like, seem exquisite toys, and a few bear the attributes of household gods. The artistic value of these figurines varies not only from one to the other, but even in parts of the same model. Produced wholesale to meet demand, it is little wonder that an inferior workman was often called in to complete the figure devised by a chief sculptor. The models were cast in a mould, and afterwards tooled by hand, and supplemented with details of decoration. Messrs. Obach issue a little illustrated catalogue of the facsimiles, the originals of which are in the Louvre, the British Museum, and South Kensington collections, and in the Hermitage, St. Petersburg. The Tanagra terra-cottas in the last-named museum form part of the famous Sabouroff collection, and are figured in the volumes 'La Collection Sabouroff,' edited by A. Furtwängler for Messrs. Asher.

THE Christmas annual of the 'Art Journal' is a decided success this year, being devoted to a biographical and critical sketch of the career and works of Sir J. E. Millais, brightly penned by Mr. Walter Armstrong, with not more of the laudatory tone than seems inevitable to contemporary critiques. The illustrations include a clever etching by M. Mongin after the *North West Passage*, photogravures from *The Beefeater* and *Chill October*, both of which come out well in the process, and capital woodcuts of sketches and pictures extending over the painter's working life. It may be noted, in this connexion, that the Christian Knowledge Society have reissued Millais' designs of the Parables of *Our Lord*, engraved on wood by Messrs. Dalziel, and published in 1863. It will be the children's own fault if they are not delighted with the pretty tale in which Mr. F. Weatherley animates our old friends Punch and Judy and the Baby, and weaves their adventures into the lives of three little girls in a waking dream, that may puzzle and please wiser folks than the juvenile audience addressed. Patty Townshend's lively illustrations are done justice to in the excellent colour-printing secured by the publishers, Messrs. Marcus Ward.

BORDER LANCES (Seeley & Co.) is a Romance of the Northern Marches in the reign of Edward III. It is founded mainly on the Chronicle of Lanercost, and gives a narrative of David Bruce's inroad into England, and of his capture by John of Copeland. It is illustrated with illuminations from MSS. of the fourteenth century, and with a number of curious grotesques from medieval *Bestiaries*, a few of which we insert. Here is a specimen of the natural history of the middle ages :—

'Ye have heard, doubtless, much of the wonders of the East: ye have seen the silk cloth that merchants bring from those lands, fit

raiment for princes and emperors, gay with every various hue, the precious stones, beryls, carbuncles and adamants, together with the abundance of sweet-smelling herbs which distil incense and gum by which sick men are healed and venom is expelled. It may be ye have read of the hills of gold, and of the marvellous fertility of the land that bringeth forth corn twice in the year. Yea, I myself have seen there a tree so huge and widespread that many companies of men may sit beneath it. Many marvels are to be seen there, so great that ye would

scarce credit my words if I were to speak of them. But in those lands also there is death ever at hand. The sun smiteth thee with his rays; the sky terrifieth thee with thunder and lightnings; cold and heat alike bring thy life suddenly to an end; thou fearest to drink water, or to smell an evil smell, lest sickness come quickly upon thee. There also aboundeth every fierce and horrible beast. There dwelleth the lynx whose sight can pierce through nine walls, the tiger swift as the waters of the river which is called by his name, the unicorn which cannot be tamed, the elephant which hath a trumpet for a nose through which he swalloweth his food; yea, and some are so mighty of stature that they can swallow a man. There also is the great foe of the elephant, the fire-breathing dragon, which ever seeketh to cool his burning heat with the blood of the elephant, leaping upon him from the bough of a tree. Then he sucketh his blood till he groweth intoxicated therewith, and when the elephant falleth from feebleness, he falleth with him and is crushed. He flieth ever with his mouth open, seeking to cool himself, and out of his mouth cometh venom which appeareth like smoke, but if any one is touched by it he is scorched and burnt. There also dwelleth every poisonous asp and

viper, and in especial the basilisk, which groweth sometimes to be as thick as a tree, and hath eighteen feet in length. On his head he

beareth a crest in form like a crown, and all who meet the glance of his eye are slain by it; yea, even the little birds who fly over his head fall to the earth dead. There also ye may meet the gluttonous crocodile, who liveth both on land and in the water. He, if he can find a man, will seize and devour him, shedding tears of false pity the while. To him is the serpent a deadly enemy, and when he lieth sleeping with

his mouth open, the serpent will enter into his throat and destroy him, devouring his entrails. I will say naught of the venomous scorpion, which devoureth all her young save one, by which in her turn she dieth, for, climbing on her head, he slayeth her; neither of the salamander, which, passing through the fire, extinguisheth it with the cold of his body, and poisoneth the tree on which he climbeth, so that it bringeth forth deadly fruit; for these are found also in other lands. But remember ye not the hissing venomous serpents and horrid monsters of which the great Alexander wrote, birds with men's faces, white lions, bats with great teeth, griffons, whose wings when outspread would touch the houses on both sides as they passed down a street, and who seized men with their mighty claws and strangled them, dragons with ram's horns, and the horrible beast odontotyrannus, bigger and mightier than an elephant, with a great black head and three sharp horns in his forehead.'

THE goodly number of tales and small essays by Mr. W. W. Fenn, the blind artist, which, under the title of 'Woven in Darkness,' are published in two thick octavos by Messrs. Kelly & Co., were worth collecting from the various periodicals in which most of them originally appeared. Mr. Fenn uses the supernatural element with just enough appearance of personal conviction to add zest to his stories; he has a real feeling for a *Doppelganger*, and introduces a warning apparition with irresistible gusto. The vivid touches of description, whether of scenery or incident, constantly recall the writer's artistic faculty of observation, used to good purpose before darkness gathered over his vision, and he turned bravely from brush to word-painting. The hoarded treasures of the eye serve now as material on which Mr. Fenn's vivid invention plays, bringing out combinations varied as the patterns in a kaleidoscope.

MR. LOFTIE'S book of *Lessons in the Art of Illuminating* (Blackie & Son) consists of an introductory chapter on the history of the art, followed by practical instructions in the methods of working and careful descriptions of the plates. Of these, which are drawings from old manuscripts, showing chiefly initial letters and decorative borders, nine are in full colour, and Mr. Loftie seeks, in his explanations, to make each plate a separate lesson to the young student. We should have preferred to see them arranged more strictly in chronological order, or according to the styles of different countries, especially as the author complains that 'the thing that most often offends the eye in modern illumination' is the mixing up of different styles. Mr. Loftie is, of course, writing for a beginner, and cannot do better than set before him examples drawn from the best works, and advise him to study them closely and copy them diligently. It is, however, a pity that skilled draughtsmen should so commonly treat illumination as a dead art, and that an artist, sitting down to produce, say, an illuminated address, should deliberately adapt to his purpose designs from an old manuscript, and call it, when it is done, fifteenth-century work, instead of giving us real living Art. Of the illustrations, we would particularly mention the fourth and ninth plates, in which are given facsimiles of the whole page of a manuscript, necessarily more useful to a student than pieces of ornament detached from their surroundings. Mr. Loftie carefully tells us what colours were employed in copying them; but, of course, all who are acquainted with the originals know how impossible it is in printing to reproduce the whole spirit and charm of them.

MR. NIMMO has published an edition of 'Gulliver's Travels,' with an introduction by Mr. G. Saintsbury, and a number of illustrations by M. Poinson. Many of these are printed with flat colouring of a simple sort, somewhat Japanese in character.

POPULAR GUIDE TO WESTMINSTER ABBEY. By M. C. Bradley, E. T. Bradley, and A. J. Grahame ('Pall Mall Gazette' Office). Apart from its supreme historical interest as the resting-place of England's illustrious dead, the Abbey Church of Westminster ranks alone as a rich store-house of works of art, both of painting and sculpture, illustrating almost every stage through which these arts have passed in this country since the time of the Norman Conquest.

The history of art in England is, strange to say, a much-neglected subject, and one that remains yet to be written. When the time and the historian come, it is specially from the treasures contained in this church that many of the most important illustrations will have to be taken. Here, and here alone, it can be seen that at the end of the thirteenth century a native of London was producing sculptured effigies which rival the best works of his contemporaries at Pisa. Here alone have we evidence of a national school of painting existing during the youth-time of Giotto, which possessed merits little, if at all, inferior to those of the far-famed Florentine. Nor is the Abbey Church of St. Peter rich only in specimens of our national art; it contains a large and important example, unique in this country, of the magnificently coloured and delicate enamels of Limoges. Even Italy itself (outside of Rome) possesses no finer specimens of the jewel-like glass mosaic and rich *Opus Alexandrinum* pavements—the work of the great Cosmati family. While, to pass on to later times, the Chapel of Henry VII. contains a very perfect example of Florentine art during the early part of the sixteenth century in the noble bronze recumbent effigies of Henry VII. and his Queen, the work of Pietro Torrigiano, the hot-tempered fellow-pupil who crushed Michelangelo's nose while they were both as lads copying the *Carmine* frescoes of Masaccio and Masolino. For these and other reasons this newly published 'Popular Guide' to the Abbey is worthy of attention by all students of art. It is very ably written and well illustrated, both with plans and sketches—the latter the work of Archibald J. Grahame, a highly talented young artist, whose since fatal illness began almost immediately after the completion of his graceful drawings. In addition to its importance as a guide to the art-treasures of the Abbey, this book, which is published for the almost absurdly small sum of sixpence, contains a large number of valuable historical and biographical information about the many illustrious personages who lie buried in the church. The introduction, written by the Dean of Westminster, contains a very interesting summary of the history of the building and its crowd of monuments. Its method of publication and very cheap form will not, it is to be hoped, prevent a lively appreciation of the real value and merits of this very carefully prepared work.

'FOURSCORE YEARS.'

ETCHED BY H. MACBETH-RAEBURN. FROM A PICTURE BY NORMAN MACBETH, R.S.A.

'Thy statutes have been my songs in the house of my pilgrimage.'—Psalm cxix. 54.

THE subject of the picture is sufficiently explained by the title and the quotation attached to it. We have before us one of those excellent plain Scotch people whom Walter Scott respected so heartily and in whom he took an honest national pride,—a much more reasonable pride, though rarer, than that which boasts of the enormous territorial possessions of the great nobles. This old lady is a real person, living at Saltcoats, on the Ayrshire coast, a place made famous by having been selected as the scene of some of the most moving chapters in 'A Daughter of Heth.'

The picture was exhibited in the Royal Academy last year. It now belongs to Mr. Thomas Oliver, of Borsham, in Kent, without whose kind permission the etching could not have been executed.

The painter, Norman Macbeth, R.S.A., is a native of Portglasgow. He began to paint portraits in the west of Scotland soon after he came of age. In 1860 he went to Edinburgh, and in a short time was so much appreciated by his brother-artists in that capital as to be elected an Associate of the Academy there, nor did he remain long in the preliminary grade of Associateship. Mr. Norman Macbeth is a realist in art, especially devoted to the study of character.

The etcher of the plate before us is a son of the painter. He was born at Helensburgh in 1860, and began painting at the age of eighteen, studying in the life school of the Royal Scottish Academy. This very promising artist began to exhibit regularly in the Royal Academy at the age of twenty, proving the rapid progress made in his studies. He first attempted etching in January, 1884, and has since pursued it at intervals, more as a relaxation from painting than with a view to professional success. We think that the plate now published shows that the artist has conquered the difficulties of this art as rapidly as those of the other.

A word of explanation may be given concerning Mr. Macbeth-Raeburn's name. As there are already three painters bearing his father's name (amongst them the well-known A.R.A), he thought it was necessary to establish a difference in order to prevent confusion, and so took the surname of Raeburn in addition to his own.

IMAGINATION IN LANDSCAPE PAINTING.

IV. *Dangerous Imagination.*

WE have attempted, in the preceding chapters, to show that imagination in its primary sense* must be the seeing of images in the mind's eye, and that the images so seen are not illusions. When the images acquire what the French call *extériorité*, that is to say, when they appear to be seen with the physical eye as if they were external realities, then they are no longer imaginings, but hallucinations, and the condition of the brain which is subject to these hallucinations is so near to insanity, that the victim remains sane only just so long as he is able to say to himself, 'The thing that I see there is not real, although it appears real for the moment; it is nothing but a projection from the brain.' So soon as he loses this faculty of recognising the hallucination for what it is, and takes it for the reality which it appears to be, he has become insane.

Here we have the exact reason why genius has a certain relationship to insanity. The power of raising up clear images before the mind's eye is not to be gained without making a step in the direction which may lead ultimately, if a certain degree of clearness is passed, to dangerous hallucination. The stories told of Shelley and other imaginative persons who have had occasional hallucinations, show the peril of constantly cultivating the imaginative faculty, even without that most powerful of all forcing which is given by the practice of the graphic arts. Here is a short extract from Rossetti's life of Shelley :—

'On the 6th of May (1822) Shelley and Williams were walking on the terrace of the house in a moonlight evening, when the poet grasped his companion's arm violently and stared hard at the surf, exclaiming, "There it is again! There!" He ultimately "declared that he saw, as plainly as he then saw me (Williams), a naked child rise from the sea, and clap its hands as in joy, smiling at him."'

Nothing can be easier than to trace this hallucination to its real source in the habitual imaginings of the poet. Shelley was passionately fond of the sea, and most tenderly fond of children, so that both frequently occupied his poetic imagination. I open his

* To anticipate a possible misconstruction, it may be well to add that in the secondary or usual sense of the word imagination means far more than this. I insist, however, on the clear-seeing of images in the mind as especially essential to the imagination of a painter.

works quite at random, and find the two together in a stanza of the 'Revolt of Islam:'—

'Woe could not be mine own, since far from men
I dwelt, *a free and happy orphan child*,
By the sea-shore, in a deep mountain glen,
And near the waves, and through the forests wild
I roamed.'

The second canto of the same poem begins thus:—

'The starlight *smile of children;*'

and the second stanza of that canto begins with this verse:—

'In Argolis *beside the echoing sea.*'

The thirtieth stanza ends with these lines:—

'All things became
Slaves to my holy and heroic verse,
Earth, *sea*, and sky, the planets, life, and fame,
And fate, or whate'er else binds the world's wondrous frame.'

In the thirty-first stanza the child appears again:—

'*And this beloved child* thus felt the sway
Of my conceptions gathering.'

Opening again the same poem, this time in the twelfth canto, I find the following association of waves with a child, though they are river waves:—

'As we sate gazing in a trance of wonder,
A boat approached, borne by the musical air
Along the waves, which sung and sparkled under
Its rapid keel. A winged shape sate there;
A child with silver-shining wings, so fair
That, as her bark did through the waters glide,
The shadow of the lingering waves did wear
Light, as from starry beams, from side to side,
While veering to the wind, her plumes the bark did guide.'

It is needless to multiply quotations; enough has been quoted to show that waves and children were essential parts of Shelley's poetical world. When writing the verses quoted, his imagination had realised them to the mind's eye, and the vision narrated by Williams was no more than a translation of an old mental vision into an external shape. The alarm felt by Shelley at the moment is the inevitable and peculiarly horrible dread which the mind feels when there is no longer a clear distinction between the imagined and the actual. How is a man to guide himself in a world where some beings are real, and others, who seem not less real, are intangible phantoms of the brain?

That dwelling upon images in the mind, which is the mental habit of the poet, is, however, less likely to increase the clearness of the mental image, with the tendency to exteriority, than the far closer studies of the painter. What painters call 'study' is the impressing of images on the brain, and it differs essentially from literary study in this—that the student of books sees the object of his study with the mind's eye only (the paper and type of a book being so indifferent, that they only attract attention when one is not reading), whereas the painter observes with the bodily eye and the mind's eye at the same time. All the studies of a painter are, in fact, directed to two purposes: one is to imitate or interpret the appearances of things, but the other is to fix images clearly in the memory; therefore the imagination of the painter is in quite a special sense a trained and cultivated imagination. If Shelley saw the child clearly, he being a poet, it is probable that a painter, with his more perfect education of the eye and the eye's memory, would have seen the child still more clearly both before and after reaching the point of hallucination.

V. *The Training of the Memory.*

The memory of things seen has often been cultivated by painters in certain special directions for their own purposes. All landscape-painters are compelled to cultivate it for the representation of transient effects, and of many transient forms also, especially the forms of clouds; but this individual culture of the memory does not afford us such good opportunities for observing its results, as the simultaneous culture of many different memories in a school. M. Lecoq de Boisbaudran, who was at one time Professor at the Imperial School of Drawing in Paris, and at the Lycée St. Louis, was the first teacher known to us who cultivated the memory systematically and took careful notes of the results. The following replies, taken from his valuable little work on the subject, will show the wonderful power of training to increase the clearness of the image. It will be understood that the image is always seen with the mind's eye only; and notwithstanding the extreme clearness that it may sometimes attain, does not pass into the dangerous 'exteriority' of Shelley's child upon the waves.

In answer to a question about his way of drawing from memory, one pupil says, 'I try to imagine the absent model, but only see him in a confused way.' Another says, 'I see the model in my head.' A third replies that he sees the model better with his eyes shut. Then comes the question, 'How do you manage when the model, or rather the image of the model, is too confused, or disappears?' To this one reply is that after making an effort the model becomes more visible, that sometimes the model disappears altogether, but that by application of the mind it can be recovered. Another pupil answers, that the image appears confused as a whole, but that if he applies his attention to a detail only it becomes

clear enough to be drawn, and then the first detail helps him to recover a second, and so on from one to another till he is able to reconstruct the whole.*

After exercising the memory by a systematic training for four months, all the pupils declared that the image was much more distinct than formerly, and that if it disappeared from the mental vision it could be recalled almost at will.

In answer to the question, 'What means do you employ to fix the model in the memory?' one pupil said, 'I draw it repeatedly;' but another said, 'I make observations on dimensions, forms, and colours.' The master said that the latter of these two answers was by far the more satisfactory to him, as it proved intelligent observation and not merely a mechanical repetition of labour.

Another remarkable result of this systematic training, which had not been thought of or schemed for when it was first instituted, was that when the pupils drew from nature they were able to work for a longer time after looking at the model, and yet that their work was quite as accurate as it had been in former years when they referred to the model frequently.

The cultivation of the memory may be carried a step farther, in this way. The pupil who has been accustomed to drawing from nature may be told simply to *look* at an object for a short time, and to draw it afterwards from memory in another place. This is the ultimate result of training the artistic memory, and it is infinitely valuable to a landscape-painter, as it enables him to carry away transient forms and effects.

A skilful French landscape-painter, Nazon, whose pictures always attracted attention at the *Salon*, and deserved it, made it a rule never to sketch from nature, but to observe with the closest attention, taking mental notes only, after which, on returning to the house, he would paint a study of what he had seen. This was an excellent way of dealing with transient effects, for this reason. Suppose an effect lasts five minutes; if you are not drawing you can give the five minutes entirely to observation, but if you are drawing you will spend half of them, at least, in looking at your paper and your pencil-marks.

It is well known that any artist who has been accustomed to work from memory, can copy a picture without carrying any visible sketching apparatus into the gallery where it is exhibited. He has nothing to do but learn the picture by heart. Suppose it to be Gainsborough's *Watering Place*. The process of learning it by heart would be first to take note of the principal objects and their positions. The waggon is descending a steep bank; there are four horses in a zig-zag position, the two first beginning to drink; there is a little hand-railed bridge with a man on it; on the opposite side of the stream there is a big denuded trunk to the right, and farther off we see a rich clump of full-foliaged trees on rising ground to the left. These things having been well noticed, the picture may be mentally divided into four squares, or rather oblongs, and the contents of each division observed. This would be quite enough for the first sketch. Afterwards the parts would be corrected, and details added from fresh observations as the work progressed.

The aid of science may be called in to help the memory of what is observed in nature. This has always been done by figure-painters with the study of anatomy, especially the anatomy of the bones, which give a permanently useful memorandum for the lengths of limbs and parts of limbs, and for their possible attitudes. Landscape-painters have usually treated science with more indifference, but its utility to them as a help to memory is perfectly indisputable. A painter will surely remember gneiss, sandstone, or slate, more accurately if he thinks of them under those names than if he confounds them all together in his memory as being only 'rocks.' He will remember poplar and pine more distinctly than 'trees,' and if he has a clear idea in his mind of the difference between *pinus sylvestris* and other pines, he will paint *pinus sylvestris* the more faithfully. I cannot imagine a more efficacious help to memory than the clear and accurate knowledge of the characteristics of species. Which of these two series of observations is likely to recall the scene described the more vividly?

1. A castle on a rock with trees about it.

2. A castle of pure Norman architecture standing on a granite rock, at the foot of which is a clump of oaks. On the steep slope of the rock are a few birches, and just under the walls of the castle are two ash-trees and a buckthorn.

The difference between these two memoranda is exactly that between the two following, and nobody would dispute the greater utility of the second.

1. A house with a group of animals.

2. A thatched Highland cottage, with three cows of the Highland breed, two goats, a pony, and a colley dog.

Notwithstanding the obvious usefulness of science as a help to memory, there are still to be found landscape-painters who despise it, and who look upon the most prudently limited study of botany and geology as a trifling waste of time. The prejudice against botany is founded on the erroneous idea

* This recovery by detail is extremely interesting. I have often attempted to recover images by that process, but have generally found that when the image did not come in a complete shape recovery by detail would leave some hiatus. The pupils of M. de Boisbaudran had, however, the advantage of beginning the systematic training of the ocular memory at a comparatively early age.

that botanical study is always microscopic (because a botanist has occasional recourse to the microscope), and that such study is incompatible with the grand style in painting. But to notice the manner in which a walnut-tree throws out its fine strong arms, is just as much a botanical study as the dissection of its flower, and to see a distinction in texture between the bark of the walnut and that of a beech is to have made a botanical observation already. In Schacht's valuable work on trees, a strictly scientific book including microscopic study, there are many observations of a kind likely to help the memory of a landscape-painter. Here is a specimen of the notes concerning ramification :—

'The regularity of ramification which exists in such a high degree in our Pine, in a more restricted manner in the Fir, which is hardly recognisable in the Epicea, and has totally disappeared in the Larch, this regularity may be still observed, more or less distinctly, in trees with membranous leaves. The arrangement and direction of branches are fixed characteristics of each species of tree. The Beech, when it grows freely, spreads out its branches in a direction nearly horizontal, and its twigs take the same direction. The same tree, when in a confined situation, directs its principal branches upwards, and its twigs only begin to spread when they reach the light. The Birch produces many branches which rise in forming an acute angle, whereas the young sprays, which are very slender, hang with an arched curve. Meanwhile, the central branch* of the Birch grows powerfully upwards. The more the branches are developed the weaker they become, and the more the tree bows its head, as, for example, in the weeping-birch. The Oak is characterised by a very strong ramification, but it is most irregular, which results from the death of terminal buds and that of certain branches. In the Alder, the principal branches form an acute angle with the trunk, whereas the twigs from these branches spread out horizontally.'

Here we have knowledge of the most valuable kind for a landscape-painter concentrated in a very short space. It is given here simply as a specimen, but it would be easy to find many other passages in botanical and geological works that would be equally useful in giving precision to the memory of a landscape-painter. If he is really observant he will make observations for himself, which are applicable to all rocks and trees of the same species.

LANDSCAPE, WITH A COTTAGE ON A BANK, AND TREES OVERHANGING A RIVER. FROM THE ETCHING BY RUYSDAEL.

The value of special knowledge in educating the memory of the eye, is shown in nothing more decidedly than in architecture. A professional architect, or even an amateur, who has seriously studied good typical examples of different styles, is able to learn a building by heart when the uneducated observer will not retain any distinct impression of it. As this education of the memory is a subject that interests me, I have carefully observed to what degree those who have never studied architecture are able to retain impressions of buildings; and, although nothing can astonish me now, I was at one time amazed beyond all expression by what

* I should consider this as strictly a continuation of the stem even to the very top of the tree, where it ends in a point as fine as the terminal sprays of the branches.

seemed the incomprehensible inaccuracy of the uneducated memory with regard to buildings that had actually been seen and visited. Provincial or foreign visitors will go to London and York, and afterwards be quite unable to say, of two photographs, which is York Minster and which is Westminster Abbey. They sometimes even fail to distinguish between the Houses of Parliament and Westminster Abbey, or between the National Gallery and the British Museum. People will go to visit a country house of the most marked architectural character, and not be able to remember the most obvious characteristics of its structure, such as whether the front stands in a straight line or has advancing wings, or whether the windows are in single lights or divided by stone mullions. All that the uneducated in architecture appear to be able to retain about buildings is the impression of their size, and a confused recollection about the richness of their decorations. They generally remember that the Church of Brou is richly carved, that the inside of the Sainte Chapelle is painted and gilt, and that St. Peter's at Rome is big.

The same inaccuracy of the uneducated memory is strikingly obvious in reference to shipping. Ships are constantly drawn in such a way that they could not sail, and yet the drawings are accepted without question. Just before writing this chapter I had seen a published print of shipping, where the shrouds were so placed that the yards could only be set at right angles to the keel.* In Ziem's picture of Venice, an American brig has mast-hoops where no shipbuilder ever placed them since the world began.

The education of the memory does not only concern the construction of natural and artificial things; it equally concerns those appearances of nature to which all things whatever are alike subjected. For example, suppose the case (which is not imaginary, as I have a real instance in view) of an artist who, for many years, has given especial attention to the study of sunshine. He has made so many studies of objects under sunshine, that his mind has become perfectly familiar with the effects of it in regard to colour, to the relief of objects, and to cast shadows. His knowledge of sunshine is a permanent possession of his mind, as ready to hand on any occasion as a language to one who has thoroughly assimilated it. Now observe the difference between such an artist and one who has a very imperfect knowledge of sunshine. Suppose the two together on a fine summer's day in the south of France or in Italy; they have just time to make a hasty pencil sketch, and each of them writes upon his sketch the words 'full southern sunshine' as a memorandum. To the artist whose memory of sunshine has already been thoroughly educated, the words recall the southern light, such as it really is, so that it is almost as if he went back to the hour when the sketch was made, but to the other the words are little more than marks with a lead pencil. A memorandum of that kind only recalls what we already know, and it is not of the least use to make these drafts on the bank of the memory, unless there is already capital enough in it to honour them.* The full value of such capital may be estimated by the few who have been privileged to see Alma-Tadema paint the light of the Mediterranean within a stone's throw of the Regent's Park Canal.

It is even true that an artist who has a thorough knowledge of sunshine will paint it better, incomparably better, from memory, than an artist of inferior knowledge could paint it from nature itself. This is not advanced merely as a statement that is likely to be true; I have actual examples in view whilst making it, and quite literally 'in view,' as I happen to be writing in a room where there is an elaborate study from nature supposed to be in full sunshine, but where the sun does not shine at all; whilst in another picture, which was done in the studio, he *does* shine.

The ultimate object of the cultivation of the memory in landscape, is to be able to fix transient effects. At first the young landscape-painter painfully takes note of each particular effect in its details, but after some experience he makes the discovery that the same effects recur, though the forms of the clouds, &c., may be varied. Here, then, is another great help to memory. Instead of having to remember each effect individually, the painter remembers the class to which it belongs, and notes only the variation in the special case. And as the effects often recur, he has many new opportunities of correcting old observations which, when thus frequently corrected and added to, become assimilated as knowledge. A landscape-painter who really knows by heart about twenty of those effects which are most suitable for his own work, has an amply sufficient provision of that kind of artistic science. Many a

* The shrouds went straight from the summit of the top-gallant masts to the bulwarks. Such an arrangement would be possible only on condition that the vessel was always to sail with a fair wind, as she was a square-rigged ship.

* With regard to the action of the memory in dealing with memoranda, the following piece of actual experience may be worth recording. A distinguished painter, now a Royal Academician, told me that he had never found it possible to paint things well from hasty memoranda unless he had carefully painted objects of the same kind, at one time or other, from nature; but that he could always paint with his full power from slight memoranda when this condition had previously been fulfilled. This was said with reference to landscape subjects.

successful landscape-painter has not known half so many, or else his knowledge was much more comprehensive than his art.

VI. *Gifts and acquired Knowledge.*

Those who are fond of opposing natural talent to the discipline of education, are likely to make objections of the following kind to what has been advanced in the preceding chapter.

They will say that there is a distinction between the memory of the eye, which is the artist's special gift, and the scientific knowledge of appearances, which anybody may acquire by labour. The really gifted artist, they will urge, has no need of scientific observations, because he has only to look at an object or an effect to remember it; and since he can recall at will the image of what he has seen, he can paint from the image in his mind, just as another would paint from nature.

FOREST SCENE, WITH THREE WAYFARERS AND A DOG BESIDE A POOL. FROM THE ETCHING BY RUYSDAEL.

Certainly there is a distinction between painting from a clear recollection of the individual object, and painting partly from that and partly from knowledge acquired beforehand. Certainly, also, there are artists who have peculiar gifts of memory, which enable them to seize what escapes others, such as the gift of the elder Leslie for seizing a transient expression in human beings, or that of Landseer for making a dog look human without losing the quality of doggishness; and the more a critic learns about art the more he comes to be persuaded that these personal gifts, which are so much genius, can never be acquired by labour. No amount of toil would ever have enabled either Titian or Raphael to paint the expressions of ladies in drawing-rooms in any manner comparable to that of Leslie. Neither Vandyke nor Velasquez, though they could both paint dogs, would ever have had the slightest chance of rivalling Landseer, as a painter of subtle and various canine moods. It may be granted once and for all that special gifts are unapproachable, but at the same time we may observe that all men of genius who have greatly succeeded in the fine arts have possessed knowledge, or accumulated observation, as well as the genius which observes keenly for a moment, and that without knowledge their genius would have been paralysed.

What, after all, is the exact nature of an artist's knowledge, what is that which we specially call knowledge in an artist? It is the possession of certain general truths which are applicable to a special case. Suppose that two landscape-painters try to remember a birch-tree; one of the two men comes well provided with previous knowledge, the other has nothing to guide him but the observation of the moment. The first knows what is applicable to all trees whatever and to the art of representing them; he knows all about the rounding of trunks, the starting of branches from the trunk, the manner in which foliage catches the light and the effect of shade on its appearance, how it is sometimes massed and sometimes scattered, and how the massing and the scattering of it are so governed by the laws of growth and gravitation, that every leaf on a tree takes its place and share in the well-ordered beauty of the

whole. Then, with reference to birches in particular, he knows already many things that are true of all birches; he knows all about the very peculiar bark, all about the growth and branching of the tree and the remarkable nature of its foliage, with the great changes in its appearance, from the pale green cloud that shows itself so early in the year to the scattered spots of gold that linger late. To see a birch is, therefore, for him at the same time a refreshing of old impressions and a rapid noting of individual peculiarities, such as the form and growth of this particular specimen. Meanwhile the artist without knowledge is dependent on his observation of the single specimen for all that he can carry away with regard to it, and that is not likely to be very much. This is the reason why the paintings of young artists are frequently at the same time laborious and incomplete. They try to imitate this or that specimen of a natural product and attain a sort of fidelity, but not having in their minds a clear recollection of the qualities which are common to all healthy individuals in the species, they fall short of a full representation of those qualities. The artist who has learning and experience, on the other hand, holds more loosely to the particular specimen, but has his mind so charged with knowledge of a more comprehensive kind, that he expresses a greater sum of truth. We believe, then, that the most comprehensive kind of artistic memory is impossible without accumulated knowledge. We have never known a single example of an artist, however gifted, who could draw really well from memory without having previously studied; but we have known several instances of men whose imagination was active, and whose works were defective because they relied upon it too much. A very conspicuous recent example was Gustave Doré. His imagination was fertile enough; but as he never had the patience to submit to discipline and acquire the knowledge that so large a productivity needed, the great mass of what he did, especially in painting, is marred by visible insufficiency, so that his early illustrations to Balzac's 'Contes Drôlatiques,' remain to this day his most satisfactory performance.* The

FOREST SCENE, WITH TWO PEASANTS AND A DOG. FROM THE ETCHING BY RUYSDAEL.

want of knowledge is also evident in the less ambitious art of Richard Doyle, where the recollection of individual figures could not supply its place. In artists of more serious rank than these, the rule holds good that they only remember or imagine clearly what they have studied diligently, and this accounts for the otherwise inexplicable fact, that in the same picture you will sometimes find human beings represented with great power, and rocks painted without any attention either to their structure, their colour, or natural decoration with moss and lichen, and yet rocks are far easier to paint truly and completely than human beings.

There is the less need to insist upon the necessity for previous knowledge, that we are all familiar with

* Being on a small scale, and frankly grotesque, the woodcuts in the 'Contes Drôlatiques' enable us to enjoy the inventive genius of the artist, without being troubled by any reflections about inadequate studies.

the failure of amateurs for the want of it. There is no reason to suppose that the natural gifts of the artist are less common amongst amateur than professional workers. In many cases the amateur must have the gift of memory, but from the insufficiency of his accumulated knowledge he retains images of insufficient distinctness.

The memory of an artist is distinguished from that of other people chiefly by this, that as he alone has really the knowledge of appearances, he is the only person who is able to call up images before the mind's eye which are distinct enough, and permanent enough, to be painted.

P. G. HAMERTON.

JAMES WARD, R.A.

ANIMAL AND ALLEGORICAL PAINTER.

WARD, having reached that stage of his career which is mentioned in my last, determined to take a new path. Notwithstanding all the difficulties which attend a change of this nature,—difficulties his strong will made light of—he gave most of his time to painting, and with a light heart turned aside from engraving. Like the hero of one of the tales in the 'Arabian Nights,' he hated his craft because of its narrowness. But, as shown below, I cannot believe that he had not begun to paint till the time in question had arrived, though it cannot be denied that the natural sense of the terms reported to have been used by himself in reference to this circumstance affirms, or seems to affirm, that the brush and palette were till this period almost, if not quite, unknown to him. I presume no painter will hesitate to agree in my doubts that Ward's statements, passing into currency by means of amateurs, have gained colour he did not intend them to receive, while the fact is, that Ward, when he mended Copley's picture, as stated below, knew a good deal about painting, although he had not persuaded others to that effect.

His reputation as an engraver was already so great that painters, who looked forward to having their works reproduced by his hands, addressed urgent remonstrances to Ward. Hoppner, then the fashionable portrait painter, wrote to Mrs. Ward, and concluded thus:—'I shall oppose him, for what shall I do? I shall lose the fine engraver I want, and I shall be encouraging a poor painter that we do not want.' Notwithstanding such protests Ward was not to be turned aside from his purpose. Although already nearly in the middle of life, his progress in the new line was astonishingly rapid, and it ought to surprise us all the more because it took effect while he was subject to a circumstance which, according to our modern notions, was very gravely disadvantageous. Ward tells us that he had then 'never seen the works of the old masters.' This statement I accept with a considerable amount of salt, although doubtless it is, in the main, correct, so far as we may be required to understand that the artist had either neglected to seek opportunities for observing ancient pictures with attention, or had not taken the trouble to copy any such examples as chance might have thrown in his way. The latter suggestion is more likely to be right than the former one.

However this may be, the statement brings us face to face with a fact no one writing on English art, as it existed before the Continent was reopened by the battle of Waterloo, ought to overlook. Although vast wealth of old pictures had continued to pour into this island after the breaking up of the Low Country collections, which were mostly ecclesiastical, under Joseph II.—that harbinger of the French Revolution—the whole of these treasures went into private hands. The private royal collection formed by the Regent was not begun till after the date in question. The English people at large were indifferent to pictures by ancient masters, and British artists did not study them. Nevertheless, English painting owes hardly anything to the old masters. Neither Hogarth, Stubbs, Morland, Ward, Copley, Wilkie, Bewick, Crome, Cotman, Constable, Gainsborough, Varley (a teacher of many able men), Mulready, Maclise, Landseer, or Turner, was indebted for his powers, or any considerable part of their value, to the great masters of Italy, Holland, or Flanders. Until 1806, when the British Institution opened its School of Painting as described in papers on the gallery in Pall Mall which I lately submitted to the readers of the PORTFOLIO, it was very hard indeed for an English artist to study, much less to copy, an old master's picture. The School of Painting in the Royal Academy was not in existence till long after that of the British Institution had begun to flourish. To this circumstance is due the thorough Englishness of our school, if school it can be called. Our home-painters, notwithstanding the deprivation they suffered, contrived to produce abundance of genuine art of a limited kind, and restricted application.

Eminent, if not pre-eminent, among them, on account of his somewhat excessive Englishness, was James Ward. I have always recognised in James Ward the legitimate continuer of Bewick's mood in design, and I have felt that, till he shook off the influence of Morland, which is referred to below, he

was never himself. When set free he proved a far more masculine artist than the latter, and possessed of a larger style, that was exercised in a much wider field. Having clear insight of what he had to do with his native powers, he threw off the trammels of J. R. Smith's narrow rule. It was time he did so.

A fortunate opportunity offered for a change, when it had undoubtedly become due; that is, after Ward had served an apprenticeship of nine years to engraving, being seven years and a half to his brother, and one year and a half to J. R. Smith. Meanwhile, his success had been very great. His first commission was not less important than to engrave Sir W. Beechey's very large painting in oil of *George III. Reviewing the Tenth Hussars*, which is now at Hampton Court. It happened while William Ward was engraving a picture of Copley's that he accidentally injured it, and 'was much distressed to get the damage repaired' without the fact being known. Ward has told us the result thus: 'I undertook to repair it, and getting a box of colours (I think from Morland) I completed the cure, and having the palette in my hand, I felt as if I could paint a picture, and took up an old canvas; the result of my experiment is in my son's (the late Mr. G. Raphael Ward's) possession. My brother, seeing the effort, urged me to go on, and gave me a commission for two little pictures.' These pieces were afterwards in a sale with works by Morland, and were mistaken for his. This is said to have occurred when J. Ward was nearly twenty years of age, *i.e.* in 1789.* I think it very doubtful indeed if this reminiscence could have to do with James Ward's first attempt at painting in oil, which every artist will say is out of the question, although it may refer to his first success in making his friends regard him as able to work in an artistic manner. It is not a wonder that, living with Morland and considerably under his influence, our tyro's art was very like his mentor's. He wrote, 'I had never seen any one but Morland paint, and never seen the works of the old masters, and therefore believed he had gone before them all.' Morland was then the fashion, and Ward so much admired his art that he offered to work under him (that is, work for him) for two or three years. It is fortunate that the offer was declined, when, as our autobiographer reported, Morland averred, 'No, no; Jemmy will get too forward for me!' Mr. Piggott

DONKEYS. JAMES WARD, R.A.

has culled from the notes of Ward the following account:—'I painted a third—a white horse in a storm*—and I also made a copy from one of Morland's, which I now have—a group of travellers—and which, when Morland saw, he inquired of my brother where he had found that picture, taking it for his own, when, from the smile of myself and my brother, he went and looked into it, and made the discovery.'

* It is uncertain if we are to understand the above in its natural sense, because our subject must, before this time, have made considerable progress in painting; in the following year, 1790, he made his *début* with two works at the Gallery of the Society of Artists of Great Britain. He first appeared at the Academy in 1792, with four pictures, the titles of which indicate subjects analogous to Morland's. They were *Christmas Carol*, *Gathering Cowslips*, *Haymakers at Rest*, and *The Rocking-Horse*. He then resided at 20 Winchester Row, Paddington, where Morland had lived since 1788, before which date the latter was at 9 Warren Place, Hampstead Road.' Morland had previously been with H. R. Morland, his father, and Maria, his mother, at 14 Stephen Street, Rathbone Place. As 'Master G. Morland,' an Honorary Exhibitor, he sent his first contribution to the Academy in 1773, when he was but just a month more than ten years old; he was, in 1778, represented again in this capacity in the same gallery; and, in 1779, he was reckoned as an artist proper, living at 4 Milbank Row, Westminster, and the contributor of *A Drawing with a Poker*. Poker-drawings, or exercises made with heated pokers on smoothed boards, were popular divertisements, and rather curious than happy specimens of draughtsmanship. Examples are very scarce now-a-days, but some of Morland's works of this kind are, I am told, still in existence.

* It is probable that the *White Horse in a Storm*—the design of which is inexpressibly humane and touching—exists in a small early picture of Ward's, now in the collection of Mr. Holbrook Gaskell, of Woolton, near Liverpool. The pathos of this picture and even part of its motive are distinctly reminiscent of a famous design on wood by Bewick. I have occasion presently to speak of Ward's profoundly humane and pitying disposition, a quality which, as I am illustrating his character rather than his art *per se*, interests me greatly.

This circumstance determined James Ward to give up engraving, to which his long apprenticeship had been devoted, and devote his energies to painting. It was like himself that, notwithstanding Morland's refusal to give him instruction, Ward set to work with tenacious energy and alone. The grass did not grow under the feet of our student, who has told us, 'I could not at that time paint by lamplight, but I could engrave as well as by daylight.' He therefore worked night and day, and for some time studied the subjects he affected, such as beasts at the Tower, beggars and gipsies from the streets, and what not else of the so-called *rustic* sort. Several of the dealers who bought Ward's pictures at this time scrupled not to add false signatures to them, and to sell them for Morland's. The examples he painted for his brother correspond with the latter's productions, 'and the prints made from them sold well, especially in France, and afterwards many others, but all in Morland's style, many of which were also engraved and published.' This could not have been agreeable to the brother-in-law, and it may be said to justify Morland's refusal to take for a pupil so clever an imitator. In 1794 James Ward had already made so great progress in his profession as to be appointed 'Painter and Engraver in Mezzotinto to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales,' and he was otherwise highly distinguished as an engraver.

A BROOD MARE. JAMES WARD, R.A.

His account of himself, as cited by Mr. Piggott and others, is to the effect that Ward got no direct help of any kind from Morland, who, as he said, 'having no principle himself, could give me nothing in that way. I found, also, I could get no reputation, for my best were passed for his, and his inferior ones stated for mine, and my ideas were said to be only imitations of his subjects.' It is difficult to conceive what Ward could, under the circumstances, expect. We recognise, however, a finer taste, a more accomplished and searching skill, not to say a fresher and healthier spirit, in most of Ward's designs than in those of Morland, who, at the period in question, 1791–4, exhibited pictures at the Academy which were much below the standard of his earlier days; with these only could the outside world of that date compare the contemporaneous works of Ward in the same place. No wonder Ward was disgusted. 'About this time,' he wrote, 'I painted a *Bull-bait* of rather a large size, with a multitude of figures; the picture was exhibited (R.A. 1797, No. 308) in a good position at the Royal Academy, and I heard the visitors remark concerning it, "That is by a pupil of Morland;" and thus I found myself regarded as a second-hand Morland, yet without his instructions, and it disheartened me from pursuing further his style and subjects.' These reflections settled the question at issue in the mind of one so capable as Ward of commanding his fate. He resolved to cast entirely aside his well-won honours and good income (not less, it is said, than 2000*l.*a-year) as an engraver, in order to become a painter. What extraordinary means he took to effect this purpose, what tenacity he exercised, what indomitable will he employed, I may, aided by his own notes, set forth in these pages.

It is possible that the advice given by J. R. Smith to his pupil was not entirely disinterested. Meeting the young man at dinner, the senior, who had heard of Ward's intention to devote himself to painting, encouraged and counselled him as follows: 'Ward, you are right, for it is all over with engravers and publishers (alluding to the French Revolution*), but you are looking at Morland. Look at the old masters; look at Teniers; Morland after Teniers is like reading a Grub Street ballad after Milton!' Before Ward took this advice, he accepted a commission to engrave Rembrandt's *Cornelius the Centurion* (a much-prized plate, impressions from which are still highly valued), and a Rubens. He likewise bargained to paint the wife and daughter of Bryan, the picture-dealer and compiler of the well-known

* It is very hard to reconcile this parenthesis of the venerable artist's with the only possible chronology of the facts.

'Dictionary of Painters and Engravers.' As he took other commissions for engravings, it is evident that he could not yet afford to reject these orders, but he still held firm to his purpose of painting.

To give effect to this resolution Ward's next step was characteristic. He made a drawing from the antique—a necessary preliminary—and applied to be admitted a Student of the Royal Academy. The autobiography to which I have referred proceeds to state, and thus proves itself to have been compiled by a layman, that Ward was admitted to the Antique School of the Academy, and afterwards 'told he must undergo the ordeal a second time, because the schools at Somerset House were so crowded that a re-election of Students was found imperative.' I presume the truth to be that he was admitted to draw as a Probationer, and failed to secure the more lasting position of a Student proper. His name is not included in Sandby's list of R.A.'s who had been Students at the Royal Academy. It is thus made to appear as if he had never been admitted in that capacity. At any rate, he seems not to have gained much by his effort to study painting *secundum artem*, and work from the antique in the orthodox manner. He flatly refused commissions to engrave all sorts of pictures, and he thus threw away the fruits of many years' labour and much distinction.

HORSE AND RIDER (GEORGE III.). JAMES WARD, R.A.

Ordered to paint a distinguished cow, the property of Sir John Sinclair, he won so much applause that the Agricultural Society, in the person of Lord Somerville, made an engagement with Alderman Boydell, the publishing Mæcenas of this time, to issue engravings of the select specimen of English cattle. Accordingly, Ward was selected to paint the portraits of a considerable number of bulls and cows, and he travelled far and wide, underwent a great deal of fatigue, and suffered much inconvenience in order to do his best. The plan turned out ill, and Ward lost both time and money. 'The Society sank, leaving me a loser to the amount of many hundred pounds.' Several of Ward's portraits of bulls were at the Academy *c.* 1800. Nothing daunted, Ward continued his studies. He copied paintings often and freely, so far as the British Institution gave opportunities for the practice, and so greatly succeeded that he attained considerable skill as a copyist of old pictures. He painted animals for the Prince Regent at Carlton House, and others elsewhere. He worked at the 'subject' in the anatomical school of Brooks, the famous surgeon, and drew from the human form in a dissected condition; he laboured, and made friends in many directions. These friends are mainly attracted to him by his fortune in animal-painting, and orders for portraits of horses and cattle seemed not likely to have an end within Ward's generation.

While staying at that place in Glamorganshire, he painted a fine and energetic piece in the vigorous *Bulls Fighting across a Tree at St. Donat's*. He invited West to see this production, and the P.R.A., one of the most generous and sympathetic of men, as warm-hearted as his work was tame and frigid, frankly urged Ward to make his mark in art by means of a picture of an important dramatic subject. He secured a good friend by this means. 'About this time,' his autobiography relates, in reference to this circumstance, 'Sir George Beaumont bought a large landscape by Rubens for 1500 guineas;* it was at West's house, and he invited me to see it. I did so, and remained in the room nearly the whole day, during which I heard the opinions of the different visitors, and the general observation was, that Rubens used some colours or vehicles we did not. I said nothing, but took the size of the picture, and, procuring a similar panel, painted my *Bulls Fighting across a Tree at St. Donat's Castle*, and then invited West to look at it. The latter went instantly for Sir G. Beaumont, who came and expressed his admiration of the work. At a subsequent period

* This was, and is, I believe, the famous autumnal view called *The Château de Stein*, now in the National Gallery, to which institution it was presented by Sir G. Beaumont in 1826.

West brought it under the notice of the proprietor of Fonthill, and said, in my presence, "Mr. Beckford, I consider this the perfection of execution; and when I go into my painting-room and look at the Rubens, it is gross and vulgar." Mr. Beckford engaged me to paint the *Twelve Signs of the Zodiac.* This picture gave rise to my painting four landscapes for Lord Somerville, which I had the honour of exhibiting to the King and Royal Family. A long conversation ensued' (at the time he waited on George III.) 'during which his Majesty said, "How, how, Mr. Ward, how is this, that you, so fine an engraver, should take up painting, and painting landscapes, too? I am sure that can never pay you so well as engraving." "Please your Majesty," I replied, "I engrave to live, and I paint from my love of the art." "Well, well," said the King, "that puts me in mind of Gainsborough, who told me that when he painted landscapes, nobody bought them; so he turned portrait-painter, and then he found purchasers for his landscapes; you do so too."' The royal advice was good, and we cannot wonder at the judgment of those who preferred Gainsborough's portraits to his landscapes. Time has affirmed the verdict of his contemporaries. Gainsborough is in the first rank of portrait-painters of every time and country. He holds no such position among the landscape artists.

The picture Ward, following West's advice, decided to paint, is represented in one of the plates before the reader, which is a true reproduction of a magnificent drawing now in the Print Room, British Museum, and entitled, *The Horse and the Serpent.* This design, when painted life-size, was sent to the Academy. With it went a large landscape. To Ward's astonishment, the *Horse and Serpent* was rejected by the Council, whose sole excuse for such an act must have been lack of room to accommodate in their gallery a single picture on so large a scale, which would exclude many others whose claims for space on the always-too-narrow walls of the Academy were not to be denied. Barry, ever ready to gird at his brethren of the Academy, sourly remarked, 'No wonder they rejected the picture; it would cut them all to pieces.' Ward, whose principal object in making so large an experiment as this was to secure the A.R.A.-ship, was so indignant at this treatment, that he withdrew his name from the list of candidates offering themselves for that distinction. At a later date he resumed his candidature. Meanwhile the *Horse and Serpent*, a noble but somewhat startling work, was sold for exhibition in America, and was sent there. I do not know what has become of this genuine masterpiece. Notwithstanding his wrongs from the R.A., Ward was a frequent contributor to the gathering of pictures formed under the auspices of that body. In 1807 he sent not fewer than nine works to Somerset House. One of the finest of these is the noble and energetic *Waggon-horses frightened by Lightning*, a specimen of very high merit. With it were *Pigs*, which hung next to Turner's supremely fine *Sun rising through Vapour.* Both these works were in the great room (which still exists) where hung some yet-famous pictures, *e.g.*, works of Lawrence, Callcott, De Wint, Opie, Hoppner, W. Hunt, Northcote, Fuseli, P. Sandby, Mulready, Wilkie (*The Blind Fiddler*), Constable (*Bow Fell*), Linnell, De Loutherbourg, S. W. Reynolds, and B. R. Haydon, to say nothing of B. West, R. Westall, and H. Howard.

F. G. Stephens.

(*To be continued.*)

HANS MAKART.

IN Vienna on the third of October, 1884, died Hans Makart, one of the most striking and popular painters of our time, and one whom his countrymen called by the honourable name of *Meister.* Was he a master, we shall consider in these pages, because his work was really magisterial—the sort of work that would have been great in any age, and that must be classic for all years to come? Or, more truly, because he had a strong personal influence, because he was a teacher to whom his generation gladly went to school?

Makart was born in 1840 at Salzburg in the Tyrol, and there his early years were passed in a modest burgher home. Taste and aptitude for art are said to have come to him by inheritance, and their imperious existence in his person was early recognised and fostered. Yet, when he went to Vienna, in 1859, he was soon dismissed from the Art School as being 'entirely devoid of talent'—one of the too-frequent instances of academic narrowness and blindness, for his studies of this period are full of the highest promise. He returned disconsolate to Salzburg, and was all but forced to turn engraver in order to earn his bread. But an uncle by marriage, a local painter named Schiffman, came to the lad's rescue, obtained him the necessary funds, took him to Munich, and interested Piloty in his favour. Piloty's studio was so crowded, however, that it was two years ere Makart could enter; and it is not wonderful that, after so long a period spent in independent study of the old masters and of those treasures of art-industry which were later to play so large a part in his own creations, he should then have been beyond the point when he might have submitted himself to a thorough course of school instruction. It is hard to say whether he lost by this more than he had gained

by his self-cultivation. But I may leave both loss and gain, I think, to explain themselves as we examine his maturer work.

His first exhibited pictures gained a ready sale, and he was thus enabled to travel, visiting Paris, Italy, and London. Other pictures and other sales succeeded; yet his name was hardly known until in 1868 he painted *The Pest in Florence, or the Seven Deadly Sins.* Shown first in Munich, it soon made the tour of Germany, creating everywhere an immense sensation—a storm of applause and an answering storm of criticism. In 1869 the Emperor Francis Joseph invited Makart to Vienna and gave him sumptuous lodgment. Here was his home henceforward, and here that wonderful studio which was numbered among the chief sights of the city. The so-called *Abundantia* pictures, representing, with life-size allegoric figures, the fruits of the land and of the sea, came next among his more important works. In 1873 followed the *Triumph of Catarina Cornaro*, which travelled all over Europe and to the Philadelphia Centennial Exhibition, and found a final home in the National Gallery at Berlin. For the sake of his health he spent the winter of 1875–76 in Egypt, the painters Lenbach and Müller being his companions. The famous and much-discussed *Entry of Charles the Fifth into Antwerp* gained him a medal of honour at the International Exhibition of 1878 in Paris, and was purchased for the Hamburg Gallery. Five allegoric pictures representing *The Senses*, two called *Spring* and *Summer*, and four called *Morning*, *Evening*, *Noon*, and *Night*; a *Cleopatra on the Nile*, now in Stuttgart, and a brilliant Egyptian hunting scene; a *Troup of Bacchantes*; a *Diana Hunting with her Nymphs*; a drop-curtain for the Stadt-Theatre in Vienna—these are but a few among his most conspicuous pictures. I do not try to give each its date, for with Makart dates do not greatly matter; and I cannot try to complete the list, it is so astonishingly long and varied. Makart painted with extreme rapidity—with a dash and summariness that often went beyond the bounds of the permissible. Even when his palpable 'pot-boilers' are omitted, his legacy includes work of many degrees of imperfection. But with all deductions made, it is a wonderful legacy to have been left by a man who was only forty-four, and had not been precocious in development.

HANS MAKART.

Makart was twice married, the second time in 1882 to the ballet-dancer Bertha Linda. His health was always delicate, and his industry was always ardent to excess. At last the fragile frame gave way entirely, brain-disease threatened, and the doctors ordered absolute rest. But Makart laughed at the idea of danger, persisted in the exhausting work of designing immense decorations for the new Town-Hall and Museum in Vienna, and was fortunate in finding sudden death instead of the predicted mental impotence.

No artist of modern times has held a position at all analogous to that which Makart held in Vienna. He was the artistic sovereign of a city where art is loved and where the people are enthusiastic and impulsive. All Vienna was at his feet, as all Antwerp was at Rubens's, and all London at Van Dyck's. Nay, more; he had no rival with his public, as artistic sovereigns had in richer times of art. His funeral was like a monarch's, not

like a modern painter's. He was the best-loved man in Vienna and by far the most popular artist in Germany. Let us try to see what were the foundation-stones of so unique a station.

How well I remember when the *Pest in Florence* came to Dresden in the spring of 1869—the stir, and the endless discussion, and the angry battling, all 'young Germany' on the one side and all national traditions, theories, and reputations on the other. Undoubtedly it was a 'sensational' work, and undoubtedly such works were rare in Germany—rarest of all, perhaps, in Dresden, which lay entirely outside the current of modern art. But it was something more than merely sensational. It was very clever art, and very fascinating art, and very novel art; though some could see no real worth beneath its cleverness and many saw immorality behind its charm.

There were three canvases of a much more moderate size than Makart afterwards preferred, all three forming but a single conception in which was shown the play of human passions when terror of the plague had turned to desperation, and life in Florence had become a reckless revel. If we examined, we could distinguish various groups that corresponded to the pictures' second title; but they were not kept separate and distinct, they all melted into each other in a florid, tumultuous carnival of pleasure, where even the bodies of those who had suddenly been seized by death were not wanting to complete the tale. And they were all united by a stately architectural background, by sweeping draperies, by masses of fruit and scattered flowers, and heaps of shining utensils of silver and gold and bronze. It was easy to name the chief effect produced—an effect of intense sensuous beauty. One might deny or question many things, but not that the eye's delight had been planned for and secured. The composition lacked simplicity and repose, but had a picturesque, seductive harmony and ardour. The draughtsmanship was slighted—distinctly incorrect in places, but with a spirited, graceful incorrectness. The touch was assured and painter-like, though over free and sketchy. The tone was complete, suave, and rich. But above all it was the colour that charmed the eye; or, rather, that intoxicated the sense, compelling it to a mood of admiration that for the moment had no strength to criticise. Those who cared for colour at all could remember nothing save that the new painter was a colourist *de race*.

Think, now, of the local conditions when this colourist was born. I hardly need describe what German art had been in the first years of the century. Every one has made acquaintance with its professors in Berlin or in Munich, recognising them as high-minded, thoughtful, and ambitious artists, who triumphed in so far that they woke Germany out of a state of utter artistic inanition; but as artists whose craft was *painting* and who could not paint. Kaulbach was their most conspicuous successor. A lesser man than Cornelius, he resembled him in his limitations. He thought profoundly, composed scientifically and drew correctly. But he was not a painter born, certainly not a great decorator as the world once fondly tried to think. At the other important German school—at Düsseldorf—there was anecdotic *genre* and academic landscape, and a mechanical hardness both in handling and in colour. For fifty years the whole tendency of German art had been to exalt its abstract—intellectual or sentimental—at the expense of its concrete, sensuous side. And this was still the strongest, though no longer the only tendency. Symptoms of a reaction were perceptible. Certain foreign influences—from France the influence of Gros through his pupils Coignet, Robert Fleury, and the rest, from Belgium the influence of Gallait—were working in many a mind and showing in many a brush. Even Kaulbach could feel the shortcomings of the school he followed. No colourist himself, he yet approved the colouristic efforts of Piloty, and encouraged the young generation to take him for its master. The day was dawning when the old art of Holland should furnish an ideal to the new art of Munich. Men were already beginning to work here who were true *painters*—who had a true feeling for colour and tone and movement and technical vigour, a conviction that these were more valuable things in painted work than philosophic thought or cold accuracy of line. And in the North such names as Knaus and Menzel were beginning to be spoken. But it was still a reaction in its infancy. Colour was still the great thing wanting. Piloty had not really attained to its best qualities, and no younger aspirant was yet well known. Nothing thus far had been done that touched the public; nothing to give a decided blow to the old pietistic, sentimental, philosophising, so-called intellectual and spiritual art that still ruled the Fatherland. Never was there greater need than in Germany,* twenty years ago, for a man who should preach by very conspicuous practice the value of sensuousness in art. Such a man was Makart—one to see and to paint, not to think and to draw; one whose first notable work proclaimed that the aim of art should be to *charm*. It was not strange, then, that it should have been passionately discussed, or that those who admired it should have been carried off their feet. For the moment, in fact, no comparison seemed over-strained to them, no prediction over-sanguine. Here was the old lost world of beauty conquered once again,—might not one expect

* Germany is to be understood in the widest sense, as meaning all the Austrian no less than the northern empire.

ROMEO AND JULIET. BY MAKART.

its conqueror to prove another Rubens or another Veronese? As other pictures followed, however, such hopes were quickly undeceived. We soon saw that Makart lacked many gifts necessary to greatness, and that he was unbalanced in the use of those that he possessed. He ignored law and moderation in preaching his evangel of colour and rhythm and tone and charm. He saw nothing *but* sensuous beauty, and sometimes he stepped beyond the line that marks it off from the hither edge of sensuality. Nor can the fact astonish us. It is scarcely less true in art than in physics that action and reaction are equal and opposite. By the excesses of this reaction—alike, in the artist and in his public—we can best appreciate how terribly Germany had been sinning in the contrary direction.

The real truth is that Makart not only never grew to be a Rubens or a Veronese, but never again, in certain respects, equalled the *Pest in Florence*. No later picture, though many were more brilliant had so much beneath its surface, showed so much of meaning or of feeling. Circumstances were, indeed, against the likelihood of his healthy development. We hear much of artists who are stunted by lack of sympathy and reward; Makart is an instance of the opposite evil of excessive popularity. Suddenly made famous, he was praised ever after with undiscriminating fervour. Amateurs stood ready to pay thousands for his spoiled canvas, dealers clamoured for great showy exhibition pictures, and he had no worthy rivals to keep him up to his best. He was frightfully extravagant, and seems to have been only too easily tempted into a superficial way of feeling and a hurried, 'effective' kind of practice. He had so squandered his artistic riches that the world hardly felt itself defrauded by his early death. And yet we should perhaps remember that he was essentially a decorator, and had never had a public commission for an important decorative work until the new [illegible]

Museum were completed; and we may perhaps believe that had he lived to execute what he here had planned, he would have been roused to greater earnestness and care.

Makart's faults are many, but they are at least his own—not faults of conventionality or direct imitation. And I think that his good qualities, too, are individual. Of course he observed modern art, but he was not 'influenced' in the studio sense by any modern painter. Of course he studied the ancients too, and especially Veronese; but he does not *copy* any one in the way that Anton Wiertz, for instance, copied Rubens, or that certain Munich students have copied Hals and Brouwer. There is a very modern accent to his brush. He is not modern in his subject-matter; he goes almost invariably to Greece or Egypt, to Italy or Flanders, or the realm of fantasy, for his ideas and his accessories, and rarely paints a portrait, even, without some picturesque disguise. Yet none of his pictures could be taken for the product of any age but ours. Part of this modern accent comes from the type of face he gives with incessant iteration,—a type which he discovered and so made his own that no other man can paint it again without giving Makart half the credit. It is not only a modern type, but one that easily can be localised. It is the type of those high-born women of Vienna between all of whom there is so strong a family likeness. It is exemplified by the actress Wolter, one of Makart's friends and constant sitters; and, conspicuously, by his first wife, who was the original for his *Catarina*. The model is faithfully followed, copiously, sympathetically, and seductively illustrated. Makart was loved, they say, with peculiar affection by the women of Vienna; and they were but just, if it is a cause for gratitude to see oneself reflected in an art that is always fascinating and sensuously triumphant, if never marked by depth, by purity, by mental or by moral health.

For Makart's is, in truth, an unhealthy art all through—in its general mood and temper, in its manner of execution, and even in its splendid colour. The *Pest in Florence* offers the most striking evidence to the fact, but not really the most convincing. Its subject is intrinsically unwholesome, and so it does not prove as much with regard to the painter's personal nature as do other works where the themes are of the wholesomest. Not only his plague-haunted revellers are wild-eyed, drawn about the mouth, and strangely pallid of complexion. Even when there is no unhealthiness in form there will be, almost always, in colour, and always, I think, in the expression that shows the soul—the loveliest face will be slightly worn and haggard, and will often reveal its teeth in a doubtful smile that leaves the other features joyless. To find a typical, by no means extreme instance, we may look at his *Catarina Cornaro* and compare her with the chief figure in Veronese's *Venice crowned in Triumph*. Just because the later picture may well have owed its inspiration to the earlier, is the contrast so instructive. Catarina's sensuous fascination has an enervated, languid, over-wrought, self-conscious cast, is wholly different from the charm we find in the magnificent *Venice*, who, amid all her sensuousness, is so strong and wholesome, so unconscious of any affinity with pain or sin. This, with a hundred other figures, shows that Makart's is a peculiarly *modern* sort of unhealthiness. It is not the ascetic poverty of flesh and blood which characterises mediaeval art, not the physical deformity which the German Renaissance so constantly portrays. It is the febrile, nervous, introspective malady we are often told is the specific malady of our time. Sometimes, I say, it shows only as a hint, a tinge, a breath. But sometimes it is so pronounced as almost to express that extreme development which doctors call hysteria—*la maladie de Paris*. *Les Névroses* are just now being celebrated in Parisian literature, and Makart seems to have found their counterparts in Vienna. He does not, indeed, tell of them so distinctly, so bluntly, so in detail. He has always a great care for beauty, and, besides, painting must keep a reticence that language often casts away. But the *type* is, I think, the same. It is characteristic that Makart's finest portrait should be called *Messalina*, and that when he paints Gretchen and Ophelia he should paint them mad. And it is just as characteristic that they should be, not the real Messalina, but a faithfully portrayed Viennese actress in a favourite rôle; and not the real Gretchen and Ophelia, but high-class modern women perishing with an hysterical modern madness. We even feel that he exaggerates and modernises the self-consciousness of his plague-stricken Florentines. *These* revellers would never have laughed and jested with Boccaccio's.

Makart's beautiful colour, too, is unhealthy, for it is never pure or simple or serene. It, too, has an air of morbid restlessness. It rarely shows a clear, frank, unsophisticated tone; and its tones are never used with sobriety and reticence. It is as different from the sunny freshness of Rubens as from the golden dignity of Titian, or the glowing intensity of Rembrandt, or the passionate, manly strength of Delacroix. It is so luxuriant and luscious, and so wanting in *nerve*, that it cloys while it delights, and enervates instead of bracing. There is a heavy, hot-house atmosphere about it as of fruit over-ripe and roses over-blown. Its flesh-tones in particular are almost always beautiful, but never with the beauty of health. They are sometimes pale, pearly, opaline; sometimes blanched, pallid, wan and grey; sometimes even greenishly cadaverous and ghastly.

His composition is almost as remarkable as his colour. Few modern men have rivalled the skill with which he manages such immense canvases, such

crowds of varied figures, such daring attitudes and such masses of accessory decorations, weaving them all into a whole as rhythmical and coherent as unsymmetrical, unacademic. But here, too, we miss those highest things in art—truth, simplicity, and repose. There is too much unmotived action, too apparent a straining after effectiveness, too great a desire to be novel as well as pleasing. There is something feverish, restless about his composition, and also about his very clever but over-supple and somewhat loose manipulation. And this is to say that an element of weakness shows through all his energy.

If, now, we remember that his modern sort of unhealthiness is combined with a voluptuousness that is just as strongly marked, we explain why Makart's art has been called somewhat impure and immoral. It is not that we find it too 'physical,' but that we do not find it physical *enough*. If an art is chiefly physical it should be simply, frankly, naïvely physical. Nothing could be more material, more earthly, more sensuous than Titian's figures or than Rubens's. They are not spiritual in the least, not in the least idealized or exalted. They were contemporary Venetians and Flemings as Makart's are contemporary Viennese. And yet no one but a puritan would taunt them with immorality or with a too pronounced voluptuousness. And it is because they are nothing *but* material and earthly, because they have no conscience as we moderns understand the word—being heirs to the Reformation as well as to the pagan Renaissance; no knowledge of good and evil as regards their sensuousness. Correggio's undraped figures are more disturbing because more self-conscious. But make their self-consciousness very strong and thoroughly *modern*, as Makart does, and we shall not escape a flavour of impurity.

The contemporary world presented no scenes, inspired no conceptions, suited to Makart's mind; and yet he was not idealist enough to transport himself quite beyond it. But modern ladies (pass the word—they are always ladies on Makart's canvas, though most often, it is true, ladies of the 'half-world' only) cannot masquerade in such sensuous scenes as his and the effect be pure. Our society does not undrape itself chastely, even when art is in question. The art of Rubens was of the earth, earthy; Makart's is of the world, worldly. It is only the more deleterious, perhaps, because it is always refined upon the surface, always fastidious, so to say, *gentlemanly*. Such elegance as Makart's is, I fear, worse in essence and effect than such brutality as Jordaens's.

And yet I would by no means venture to wish that he had dealt differently with his art; for to be modern—yes, even 'local'—in feeling, seems to me a great merit in an artist, even when, as in Makart's case, it is a merit marred by palpable demerits. At all events, we must not imagine that the painter's intentions were impure. Evidently he did not see with our eyes. We may call his world corrupt, but he thinks only of its beauty. We may find his ideals far from lofty, but they *are* his ideals and he believes in them. However sophisticated his results, he seems to have worked naïvely—I mean with enthusiasm, faith, and love, with that sort of 'possession' which is always a temper to admire in art. It is, indeed, the temper we must admire the most when we consider art as art alone. Whatever his faults, no one can accuse Makart of the worst among artistic sins—he never *poses*, is never affected and never cynical. He loves what he portrays, and so he makes us love it too, even despite, sometimes, our sober theories. It is not a very elevated artistic nature, if you will, but it has the cardinal virtue and value of sincere personality.

M. G. Van Rensselaer.

(*To be continued.*)

ART CHRONICLE.

The Winter Exhibition of works by Old Masters and deceased British artists at the Royal Academy breaks upon the programme of former years by a special gathering of Turner's drawings, lent from various well-known collections, and hung in the new gallery set aside for water-colours. It is announced in the Catalogue that this is the initiatory exhibition of a series, and owners of drawings and pictures by Turner are invited to offer the loan for future occasions. The present assemblage carries the water-colour work of Turner over rather more than four decades, from 1800—the date of *Llangollen*, a drawing in broad wash, lent by Mr. Abel Brookeby—to the *Town and Lake of Constance*, 1842, from Mr. Brockelbank. Within the first fifteen years of the period fall the large *Lake of Geneva* (1810), strong, simple, and reticent of colour, lent by Mr. Ruskin; the gloomy and impressive *Snowdon*, from Mr. Leech; the noble and imaginative *Chryses on the Seashore* (1811), belonging to Mr. Bevan; and Mr. J. E. Taylor's lovely *Dell in Wharfedale* (1815). The next twenty years furnish the gems of the room—Mr. Ruskin's luminous and peaceful *Village of Heysham* (1818), and *Farnley Hall* (1820–25); the fascinating atmospheric perspectives of the *Crook of Lune* (1820), from Mr. McGregor; and the exquisite and tender *Rivaulx Abbey* (1830), lent by Mr. L. G. Kurtz. Most of the Farnley drawings present, lent from Mr. Fawkes' collection, many of which are distinctly faded, also date in this period, and two poetic subjects in the Lake district—*Derwentwater* and *Llanthony Abbey*, lent by Mr. J. E. Taylor. To 1840, or thereabouts, belong Mr. Ruskin's *Splugen Pass*, Mr. Haworth's *Lake of Lucerne*, Mr. Taylor's two Righi drawings, and Mr. Brockelbank's *Constance*. In Gallery III. is hung the only oil picture of Turner's sent this winter—*The Pilot Boat*, from the Fawkes Collection, a fine and deliberate study of water in motion, with vessels driven before a squall.

In Old Masters it is surprising to find this seventeenth winter exhibition still bringing forward precious examples. The breaking up of old collections and shifting from hand to hand in the auction-room is obviously favourable to the annual shows. The gallery to which the present Earl of Wemyss has recently succeeded is laid under especial contribution. Hence comes the noble *Virgin and Child*, within architectural surroundings, attributed to Mantegna, and showing all the dignity, if more than the accustomed graciousness, of that master. From Earl Wemyss is one of Sandro Botticelli's tender-eyed Madonnas,

worshipping the Holy Babe, laid in a plot of roses; also the striking copy, or would-be replica, of Da Vinci's witching *Monna Lisa* in the Louvre; the splendid *St. Sebastian* also, by Titian, a figure taken in contorted profile, bound to a tree, with one arm above the bowed head; and the sketch for the same, without the supplementary little figures of St. Roch and an angel. The larger work is signed and dated 1522. The Duke of Wellington sends the famous *Water-carrier*, long given to Velasquez, though amid dispute still busy over the close execution, unlike the best-known hand of the great Spaniard. If not by Velasquez, to whom can this masterly piece be assigned—too reticent for Murillo, too genial for Zurbaran, too full of the value of colour for Ribera, and utterly unlike in handling? The Duke of Wellington lends also the best Jan Steen in the Dutch group—*An Interior*, with convivial figures, detestable in *motif*, but consummately painted and set forth; and, among English pictures, Wilkie's famous *Chelsea Pensioners receiving the Waterloo Dispatch*, made popular by engraving, in technique not of the painter's best work, but indisputably happy in composition and narrative treatment. Lord Berwick contributes a grave and beautiful *Nativity*, with many figures and landscape background by the Venetian Vittore Carpaccio; and the best example of the portraiture of our English Reynolds, in his mood of distinguished but conventionalised grace, *Lady Broughton*. To Lord Monson belongs the lovely *Holy Family*, attributed to Da Vinci, and sometimes called *La Madonna dei basso relievo*, from a relief painted in the left corner—one of those puzzling composite pictures, borrowing characteristics from many schools, which 'bother' experts in authorship, while triumphantly attractive through intrinsic beauty. Some of the most interesting 'old masters' have been lent from less well-known collections. Colonel Stirling, for example, among several good pieces, sends the particularly fine and elaborated head and bust, with jewel garniture, of *La Bella Simonetta*, by Botticelli. Lord Heytesbury's little Van Eyck, *St. Francis receiving the Stigmata*, is a gem; and the large *Descent from the Cross*, by the 'Master of Cologne,' a first-rate example of the accepted treatment and noble sonorous colour which in the school vary chiefly in quality. Mr. Heseltine sends the impressive *Virgin and Child*, by Il Bramantino, wherein the somewhat austere Madonna worships with folded palms the Babe laid across her knees. From Mr. J. S. Budgett comes a lovely little panel by Filippino Lippi, a Virgin and Child with adoring angels of characteristic eager type.

As usual, the Dutch and Flemish schools are well seen; indeed, there seems no end to the stream of 'brown masters,' in whom English taste delighted last century. The Queen lends from Buckingham Palace a first-rate example of Ostade's finished craftsmanship—*The Interior of an Ale-house*, with the usual boors and old woman. In the department of English art the Academy has made a point of work by Joseph Wright, of Derby, as he is always called. A somewhat vague idea exists in many people's minds as to the status of this solid painter, and the array of some dozen of his pictures in portraiture, fancy subjects, and landscape, may serve to explain it. The study of artificial light in the figure group called *The Orrery* is a good specimen of an effect he painted well, and the portraiture, especially of the lecturer, Mr. Darby, is strong and vivid. An interesting and beautiful landscape by Sir J. Reynolds, painted in emulation of the Venetians, and G. Poussin, is lent by Mr. J. Knowles. Four excellent examples illustrate Constable. In the third room *Stratford Mill*, from Mr. C. F. Huth, and *The Hay Wain*, from Mr. H. Vaughan (who also lends the other two), are hung as rival pendants. The palm must, however, be given to *The Hay Wain*, as the more completely satisfactory specimen of Constable's fresh and individual manner, having his best qualities without their defects. It would be sin to omit mention among the English pictures of the unfinished life-size portrait lent by Lord Rothschild of that star-like lady, lovely *Mrs. Sheridan*, seated under a tree, which, had Gainsborough never painted aught else, would have been enough to win him place among the immortals.

THE Millais Exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery proves a full summary of the genial painter's artistic career, thanks to the readiness with which owners of his pictures have responded to Sir Coutts Lindsay's applications. The works have not been hung chronologically, though the small fourth room has been somewhat exclusively chosen for the earlier pictures, but the catalogue, which is profusely annotated by Mr. F. G. Stephens, contains a useful index of the contents of the rooms, arranged in sequence of production. The period covered is thirty-seven years, from 1848 to 1885, and even without the aid of Mr. Stephens' notes it were no difficult task to trace the varying periods of the painter's progress from the days when he painted with a reverence for motive as essential to true art, and with a conscientious elaboration of fine close technique that is like the work of an 'old master,' through the later years of lightly adapted topic, and charming child portraiture, gradually developed freedom and mastery of handling, and recent times of pretty ladies in fashionable millinery or manly study of distinguished men, ventures into literal outdoor landscape-painting and occasional subject pieces, experimental colour schemes and singular resource and command in art-craftmanship. The Fine Art Society in 1881 held an exhibition of Sir John—then plain Mr.—Millais' work which fairly epitomized the subject, and one picture was there that is notably absent now, namely, *The Vale of Rest* (1859), lent by the late Mr. William Graham. But with this exception, and that of *Spring*, the companion picture in the Academy of 1859, all the most important work of the painter, has been brought together at the Grosvenor Gallery, forming a witness to the position of the painter, and testing, in a way which his art certainly bears bravely, its strength and its variety. It would be out of place here to discuss in detail pictures so familiar to the public, but there are one or two points which this exhibition brings out worth distinctly noting. As regards technical matters, for example, the most amateurish of critics must be struck by the freshness, solidity, the exquisitely compacted impasto, delicate glazing, and conscientious painting of the early work, qualities which after twenty or thirty years ensure the untouched beauty of colour and surface. This is the case with the quaint juvenile portraits,—*Grandfather and Child* (1849); *The Woodman's Daughter* (1850), except the face of the girl which was not long ago repainted and spoilt; *Ferdinand lured by Ariel* (1849), and *Isabella*, of the same year; *Christ in the Home of His Parents* (1850); *The Return of the Dove*, *Mariana* (1851); *The Huguenot*, *Ophelia* (1852); and the portrait of *John Ruskin* (1854). The masterly brush work of later years may delight us by its audacious play with loaded pigment or frank thin sweep, but something we are sorry to lose has gone with the careful Van-Eyck-like workmanship. In the management of colour a kindred feeling stirs us as we look at this brilliant show. There is a period when colour seems a noble expression; one with the sentiment of the picture; in later days often we are troubled by an astonishing gaudiness, that is the more puzzling because in so many cases, while dealing with complexities of opposed tint, the painter is so triumphantly right. To artists this assemblage of Sir John Millais' pictures is full of such interesting problems of his craft. Several among recent pictures have been worked upon since last exhibited, *The Ruling Passion* of last year, notably to its improvement in the altered colour and texture of the blanket-coverlet, and other points; *The Idyll of* 1745, the portrait of the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, the portrait of the Poet Laureate, and others. As to subject-matter, in surveying this record of varied effort, no one will be disposed to deny that since the often grotesquely naïve essays of pre-Raphaelite days, the painter has executed nothing to show his aptness for sacred or heroic themes; while the imagination which has stirred depths of emotion from time to time in gradually lessening intensity, now for a considerable while has confined itself to the sweet pathos of childish grief or joy. Outside of purely artistic considerations, the rendering of salient, distinctive character in portraiture of men, and the setting forth of the healthy physical beauty of womanhood, these seem now to constitute the surest claim on remembrance of our champion

English painter. The portraits of Mr. Gladstone, the Marquis of Salisbury, of Lord Tennyson, of Sir James Paget, and Sir H. Thompson, of the Earl of Shaftesbury, of Mr. J. C. Hook, R.A., all these and many others, will live even when a degenerate, hard-headed generation may forget to care for the darlings of the nursery to whom this painter has proved limner in chief,—will last, we think also, after a changed taste has ceased to care very much for the beautiful ladies who are in his hands, we may allow, just a trifle too showy and confident, and a little too 'dressy,' even when bearing proud names, and portrayed with full charm of splendid flesh-painting, attractive colour, and masterly workmanship.

THE *Salon Parisien* in Bond Street, which was last season devoted chiefly to the dubious art of M. Van Beers, is again opened, and arranged for the display of pictures more or less sensational in character. Artificial light, draped recesses, and even peep-shows, force up the effect of the works here on view. Protest too strong cannot be made against such degradation of art. The pictures selected are mostly in keeping with the style adopted for their display. Those which deserve commendation suffer by their neighbourhood. Eighteen pieces by M. Van Beers, chiefly in the worst of taste, display his clever executive skill. But the new departure, in shape of a life-size nude, *The Awakening Beauty*, does not justify the attempt by any success in the painting of flesh relieved against white fur. In the way of brutal sensation, *The Bertrand de Born*, a decapitated body streaming with blood bearing his bloody head as a lantern, is unique, the actuality being heightened by a peep-show arrangement. From such illustrations of Dante may we be delivered! M. Dubufe does his name injustice by the indecent device of opposing undraped ladies in *Le Bain* to a friend in walking-dress and parasol. But work of this class does not deserve the compliment of criticism. As if to stamp the bad taste of the exhibition by a crowning touch of irreverence, a chief feature in this low company is M. Verlat's large, coarsely-painted version of the most sacred of themes, *Golgotha*.

THE Queen has been pleased to confer a baronetcy on Sir Frederick Leighton, President of the Royal Academy.

IN aid of the British School of Archaeology at Athens, it is proposed to have a series of performances in May next of a play called 'Helena of Troy,' written after classic form by Mr. Todhunter. The music is by Mr. Luard Selby, a special theatre is planned upon the Greek design by Mr. E. W. Godwin, and several distinguished members of the dramatic profession have already offered their services—Mr. and Mrs. Beerbohm Tree, Mrs. Langtry, Mr. Hermann Vezin, and others. A guarantee fund of 1000*l.* is in course of formation.

AT a meeting of the British Archaeological Society, held the 6th of January, Mr. Grover described the discovery of a vault beneath the church of St. Paul's, at Clapham, containing memorial effigies of the Atkins family, of the time of the Protectorate. The present church stands on the site of the original old parish church of St. Mary, all of which was removed in 1774 except the north aisle and transept, in which were the Atkins' memorials. In 1815 these portions also were destroyed, and it is supposed that the sculpture now discovered was then stowed carelessly away in the vault, the entrance to which was covered over. When preparing a lecture on Old Clapham Mr. Grover came upon records which induced him to obtain leave to excavate for the vault in which tradition of the current century said the monuments were buried, and his research on the north side was soon rewarded by the interesting finding of the effigies of Sir Richard Atkins, sometime Lord of the Manor of Clapham, and Sheriff of Bucks, in armour, and his son Henry, both standing, the wife, Lady Rebecca, recumbent, a young daughter, seated, with a book in her hand, and a little girl. The remains of the monumental canopy were found broken up in the vault, and the effigy of Lady Rebecca had been placed on two leaden coffins, which it had broken by its weight. The art bestowed on the figures is said to be in the best style of seventeenth-century sculpture, and they are uninjured. It is purposed to place the figures within a chapel in the church above, and then permanently close the vault where they have been hidden away for seventy years. General Pitt Rivers, a descendant of the Atkins family on the female side, and others, have offered subscriptions towards the expenses of removal.

A LIMITED Liability Company has been formed to purchase and re-issue the illustrated paper called the 'Pictorial World.' Among the Directors are Mr. Walter Severn and Mr. Linley Sambourne. A number of Royal Academicians are announced as Art patrons, whatever that may mean, among them Messrs. Boughton, Pettie, Marks, and Hamo Thornycroft; and a consulting Art Committee of practical artists is formed by Messrs. Linley Sambourne, Keeley Halswelle, Barber, Blair Leighton, Fred Barnard, and George Haite. This seems a popular prospectus indeed.

A STATUE of the musician Orlando Gibbons is to be erected at Cambridge, his birthplace, and Mr. Hamo Thornycroft, R.A., has been chosen as sculptor.

WITH much regret we record the death of that able flower-painter and most amiable lady, Miss M. D. Mutrie. For many years this artist and her sister, Miss A. F. Mutrie, who is still with us, held position on the line in the Academy Exhibitions by work which was as excellent in technical qualities as it was close in study from nature. It is pleasant to recollect how warm was the praise invariably given to their flower-pieces by Mr. Ruskin in his celebrated 'Notes,' at a time when the arch-critic's word could make or mar the fortune of young artists.

WE have to chronicle the decease of Mr. James Fergusson, the architect and author, which occurred last month. He was engaged during early life in mercantile business in India, but threw this up, and travelled for the study of Indian, Mahommedan, and Gothic architecture. In 1845 he published 'Illustrations of the Rock-cut Temples of India,' with plates by himself. This was followed by other illustrated volumes on architecture. In 1849 appeared his 'Inquiry into the True Principles of Beauty in Art, more especially with reference to Architecture,' which contained his views on Art, and theories on the mode of lighting in Greek Temples. In 1855 he published his useful 'Handbook of Architecture.' In recent years a volum on 'Serpent Worship' and many other notable books have testified to his continuous industry and research.

MESSRS. BEMROSE bring out a facsimile reprint of that quaint little book called, 'The Looking Glass: a True History of the Early Years of an Artist,' which William Godwin wrote under the *nom de plume* Theophilus Marcliffe, and issued in 1805, during the first years of his publishing venture. The booklet is in the form of a biographic fragment, founded on the boyish experiences of William Mulready, R.A., as taken from his own lips, and illustrated by his original juvenile sketches. The language, clear and vigorous, a little weighted by formalism, seems a mixture of the painter's straightforward utterances with the didactic method of Godwin, posing as an instructor of 'young persons of both sexes,' for whose 'emulation in the pursuit of every laudable attainment, and particularly in the cultivation of the fine arts,' this 'true history' is brought out and prefaced by him, as the title-page sets forth. Mr. F. G. Stephens adds to the reprint an appendix of notes on all notable allusions and names that occur in the text.

WIDE margins, bold type, and thick paper, bring up to three bulky volumes, too heavy to hold comfortably in the hand, the handsome English edition of 'Gil Blas,' which M. Henri van Laun has translated and edited for the Edinburgh publishers, Messrs. Patterson. The humorous romance of Lesage seems removed from familiar fireside use by such weighty trappings, but the book gains as a library treasure. M. van Laun's trans-

lation is excellently bright and scholarly, his Introduction exhausts the data on the vexed question of authorship, the Life is neat and concise. Last, but not least, the twenty-one little etchings, especially executed for the edition by M. Ad. Lalauze, are picturesque in design, and brilliantly executed in a style that aims at finesse rather than strength, and depends on charm rather than noble form or solidity. Some few of the plates are indeed too near being flimsy and wanting in perspective truth, in spite of dainty touch and elaborate working up of tone.

We have received from Mr. Frank Murray, of Derby, a copy of his republication of the sketches in the Derbyshire Peak scenery made by Sir Francis Chantrey during his piscatorial holidays with his friend Mr. Rhodes, the scissors-maker of Sheffield. The book was originally published by subscription, the sketches were engraved by W. B. and Geo. Cooke, who reproduced some of Turner's work. A certain interest attaches to drawings made by the distinguished English sculptor, and there is the value derived from record of scenery and objects fast changing aspect. Yet we should hardly have thought there was a public extended enough to encourage the republication. The etched plates reproduce with precision the old-fashioned manner of Chantrey's pencilling. Mr. Rhodes' literary share in the undertaking is now replaced by explanatory notes from the pen of Mr. James Croston, F.S.A.

The first number of the sumptuous new illustrated review, 'Les Lettres et Les Arts,' issued by the Maison Goupil (MM. Boussod et Valadon, successeurs), provides for the various tastes of a large clientèle. The illustrations are in every kind of style: facsimile of drawings, with and without colour wash, photogravures, printing in various tints, &c. A novelty is the introduction of photograph portraits of the authors and artists whose work is reviewed: the present number thus introduces us to the heads of M. Renan and L'Abbé Roux, to M. A. Daudet and M. Dubufe. The letterpress takes in current literature, art, music, the drama, even social topics, such as the housing of the working classes, on which M. Jules Simon descants. M. Gounod writes upon the well-known designs of M. Dubufe—'La Musique sacrée et La Musique profane;' M. Houssaye upon 'La Charge,' which is illustrated by a facsimile of a spirited drawing by M. Detaille, of a trumpeter sounding the attack, which furnishes frontispiece to the periodical. Verse and original music, too, figure in this comprehensive *Revue de luxe*. Even the head and tail-pieces are works of art. The only illustrations which strike us as not in their genre up to the standard of the rest are M. E. Lévy's *Rois Mages*, a very poor performance, and the would-be comic, but only vulgar, sketch by M. de Beaumont of a troupe of opera girls who having posed, in very scanty costume, as Muses, in honour of Voltaire's funeral procession, are depicted shivering in retreat beneath a deluge of rain under an escort of umbrellas.

'With the King at Oxford,' by Professor A. J. Church, (Seeley & Co.), is a story of the Great Rebellion. It is in the form of an autobiography, supposed to be written by the son of an Oxfordshire squire, and gives an account of the life of an undergraduate during the Civil War. As the young man ultimately leaves his studies to handle sword and pike for the King there is no lack of action in the tale, though to mature readers the most interesting feature will be the curious extracts from old college records which Professor Church has interwoven with it. The volume contains sixteen illustrations, mostly reproduced from old drawings and engravings, and several of them in colour. The following extract is from the chapter devoted to Bodley's Library:—

'Who knows not what shameful things were done, when, one hundred years ago, or thereabouts, the visitors of King Edward, sixth of the name, purged, as they did call it, the libraries of this place, and among them that noble collection of manuscripts and books which Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, and Thomas Kempe, some time Bishop of London, with other benefactors, did bestow upon the University of Oxford. Their commission was to do away with all that savoured of Popish superstition. If, therefore, they spied in any volume any illumination or picture, or even rubrical letter, such as are wont to be used for the ornamentation of mass-books and the like, that they incontinently destroyed without further examination, for such examination they had not the will, or, it may be, the ability to make Such, indeed, was their ignorance, if one may believe the tradition that is yet current in Oxford concerning this matter, that such books wherein appeared angles or mathematical diagrams were thought sufficient to be

TRIAL OF CHARLES THE FIRST.

destroyed, because accounted Popish, or diabolical, for, indeed, they stood in no less dread of witchcraft than of the Pope. Nay, their folly had almost led them into the grossest impiety, for among the books brought out to be destroyed were, 'tis said, many copies of the New Testament in Greek, which, the character being strange to them that handled them, were condemned as mischievous, and had perished together with the rest, but that one wiser than his fellows kept them from their fate. Certain it is that damage beyond all counting was done in this way, the rage of these ignorant men being especially directed against the works of Peter Lombard, and Thomas Aquinas, and Duns Scotus, and others, who are commonly called the Schoolmen. These were carried on biers by rude young men of the city to the market-place, and there, being piled in a great heap, burned with fire. Others, against which they had no special hatred, were sold, and at such mean rates that one knows not whether to be more angry or ashamed at their silliness. For what says John Bale on this matter, who, as all know, was no lover of monks and monkery, but rather hated all that savoured of Papistry with a perfect hatred. He says that many reserved these books to scour their candlesticks and to rub their boots; that others they sold to grocers and soapsellers, and some they sent over to the bookbinders, whole shipsful at a time, to the wonderment of foreign nations. And again, descending to particulars, he writes: "I know a merchant man, which shall at this time be nameless, that bought the contents of two noble libraries for forty shillings price: a shame it is to be spoken. This stuff hath he occupied in the stead of grey paper by the space of more than these ten years, and yet he hath store enough for as many years to come." All that bought them made not such an ill use of their purchase. God be thanked therefore! Thus a certain Dutchman, by trade a stationer, living in St. Mary's Parish, bought some, which, being handed down by him to his son, were in the end given to the Library when Sir Thomas Bodley did restore it.'

CHILDREN AT THE ALTAR.

ETCHED BY G. W. RHEAD. FROM RAPHAEL'S CARTOON OF THE SACRIFICE AT LYSTRA.

IT is sometimes an advantage when the original picture is on a very large scale to engrave some portion of it only, if that portion can be easily detached. This happens to be the case with the well-known children at the altar, who are the centre of the composition, and are occupied with their ministration in a way so independent of surrounding circumstances, that they pay no attention to the axe which is about to fall on the head of the victim, nor to the presence and dramatic action of St. Paul. They may, in fact, be taken as children ministering at a little incense-altar without regard to any other circumstances.

The impression first produced by the altar is, that Raphael intended to make it triangular; but this does not appear, on closer examination, to be the case. Mr. Watkiss Lloyd, in his interesting volume entitled 'Christianity in the Cartoons,' speaks of it as 'an altar of square, not triangular plan, and placed with one angle directly fronting the spectator, so that two of its sides are equally displayed. The opposite angle is obscured by the interposed flame, but both the tapestries and perspective declare for a square abacus.' The altar is of very beautiful design; and, though probably not directly copied from any one relic of antiquity, was certainly suggested by the little altars that were familiar to Raphael. The children are graceful, and have a simple dignity which becomes their office.

JAMES WARD, R.A.

IN the next year (1808) Ward, being elected an A.R.A. as a painter, not as an engraver, had his heart's desire; he took the place vacated by the elevation of Samuel Woodforde to the R.A.-ship. With him were elected W. Daniel and A. J. Oliver. Callcott and R. Westmacott had been chosen in the preceding year. He sent not fewer than eight pictures to the Academy of this year, and they included *The Fall of Phaeton, i.e.*, the fine finished sketch which was lately at the Academy Winter Exhibition (another version was at the British Institution in 1807), and will be fresh in the reader's memory. With it were *Harlech Castle*,* which has recently been brought into prominent notice (Ward had been painting in Wales, including commissions from Sir W. W. Wynn), *Fighting Horses*, *Tigers*, &c. Soon after this date Ward executed for Lord Ribblesdale the large picture of *Gordale Scar*, which is now in the National Gallery. The reader will agree with me that some characteristics of this very fine picture throw light on the causes of the failure of the painter's struggles to obtain recognition. It is a very fine thing in its way, but that way comprises too much bluster and violent action to be quite acceptable to an audience, members of which were by habit, training, and mere 'gentlemanliness,' averse to the melodrama this picture illustrates. Lord Ribblesdale, son of the purchaser of *Gordale Scar*, intended to present that work to the National Gallery, and it lay at the British Museum during many years ere room could be found for it at Trafalgar Square. At length it is exhibited, with no advantage to Ward's reputation, which has suffered terribly by means of pictures bought for the nation, which fail in his best qualities.

In 1811 Ward was elected a Royal Academician* in company with Wilkie, H. Bone, R. Smirke, and R. Westmacott. They took the places of Ozias Humphry, J. F. Rigaud, J. Zoffani, J. Richards, and Sir F. Bourgeois, deceased.

The cattle-painting venture which had resulted disastrously for Ward, had, in its ultimate consequences, great and beneficent influence on his fortunes. By its means Ward became known to many amateurs of rank, including Sir John Leicester, afterwards Lord de Tabley, at whose park in Cheshire the artist was frequently employed, and where, while sailing on the lake, he was very nearly drowned.†

At Wichenor, in Staffordshire, the seat of a then well-known amateur, Mr. T. Levitt, Ward found a pleasant place of sojourn, and a home for several of his best pictures, including the masculine and vigorous *Deer Stealer*. At the British Institution and at the Academy a numerous series of paintings by Ward appeared during a long sequence of years, the historical perspective of which Time seems to have disturbed in the artist's mind, when he stated that one of the results of a visit to Derbyshire was his large painting of *The Angel troubling the Pool of Bethesda*. 'This work was exhibited,' said Ward, 'at the British Gallery, and was loaded with scurrilous abuse by the press. This was the beginning of a

* *Harlech Castle* was at the British Institution in 1809.

* I may note in this connexion that the seat vacated by Ward's death was filled by the election of Mr. J. C. Hook.

† According to Ward's autobiography this piece of water is perilous for R.A.'s. Shortly before the escape of Ward, Henry Thompson, another Academician, was equally in danger in the same place.

most persevering opposition to my pursuing that walk of art, and it only subsided on the death of those who raised it.' It was not till 1818 the picture in question was at the Gallery in Pall Mall. The fact is, Ward had so far mistaken his vocation as to attempt religious subjects without those special qualifications which fit a man to succeed in that difficult walk of art. This defect soon showed itself, and the fact is illustrated by the next extract from the Autobiography, where, as sometimes happens in the accounts of Ward, chronology goes to sea. The 1000 guineas was for the picture, not for the sketch, as stated here.

'About this time [it was really in 1816] I received a circular from the British Institution, offering a premium of 1000 guineas for the best oil-sketch of the Battle of Waterloo, or anything connected with, or illustrated of, that event. I had no relish for troops of soldiers drawn up in modern line of battle; but a friend reminded me that I could take it up in any way I pleased—allegorically, if I liked. As an observer of the signs of the times, and considering the battle as a crowning act of Great Britain's greatness, I conceived the allegory, and determined to be the poet as well as the painter of the subject. My success exceeded my expectations, for the praise bestowed on the work was unbounded, and it was pronounced the first premium sketch. This annoyed many, and among the rest Northcote, who told me there was "nothing but rubbish in it."'

STUDIES OF A DOG. J. WARD, R.A.

Northcote was not wholly right nor wholly wrong. It is to his comments on the *Pool of Bethesda* Ward alluded in the previous quotation.

A number of competitors, among them my own old Keeper, George Jones, R.A.—who came into the Antique School, as I have already related—entered the field with Ward. The last-named artist beat his rivals hollow, and obtained the thousand guineas promised for the picture, which was painted three times as large as the sketch of 1816. The picture, which measured thirty-five feet by twenty-six feet, was begun in difficulties and finished in failure. It was exhibited at the Egyptian Hall, and vigorously denounced by the critics; while the people, to Ward's disgust, preferred to visit Belzoni's Egyptian antiquities which were shown in an adjoining room. The Directors of the British Institution presented the allegory to the Chelsea Hospital. The authorities of this place did not know what to do with it. 'They hung it in the great hall, with its back exposed to the sun blazing through each window of the south side. It was afterwards removed to a place over the door, with its top close to the wall, and the bottom projecting over a gallery; where I saw it for the last time, *covered with dust:* it is now *rolled up* in the gallery upon my own rollers upon which it was painted. "*Sic transit gloria pictoris!*"' So said the painter himself in a sad frenzy. It was at last rolled up and relegated to a stable, where it is supposed still to be.

The fact is, it was a terrible production; so absurd that I forbear to describe it at length. Ward expended five years upon the monster, and its catastrophe almost ruined him; but it did not break his heart. Ward mistook his energy and abund-

ance of sympathy for genius in untried walks. He produced a design, to represent the *Baptism of Christ* in stained glass, for a large window in St. John's Church, Hoxton. Of this example of unfitness the less said the better: it was nearly as unhappy as the Waterloo allegory. In such magnificent subjects as the *Bulls Fighting*, the *Council of Horses*, the *Boa Constrictor seizing a Man and Horse*,* and the *Bull, Cow, and Calf*, and the like, were entirely suited to Ward's powers; although they are not equally successful. Technically speaking, Ward's masterpiece is the fine flea-bitten grey Arab, the property of Sir Hesketh Fleetwood, Bart., which was (No. 298) at the Academy in 1828, and again (Winter Exhibition, No. 229) in 1879. To this I have already alluded; and no considerable proportion of the whole, were thus collected; and the gathering may have failed to attract the attention it deserved, and Ward demanded for it. There can be no doubt that, some of his best productions apart, it fairly represented the skill, sympathies, idiosyncracies, and energy of the painter. It contained, among the 'Miscellaneous Paintings,' the *Yarmouth Cart*, the *Head of a young Spanish Ass*, *Waiting a Supply*, *Tickling the Ear*, *An Ayrshire Cow*, and *A Chinese Boar*. The last was a portrait of a remarkable animal, whose racial peculiarities rendered him dear to collectors, agriculturalists, and the painter. With these, and many like them, including a considerable number of works which had already appeared at the Academy and the British

STUDIES OF A CHILD. J. WARD, R.A.

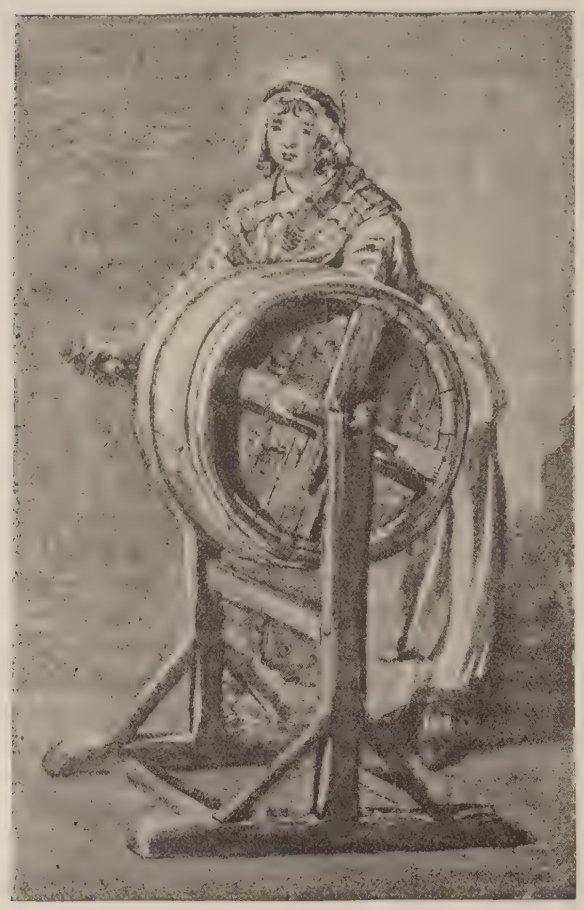
I entirely agree with Mr. Pigott, in respect to its being the best of Ward's paintings, by far the most desirable possession for a public gallery. It is a life-size figure, to our left in profile, and in open daylight.

Little space is left for reference to one of the most important events of Ward's life—the exhibiting, in 1841, of his works at his house, No. 6 Newman Street. One hundred and forty examples,

Institution (most of them were shown in both galleries), were certain more pretending instances of Ward's ambition to shine while depicting humorous, tragic, and sentimental subjects. Of the first-named class, the *Fair Show* contained a number of illustrations of rustic customs, as shown in the departure of a farmer's family for a fair. With this were the *Fair Crop*, rustics discussing their garden and field produce; *Fighting Bulls*, from Virgil; and *Protection*, the picture undertaken at the 'pressing solicitation of Mr. West,' in emulation of Paul Potter's *Bull*. The artist candidly told the reader of the catalogue of the exhibition that 'Mr. Ward had never seen that picture' (*i.e.* Potter's masterpiece). *Ignorance, Envy, and Jealousy filling the Throat and widening the Mouth of Calumny endeavouring to bear down Truth, as an unshaken Pyramid founded upon a Rock*, was a difficult subject, illustrated at large by some strong verses printed in the catalogue. *Duncan's*

* This is the picture that was taken to America, and publicly exhibited there, with much increase of reputation for the artist. The large drawing before us was made for this work; the horse—probably the same which appears in Beechey's picture now at Hampton Court, to which I have already referred as having been engraved by Ward—was 'Adonis,' George the Third's favourite charger, one of the noblest animals of his age. Ward, so long ago as 1806, had essayed to represent a similar combat of a horse with a serpent: accordingly he sent to the British Institution of that year the very fine *Lybian Serpent seizing its Prey*.

Horses was a fine work I saw some years since, and recognised as an energetic illustration of 'Macbeth,' Act II., Sc. 1. A picture of *Round Croft Cottage,* the artist's residence during the last eleven years,



WOMAN CHURNING. J. WARD, R.A.

in which most of the pictures now exhibited were painted,' had much personal interest. It remains in the possession of Mrs. Henrietta Ward. The *Triumph over Sin, Death, and Hell* accompanied the *Magdalene;* the *Wolf Dog; Intercession* (the prayer of Christ); *Drying the Legs* of a horse after a day's hard work; *Kenilworth Castle; The Disobedient Prophet; Daniel in the Den of Lions; The Peak Cavern in Derbyshire; Love flying from Sensuality and Dissipation—a Sketch.* With these were the engravings Ward had executed, as before stated, after Rubens and after Rembrandt.

Of all the contents of this exhibition, that which I most desire to see were *Twenty figures descriptive of the various Expressions, Actions, and Character of the Horse.* These paintings were elucidated by long entries in the catalogue, referring to the works severally entitled *Eating, Drinking, Sleeping, Fasting, Action, Energy, Fatigue, Depression, Confidence,* &c. These entries abound in generous and humane advice, or to the right, tender, and just treatment of animals. Gluttony and excess of drinking by horses are severely censured. Ward insisted on the cruelty of bearing-reins, and on the pitilessness of tying horses' heads at any time, especially when the creatures have occasions to exert their strength. He denounced many tortures inflicted on horses; the cutting off the fifth toes of dogs; the docking of tails of horses and dogs, and the hideous habit of nicking (which is about the greatest wickedness man has contrived to devise in relation to his dumb servants). Pitiless hunting, and a score of other infractions of God's justice for the beasts, shared Ward's condemnation. His notes abound in entreaties for the merciful use of quadrupeds, and express the profoundest sympathy with their feelings and devotedness to man. Ward, as might be expected, illustrated with his pen the dignity, grace, and ease of the movements of animals. Altogether the catalogue is a very affecting reflection of the heart and mind of the writer. It is replete with anecdote and generous feeling, and calculated to win regard and admiration for the veteran of seventy-two years, who thus laid his heart open before that world of which he could not hope to remain long a citizen.

With this testimony I am compelled to close this essay. The Exhibition of 1841 was really the last important and characteristic act of Ward's life. He continued to paint pictures, and to exhibit them; but these exercises were more comforting to his spirit than conducive to his fame. He died on the 17th of November, 1859, being the *doyen* of that Academy, which was born with him not fewer than ninety-one years before.

F. G. Stephens.

THE CHURCH OF ST. JACQUES, DIEPPE.

BY HERBERT RAILTON.

THIS church is well known to many English people, as it is the first specimen of flamboyant architecture they meet with on the way to Rouen. It is also excessively picturesque, and therefore attractive to sketchers, both for the variety of its outlines, the delightful texture of its crumbling stone, and the beauty of its warm colour. There is hardly anything in Normandy more inviting to the sketcher in water-colours.

The architecture of St. Jacques dates from the fourteenth to the sixteenth century. The earlier work is flamboyant.

There is a great difference in the capability for bearing a half-ruinous state shown by different styles

of architecture. The very severe styles, when half ruinous, always look as if they had been damaged; but the styles that have a picturesque liberty and variety in themselves appear to accept decay without much loss of beauty, and certainly without loss of charm. Nothing can be more delightful than a neglected flamboyant edifice. What is extravagant in the style escapes criticism more easily when the lines are softened and broken by age, and the worst service that can be rendered to such buildings is to restore them.

For readers who have not made a special study of architecture, we may add that, by a curious divergence, whilst Gothic architecture was passing in England into the stiff and mechanical 'perpendicular' style, which may be defined as a decadence by rigidity, it was passing in France into the extravagant flamboyant, which is a decadence of an exactly opposite kind. The name, according to Parker's 'Glossary,' was invented by M. Le Prevost, and was chosen to express the flame-like wavings of the tracery. The nearest approach to it that we have in England is the Decorated; but that is inferior to the French style in picturesqueness, though it may be more satisfactory to a strictly architectural taste.

HANS MAKART.

THERE is no better way, I think, to characterise Makart's results as a whole than to say there is no *laugh* in them; and, also, no smiling serenity and no heroic force. There is no joy in all their sensuousness, no self-possession, and yet no true passion—nothing but a sort of half-passionate, half-melancholy pleasure. It is a beautiful world he has created, but malarious.

If, now, we examine his colour from a more technical standpoint, we find that it has other faults besides its unhealthiness. Of course one would not expect it to have virtues of the most delicately subtile kind. When a painter is primarily a decorator, one must judge him by decorative standards. But Makart's decoration is not of the formal, simplified, idealised, but of what we may call the representative, pictorial sort. It is not the decoration of early Italy, or, to take a modern instance, of M. Puvis de Chavannes. It is decoration of the later Venetian and the Flemish kind, the kind which desires to portray its theme naturally and fully, as well as decoratively. And this kind demands more refinement and more truth of colour than we see in Makart. Its harmonies should be tenderly if broadly wrought, should have gradations and transitions and fine meanings of which he never dreams. It should have something true and rare behind its mere decorativeness, should tell something more than that here is a patch of a delightful hue, and next it is another enhancing its delightfulness. The great decorators studied, for one thing, the effects of *light* on colour, and Makart never studies light, save as a man must who is arranging an elaborate *mise-en-scène*. And when light is not mastered, there results, of course, in addition to a certain untruthfulness in colour, a want of atmosphere, aërial perspective and relief.

Moreover, the harmonious tone which gives such a charm to Makart's colouring is not gained in the best of fashions. To the superficial observer it seems very marvellous, for he uses the most effective and imposing tints and combines them, apparently, in a most daring way. But study for a moment how he goes to work. Of course something of Nature's colour-scale may be sacrificed for the sake of unity on canvas; but there are right kinds of sacrifice and wrong kinds, honest kinds and mendacious kinds. A painter may condense, eliminate, select. He may throw over all his colours an harmonious, subduing veil of whatever sort he pleases; or he may choose a 'dominant' and make it conspicuous, while yet respecting the quality of his subordinated colours. But whatever the process, it must be logically, consistently applied. It must be artistically true if not literally true—must be true to itself and true to the relative, if not to the actual, 'values' of Nature's scale. But Makart's process is not logical or consistent. He wishes to use a very wide range of colour, and he will give some notes of it with extreme strength and decision. And then, to keep his result 'in tone,' he will carry his dominant—most often a rich reddish brown or a luscious greenish grey—into all sorts of colours where it does not belong, ruining the purity of these, muddying his shadows a little, neglecting 'quality' in rendering his textures, paying insufficient regard to values, losing clearness and sparkle together with truth, and being really monotonous in spite of his exuberant splendour. He does not reproduce a natural harmony, nor does he translate nature into a true artistic unity of tone—into any grey, or golden, or other consistent harmony of paint. He cares little for any pictorial virtue or grace save general charm. He never shows us more of Nature's secrets than we might have seen for ourselves had we stood with him before the model—seldom, indeed, so much. His tone may be perfect, but it is factitious—forced, not won, from Nature. His colour may be beautiful, but it is shallow, despite its richness; and, too, it is theatrical—never as being the least in the world tawdry or glaring or exaggerated, but always as lacking truth, simplicity, freshness, and re-

FAUST AND MARGARET. BY HANS MAKART.

finement. It is sumptuous colour, but it is not living, vibrating, infused with light or bathed in air. A man who triumphs thus may be a remarkable and a fascinating colourist, but not, I think, a *great* one; for, as a colourist, he will not be sincere. I have called Makart sincere in soul, truthful in the way he translates his artistic self through his conceptions; but he is not sincere in execution, not truthful in the way he translates Nature in rendering these conceptions.

And, as I have implied, he sins most against those natural facts which should have been the sacredest of all—he is most untruthful when he treats humanity. Since his art is decorative he is perfectly right to use his multitudinous figures for their decorative value chiefly. But he ought at least to give them the first place in his decoration. He ought to care something for their form, and he does not care for it at all. He loves a sinuous, varied sweetness of line, and to obtain this he sacrifices at times every fact of human structure and proportion—omitting, slurring, exaggerating, even dislocating in the most irresponsible fashion. His constant incorrectness in drawing is often attributed to his lack of thorough early training. But we feel that, though valid up to a certain point, this excuse is not the whole explanation.

And when a decorator's figures are undraped, he should care for their 'quality' and their colour absolutely and entirely above everything else. When we see Makart boldly misinterpreting Dürer's diary and putting the nude women who welcomed Charles the Fifth down into the open Antwerp street, we feel, of course, that he appreciated the decorative value of their colour. But when we also see that neither here nor elsewhere does this colour serve as his *point d'appui*, but really is used as a foil to set off the deeper magnificence of his draperies and accessories, we feel that he did not appreciate it *enough*. His various arbitrary ways of representing flesh are inconsistently and untruth-

fully used according to the varying demands of a colour-scheme the key-note for which he finds in something else.

Again, whatever arbitrary colour he thus gives, his flesh is treated as an unvital, merely decorative mass, less carefully modelled and characterised, most often, than some piece of drapery or other ornamental adjunct near at hand. No passages in his work are more uninteresting, more empty when examined, than just those which should have delighted us with the exquisite modelling and with the subtilely changing tones of a youthful feminine shape.

And is not this a fault indeed? Is it not a strange, unhealthy preference which thus exalts inanimate over animate beauty, and finds its chief inspiration in those things which to great decorators have always seemed secondary when weighed in the scale with the human form? It is this preference, combined with Makart's superficial, merely effective treatment of light and his failure to render atmosphere, that gives his pictures their air of unreality. Because of these things he can never make his people seem quite alive, in spite of all the movement he puts into their attitudes and of all the vivid expression he renders in their faces—vivid, though, indeed, monotonous in its character.

It is illustrative to be told that Makart was a sensitive, shy, morbid, melancholy-seeming man, whose voluble brush and whose love for brilliant fêtes and spectacles were in strongest contrast to the taciturnity of his person; that there were, nevertheless, occasions when he could be roused to speech, almost to eloquence; and that these were not so much occasions when art as occasions when *costume* was discussed. Costume—in its widest, but still more emphatically in its narrowest sense—was the thing he loved best in the world. He seems to have loved painting chiefly for its sake, and he certainly painted best when he gave it greatest prominence. In looking at his pictures—all except, perhaps, the *Pest in Florence*—we feel that he might have produced just the same effects with other than pictorial means, and that he would have been almost as well contented in the act. And to feel this is to know that he was not a painter among the greatest.

More than once, indeed, he welcomed with enthusiasm a chance to create in some such other way—as, for example, when he arranged his famous studio. It was of the most enormous size, yet it was not only filled but crammed and crowded to overflowing with those beautiful, costly objects on which he spent all his money and wasted so large a part of what might have been his artistic fame. His were not merely useful treasures, not merely a painter's stock-in-trade. One saw at a glance that they had been amassed and arranged for their own individual sakes, and still more for the sake of the splendid unity they formed. Furniture, armour, weapons, pictures, marbles, bronzes, architectural fragments, glass, pottery, carved wood and ivories, huge bunches and festoons and pyramids of grasses and tropical leaves and fruits and flowers, and, above all, stuffs in bewildering profusion—draperies and costumes and hangings and carpets and rugs of every land and clime and fabric; all these were blended with as daring a hand and into as successful a whole as are the kindred things and colours in his pictures. And during one's visit he himself would be standing in the corner, silent, inanimate, save for his gleaming black eyes and his smoking cigarette—a fragile, *maladif* little figure, with a disproportionately impressive head, delicately marked features, and a mass of black hair and beard—and, by the way, a picturesque costume of brown velveteens. An artist, at the first glance; and one well in keeping, if not, apparently, with the warmth and *brio* of his art, at least with its accent of morbid elegance and unhealthy charm. It did not seem as though such a man could send out from such a studio any picture of real life—either 'really real,' as the children say, or ideally real. Nor did he, in truth. He painted, as we have seen, at least the women who lived about him. But he painted them spell-bound in exotic fantasies, in visions of a haunted land where the fresh air of morning never blows and the cool calm of night can never come—a lotus-eater's land, 'where it is always afternoon.'

When this studio was lighted and thrown open for one of those costume-balls, or 'Rubens and Rembrandt fêtes,' that were the joy of Makart and of all Vienna, he must have thought himself transported into Tannhäuser's *Venusberg*—and he may well have felt as though he had thus created better than on canvas.

But his most perfect, though most ephemeral, work was undoubtedly the festival with which in 1879 the Viennese celebrated their Emperor's silver-wedding-day. Its chief feature was an immense semi-allegorical procession, in which all ranks and conditions of the Emperor's people were represented in all their different trades and occupations. Each of these was personated by its own followers of to-day, costumed according to the epoch when local history had first noted its existence. Each group surrounded a curiously designed triumphal car on which were appropriate emblems, symbolic female figures, and, often, artisans vigorously at work. Upon Makart alone devolved the endless labour of preparation and ultimate arrangement, from all the general ideas down to the smallest detail in the dress of every one among the thousands of participants.

From his preparatory sketches and from various sets of illustrations that were published later, one

may get an idea of how picturesque and artistic were the waggons he designed and the groups he posed. No subject was too prosaic to excite his fertile fancy with success—the car representing *The Railway* being perhaps the most beautiful of all. But no pictures can give the colour-effects that turned what might have been a mere theatrical pageant into a real work of art. All Makart's unrivalled knowledge of costume was expressed with all his passionate love of brilliant tints. Down to the minutest detail everything was historically correct, and everything, moreover, was honest in material and make. The contents of museums, the heirlooms of princely families, the hoards of antiquary-shops, were alike put at his disposal. And what still was lacking—naturally the greater portion of the whole—was created in perfect keeping. At that time, I should note, it was impossible to find even materials of the desirable kinds and colours, so they were manufactured in great quantities under Makart's eye.

Those who saw this procession as it left the *Prater* and wound through the broad Viennese streets to greet the Emperor in front of his palace, persuade one to believe that so *artistically* splendid a spectacle could never have been seen in Europe since a still greater colourist had directed similar pageants in pomp-loving Antwerp two centuries and a half before; and testify, moreover, that it was Makart's completest work of art. Here was all the beauty of his painted pictures,—all, since theirs is superficial scenic beauty only,—and here besides was what they lack—the beauty of life and health and form in the figures, the beauty of light and atmosphere about them.

It will thus be seen that Makart cannot be called a *master* on the strength of quite masterly performance. He can, however, very justly claim the title on the other ground I noted,—because he was an extremely influential teacher.

He was not likely to found an actual school for students, as he was a brilliant improvisatore rather than a well-trained painter. Yet he had a few pupils at various times; chief among them, I should say, the Russian Sémiradski, whose best-known work, the *Living Torches of Nero*, is very clever and very Makart-like. But he *influenced* the painters of his time far more than he instructed them. He convinced them by his results that sensuous charm was desirable in art, that colour was its principal factor, and, more specially, that good colour meant *tone*. Every school in Germany has been inspired to some degree by his example; and out of Germany, very conspicuously, the school which is directed by Matejko in Cracow, and that branch of the new Russian art which is led by Sémiradski and Makowski. In the direction of portrait-painting, his influence has been especially good, freeing that art from the stiff commonplace which had fettered it, by showing that a portrait may be a *picture* too.

And yet, notwithstanding all this, the most notable current of Makart's influence is to be traced outside his profession, has affected general taste rather than technical performance. In the depth and extent of his *popular* influence, he has been equalled by no modern artist whatsoever. It is true that Germany, like the rest of the world, was ripe just then for the preaching of a gospel of sensuous beauty, and that her acceptance of it has barely kept pace with that of other countries. But the Fatherland is slow to move, and shy of outside influences of an intellectual or a psychical sort. In Germany the Sleeping Beauty might have slumbered long had not such a captivating *German* fairy-prince been born to kiss her. So forcible, so distinct, and so seductive was Makart's voice, that he was able, unassisted by any conspicuous helpers, to stem the tide of abstract intellectualism and colourless formality which had been flowing so strongly since the revival of 1810, to spread a truer knowledge of what constitutes pictorial beauty, and so to prepare a welcome for all other artists who, in less striking but perhaps better-balanced ways, should also try to paint well and to colour finely.

And he was able to do still more than this. The extreme love of inanimate, manufactured beauty which shows as a defect in his painting, was distinctly helpful to his influence on popular taste. It was the chief inspiration of a reform in industrial art and household decoration corresponding to that which, more consciously and deliberately, has been brought about in England by a whole brotherhood of artists, writers and amateurs. For this good service Makart will be remembered even though his art should fall off somewhat from its present popularity. It is doubly fortunate, by the way, that he leaves such a memorial behind him, for his pictures are already dying a death inflicted by his own hand. His haste, and his desire for immediate harmony as well as brilliancy, led him to use unwise expedients. Some of his paintings are even to-day half ruined—are falling to pieces or are greatly darkened in their colour.

Perhaps it will now be understood why, in what purports to be a serious examination of a notable painter, I have given so much prominence to outside, superficial things like the furnishing of a studio and the arrangement of a festival. His influence on *taste* was this painter's most important work; and here his studio and his procession acted more directly than his pictures, for they not only portrayed material beauty but showed how it might be wrought. The antique treasures he drew from their hiding-places were widely copied and had a great effect on every minor branch of art; and the stuffs he created in a

hundred strange and lovely tones have their offspring to-day in every German shop. Those who, like myself, remember what was fifteen years ago the stock-in-trade of the German decorator, upholsterer, cabinet-maker, or vendor of ornamental objects, and who can make a comparison at this moment, will realise how great a debt of gratitude is owing Makart. It was but fittingly acknowledged by Herr von Eitelberger, Director of one of the Viennese art-schools, in a memorial address he delivered a few days after the painter's death, the larger part of which was devoted to a consideration of his influence on industrial art.

The theatre in Germany has profited greatly by Makart's teaching as regards the efforts both of its scene-painters and of its costumiers. And thousands of German homes are at least a touch more beautiful in answer to his voice. Often, of course, we see only a mutilated, even ludicrous, trace of his artistic disorder in arrangement and artistic variety in colour, engrafted on the prim monotony of an old-fashioned burgher interior. But often, too, the results are conspicuously charming. And even if there were as yet fewer actual successes in household decoration than we find,—even if Makart's gospel had as yet done no more than to persuade his countrymen into a theoretical belief that beauty is desirable in their homes, even so he would have done a valuable work.

It may be that I have dwelt too much on the faults of Makart's pictures and too little on their virtues; yet this is, I think, the most instructive, if not the most interesting way to speak of such a talent—a talent whose fascinations are plain to every eye, but whose imperfections lie more beneath the surface; and, besides, Makart has been so often over-praised, so often set beside the greatest names in art, that one must perforce now judge him by their measure.

But it would be sheer blindness and ingratitude to close without balancing our account very decidedly in his favour. With all his shortcomings, he was an exceptionally able workman, an enchanting colourist, a charming romancer; and, though not a *great* decorator, yet one of the few real decorators of our time. His art was spontaneous, not manufactured; he was a *painter born* in an age of clever men who, too often, have merely learned to paint; he had a strongly marked artistic temperament, and a definite artistic aim. If, in expressing these, he fell into many sins of omission and of commission, why, more's the pity; but it would have been a far greater pity both for him and for us had he had no such temperament, no such aim; had he been less individual, less intense and less modern, even though much more judicious and correct. Moreover, an artist who had so strong and fruitful an influence, deserves to be judged on wider grounds than the intrinsic merits of his pictures; and, thus judging, Germany at least should call Makart *Meister* with a sense of lasting obligation.

M. G. Van Rensselaer.

IMAGINATION IN LANDSCAPE PAINTING.

VII.—*The Mechanical and Scientific Imagination.*

ALTHOUGH the subject of this work is Imagination as it acts in one of the fine arts, it may be well to consider in this place what is the action of the same faculty in mechanical invention and scientific investigation or exposition, and to inquire if it really is the same faculty. No competent thinker would deny that mechanical inventors and men of science have imagination, but instead of admitting this without thinking about it, I will ask the reader to consider with me two particular instances. We shall then be able to observe at leisure how the imagination operates in matters quite outside of the fine arts, and we shall be better prepared to appreciate its action within their borders, or to distinguish between the scientific and the artistic imagination if such a distinction is necessary.

Of all the ingenious mechanical contrivances that I have ever examined minutely enough to understand them I do not remember any that have required more imagination than a card-making machine invented in Rochdale about forty years ago.* A 'card,' as manufacturers use the word, means a thick piece of leather, or of some substitute for leather, in which are inserted innumerable pieces of wire that stand up like the bristles in a brush. It is mounted on a cylinder and used for 'carding' wool or cotton by separating and cleaning the fibres. 'Cards' are an old invention, and they used to be made by hand. To make them it was necessary to pierce two little holes, to take a piece of wire, cut it to a certain length, bend it into this shape ⌊, insert the points in the holes, drive the wire home till the angles touched the leather and then give the two upright pieces of wire a bend to make them stay in their place. All this had to be repeated thousands of times to make a 'card,' and it was a very dull, monotonous kind of work. An ingenious, imagin-

* The name of the inventor, who was a working-man in Rochdale, has escaped my memory. If any reader in Lancashire will supply it, the name shall be printed in the separate editions of this work.

ative man in Rochdale thought it might be possible to contrive a machine that would perform all these operations with infallible exactness. It is wonderful that such an idea could enter a man's head, and it must have been a very imaginative head. For only just consider what the machine had to do. It had to pierce the two little holes, but that is nothing, it had to cut a bit of wire of a certain length from a coil; to handle that loose bit of wire as a man would handle it, bending it to two right angles; then it had to carry the bent bit to the holes in the leather, insert the two points exactly in the holes, drive the wire home, and bend it to a second angle behind the leather. Well, the machine does all this and does it so fast that when it is really at work no human eye can see what it is doing; to see its work you must disconnect it from the steam-engine and let a man turn the wheel deliberately.

Now, the man who invented this must have had a powerful imagination, which probably operated in this way. He may have seen images in his mind of something half-human yet made of steel and brass, that was doing automatically the work of a human card-maker; or he may, in his long solitary musings, have seen a man and a machine working together, the machine doing gradually more and more of the man's work, till finally the man vanished like a ghost and left the machine working completely and effectually in his place. Evidently the gifted seeker exercised not only imagination—not only the faculty of seeing images in the mind—but imaginative *invention*, or the power of seeing that which has not yet been realised. Familiar with machines already, familiar with the action of men in doing that which he wanted his machine to do, the inventor passed from the existent to the non-existent by a mental process so like that of the creative artist, that one is tempted to ask if the two kinds of invention are not essentially the same.

I reserve the answer for the next chapter, having still to consider how the imagination may operate in scientific exposition, which lies outside of practical inventions.

Some readers will remember Professor Clifford's lecture on 'Atoms,' in which he began by describing a certain structure, which he had never seen in a realised form, to explain the properties of an atom which he had never seen either. The structure was composed as follows. There were metal bells answering to different notes, and all 'fastened to a set of elastic stalks, which sprang out of a certain centre to which they were attached.' The bells were held in such a way that they could spin round upon the points to which they were fastened. 'And then the centre to which these elastic stalks are fastened or suspended you may imagine as able to move in all manner of directions; and that the whole structure —made up of these bells, and stalks, and centre—is able to spin round any axis whatever. We must also suppose that there is surrounding this structure a certain framework. We will suppose the framework to be made of some elastic material, so that it is able to be pressed to a certain extent. Suppose that framework is made of whalebone, if you like.'

Professor Clifford went on to explain that although a structure of this kind is not an atom, it is convenient to have it in the mind as an illustration of the qualities of an atom, such as certain capabilities of vibration, certain motions of parts, and the capability of spinning round about any axis. The whalebone framework was intended to show that atoms cannot be put closer together than a certain degree of neighbourhood; as if there were several of the imaginary things in the same room, the whalebone framework belonging to each would prevent contact, and by its elasticity have a tendency to repel every other structure of the same kind.

This is quite one of the best examples I am able to recollect of imagination in the service of scientific instruction. It is evident that Clifford *saw* the elaborate structure of bells, centres, elastic stalks, and whalebone defences, just as plainly in his mind's eye as if it had been before him in the room. It is a seeing of images as in memory, yet it is not only memory, as no such things had ever been constructed. It is imaginative invention.

In the biography of Clifford, by Mr. F. Pollock, the biographer says that he once had perplexities about Ivory's theorem concerning the attraction of an ellipsoid, and that he consulted Clifford on the matter. 'Being out for a walk with Clifford, I opened my perplexities to him; I think I can recall the very spot. What he said I do not remember in detail, which is not surprising, as I have had no occasion to remember anything about Ivory's theorem these twelve years. But I know that as he spoke *he appeared not to be working out a question, but simply telling what he saw.* Without any diagram or symbolic aid he described the geometrical conditions on which the solution depended, *and they seemed to stand out visibly in space.* There were no longer consequences to be deduced, but real and evident facts *which only required to be seen.*'

Surely this is an accurate description of the image-making faculty, the power of seeing things as images in the mind. And now let us inquire what it is that separates this kind of imagination from that of artists.

VIII.—*Images evoked by Feeling.*

The mechanical inventor and the imaginative man of science have much in common with the artist, but not all. They have evidently the power of seeing their conceptions as clear images, but the images are

not evoked by any emotion except the practical desire for efficiency or the intellectual desire for a more perfect apprehension of truth. Now although it is quite possible that a man with the practical or the intellectual imagination might write verses or take to painting, he would never, I believe, be recognised as an imaginative poet or painter. The clearer the evidence of truthfulness in his work the more he would be looked upon as a simple copyist of nature.

The artistic imagination has this special peculiarity, that the images are always evoked by feeling, and that the degree of their reality is always determined for them by an emotion which might be said to come from the heart if there were not some reason to suppose that it comes rather from a special sensibility.

LANDSCAPE. CLAUDE.

In any case it always *seems* to come from the heart, though there are good reasons for believing that a highly accomplished artist works in a state of *secondary* emotion, that is, a half-feigned or half-remembered emotion, rather than in a state of real immediate emotion. One reason for believing this is, that in a state of real emotion the artist would hardly be able to attend to the necessary technical conditions of his craft. The poet would hardly be able to make beautiful verses, or the painter to lay his colour with the most perfect skill. A man whose house had just been burnt down, and his children suffocated in their beds, would certainly not be able to make the best of the subject in an elegy. He would probably not even be able to narrate the event in a letter. I remember a case in point. Not long after the Indian mutiny, I was in a railway carriage, when a comfortable-looking gentleman expressed a hope that the evil deeds of the rebels had been exaggerated. A silent man in the corner of the carriage here interposed: 'They tied me to a tree, and they killed my wife, my faithful servants, and my children, before my eyes.' He used no eloquence, no poetry, but stated the facts in this bald way, and then lapsed again into silence. The emotion was too real to permit the developments of art.*

This brings us to a most important conclusion which enhances still more the great value of imagination in the fine arts. Not only are the images seen by the imaginative artist called up by emotion, but *the emotion itself is imaginative.* By the power of his imagination the artist enters into a state of emotion, and yet, at the same time, this emotion, which is only half real, leaves him sufficient mental liberty to attend to all the technical details of his work as a versifier or painter. When a poet seems most deeply moved, he has still leisure enough to choose effective syllables and sonorous rhymes, as an actress, in the storm of simulated passion, assumes those attitudes which display her person to advantage.

When the artist's feelings are of an imaginative character they leave him at liberty to have consideration for the feelings of others. The poet is not carried away by his own pegasus, but thinks of his reader, and is careful not to weary or overpower him. I will select an example, and cannot think of a better than the mission of Iris just at the close of the Fourth Book of the Æneid. Many readers will remember how in the course of that book we are made to sympathise so much with the unhappy Dido that the long account of her passionate grief and rage on the departure of Æneas becomes at length oppressive. If the poetry were not so powerful we should say there was too much of the subject; as it is, we are carried along to the end, and are made spectators of an agony that tries us by its prolongation. By the time that Virgil had arrived at those verses where the dying queen raises herself three times on her elbow, falling back each time upon her couch, he knew that the reader would want her to be put out

* As an example of the *total* want of imagination, I may add that the comfortable-looking gentleman, by way of being consolatory, said, 'Oh, you're young yet; you'll marry again, very likely, and have another family!'

of her misery, as nothing can be more trying to the spectator than a suicide not quite effectually accomplished. A vulgar poet might have perceived this also, and brought, perhaps, the repulsive image of Death to the heroine's relief. Virgil, having much delicacy of taste, a delicacy of which he has given many other proofs, delivers the victim without introducing any dreadful personage whatever, and consoles us by a spectacle of sovereign pity and immortal grace. He brings a beautiful messenger from Olympus. Juno has taken pity upon the 'longum dolorem' and the 'difficiles obitus' of Dido, and sends Iris to effect her deliverance by cutting one hair from her head and carrying it to Pluto. Iris does this gently, and with kind words:—

'Hunc ego Diti
Sacrum jussa fero, teque isto corpore solvo.'

The two concluding verses bring us to perfect repose:—

'Sic ait, et dextra crinem secat; omnis et una
Dilapsus calor, atque in ventos vita recessit.'

The entire passage narrating the mission of Iris from the line beginning 'Tum Juno Omnipotens' to those just quoted, is an example of imagination suggested by feeling and employed both to awaken and to satisfy the feelings of the reader. The connexion between visible beauty and the moral beauty of mercy, though in itself imaginary, is suggested to the mind in order to satisfy an ideal desire for harmony between appearances and realities. Even in so brief a narrative two verses are given to colour and glitter, to the saffron-coloured wings of Iris, dewy, and drawing a thousand various tints from the sun. Here the poetic imagination works in its own way, having nothing like utility in view, as when a man invents ingenious machinery, nor yet the explanation of what is believed to be a fact, as when a professor tries to make us understand the properties of atoms and molecules, but the one object of the poet is to play upon his reader's feelings. First he makes him suffer, and then he relieves the suffering. Here the imagination of the poet deals with two opposite kinds of feeling by a contrast planned beforehand on the principle that 'sweet is pleasure after pain.' Exactly the same art is employed in the description of the infernal regions in the Sixth Book. After having been saddened by the spectacle of suffering, Æneas is relieved, and the reader with him, by coming to the

'locos lætos et amœna vireta
Fortunatorum nemorum, sedesque beatas.'

It may be remarked, in passing, that Virgil avoids here the one great artistic error of Dante, who tortures our feelings almost without respite through more than thirty cantos, and puts his more agreeable imaginings into another poem.

IX.—*The Alteration in Images produced by Feeling.*

Suppose the cases of two painters, both of them working from memory, that is, painting from images in the mind. One of them shall have a clear memory but be without feeling, the other shall have the most lively and sensitive feeling, like a poet (which, indeed, a sensitive painter really is). The first will see impartially and therefore remember and paint with impartial truth, the other will not remember in this way because the images in his mind will have undergone a peculiar transformation in consequence of the activity of his feeling.

If this transformation did not take place, a critic would never be able to say that one artist had more feeling than another, as the feeling of the artist would not be visible in his work.

Those who know nothing about art and to whom its language conveys no meaning, sometimes indulge their wit at the expense of the criticism which takes feeling into consideration, and express their contempt for the word as a canting term of the prevalent aestheticism. It is, however, as certain as anything can be which is outside the region of the exact sciences, that although the power of art may be due in a great degree to knowledge, so that ignorant painting is always really weak painting however bold and pretentious, the charm of art, on which its success depends, is not due to knowledge but to feeling. The evidence in support of this statement is overwhelming. All those works of art that we dwell upon with ever-renewed pleasure attract us by the delicacy, the tenderness, or the force of those emotions which the artist imaginatively felt when he was producing them; and it is one of the most wonderful yet undeniable powers of painting, and of all the graphic arts, that the emotions of the artist are communicated to all spectators who have naturally a sensitiveness like his own.* Our admiration may be excited by sheer manual ability or by the splendour of a picture as a show of colou and form, but to make us love his work an artist must win our sympathy with his feeling. Let him once do that, and we shall overlook a hundred imperfections.

It is one of the most interesting investigations in

*The rule is that they are communicated, but there are exceptions. An artist who has a passionate love of truth may paint so that his work, from its too equal veracity, may seem passionless, and an artist whose emotions are profound may sometimes be so little in unison with the shallower feelings of less serious or less imaginative people that they may feel more disposed to laugh at him than to admire him.

art-criticism to find out by what means the feeling of a painter reaches us. In our loose, figurative way of speaking, we talk almost as if the painter had words at his command like a poet, and could tell us what he loved, as young Byron expressed his boyish affection for 'dark Loch na Garr.' But the painter has really no resource except a choice of materials and qualities in nature, and the alteration of what he has chosen. It is amazing that feeling can be expressed by such limited means as selection and alteration, but so it is. Modern science, in providing us with an art—photography—which is perfectly destitute of feeling, has given us a possibility of comparison, though the comparison does not extend to colour. Photography is a purely scientific or unfeeling art, which drawing can only exceptionally become in the hands of a purely scientific or unfeeling artist. If the reader could see a photograph of a natural landscape, and then a sketch or picture of the same landscape by a sensitive artist, he would observe a thousand changes suggested by the artist's dislike to some parts of his materials and his affection for others. He would observe in the representation of those things which he had not rejected a certain partiality for some qualities and neglect of others, which are the signs of artistic feeling. An artist cannot even paint the bough of a leafless tree without letting us know whether he prefers curves or angles; and if he likes curves better, we shall soon see what is his favourite quality in curves. If he paints a wood with many different species of trees, we shall see which is his favourite species merely by his way of painting it. His affection, too, may itself be of one quality or another: it may be a robust affection, accepting the rude natures of things; or it may be a delicate, idealising affection, that attaches itself only to a sort of spiritualised essence. Nobody would suppose that Ruysdael loved oaks as Corot loved a birch; or that the rustic affection of Constable for an elm was like the sentiment of delicate admiration that led Raphael to attenuate still further the tenuity of a young ash. There is an infinite variety in our sentiments, even when we love the same thing; and this is what gives such perennial freshness to art.

HOLY FAMILY. SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

A young English landscape-painter wrote to a landscape-painter of the ripest experience to the effect that he felt strongly tempted to live in a certain part of England; but that as it had long been a regular haunt of artists, he feared the material there had become excessively hackneyed, and must have lost all novelty. The answer he received has a direct bearing on our present subject. The elder artist, who himself constantly painted very well-known places, wrote in reply that the apprehensions of his young friend were groundless; because his own personal feeling, if he allowed it full play, would give complete novelty to his subjects. The profound truth of this is illustrated every year by artists who make Wales, Scotland, Switzerland, and even Venice, new for us. The stronger the personal quality in the artist, the more will the images in his mind be altered by his own feeling.

The fine arts are not an isolated manifestation of human genius; and it is impossible to understand them without reference to that general human nature which they reflect. In everything we see old sub-

jects made fresh and new by the entirely unexpected treatment they receive from new men. The three words—'Monarchy, Aristocracy, Democracy'—which have been mentioned in connexion with the images they evoke, have meanings continually undergoing modification in consequence of new personal conceptions. What is still more remarkable is that the history of past ages, whose account seems closed with the death of all those who belonged to them, is constantly presented to us in new aspects by the selecting imagination of new historians.*

The changes produced by imagination may be brought under one uniform law. Every imaginative mind is so constituted that certain qualities in men or things attract its attention, as being either pleasing or repugnant. These qualities then assume an excessive importance, disproportionate for other minds, but seeming right to the individual imagination.

LOCK ON THE STOUR. CONSTABLE.

If the imaginative person is a writer or a painter, his work will be full of his feeling about those qualities; and it will contain but slight reference, if any, to other qualities, equally existent in reality but having no relation to the individual mind. This, I believe, is a fair statement of the general law. It follows that when images are evoked by feeling they cannot be images of complete realities, but only of some qualities appertaining to realities; and of those qualities only with which the single imaginative mind is in attractive or repellent relation. The application of this law to the work of imaginative landscape-painters will be our present study.

P. G. Hamerton.

* I had hardly written the above when I came upon the following passage in a speech on books and reading by Mr. James Russell Lowell:—'And in what, I pray, are those we gravely call historical characters, of which each new historian strains his neck to get a new and different view, in any sense more real than the personages of fiction?'

MEDIAEVAL REMAINS IN RAVENNA.

THE great days of Ravenna ended with the fall of the Exarchs and the Lombard conquest. A few years afterwards, Pepin, king of the Franks, came to the help of the Church, defeated the Lombards, and gave Ravenna to the Popes. From that time the fortunes of the once imperial city declined rapidly, and although the independence of her Archbishops and the support of German Emperors still made her formidable to Roman pontiffs, she never again played a prominent part in history.

The fame of the monastery of Classe, the learning of Archbishop Gerbert, who became Pope Sylvester II., and the holiness of S. Romualdo, the founder of Camaldoli, and that of the hermit St. Peter Damiano, brought Ravenna a certain degree of ecclesiastical renown in the eleventh century. "Towards the close

of the same century the noble basilica of Santa Maria in Portofuori was founded. This church, which stands in the marshes, two miles to the south-east of the city, in a spot almost as desolate as S. Apollinare in Classe itself, owes its existence to the Beato Pietro Onesti, a member of the same illustrious Ravenna family, to which the hero of Boccaccio's story, Nastagio, belonged.

Pietro, whom others called Il Beato, but who preferred to style himself *Il Peccatore*, being overtaken in a violent storm on the Adriatic, like Galla Placidia of old, vowed to build a church to the Virgin if she would bring the ship in which he sailed safe to land. His prayer was heard, and in fulfilment of his vow Pietro built a church, dedicated to the Virgin, on the very spot where the lighthouse of the old port of Ravenna had formerly stood. To this circumstance the basilica of S. Maria in Portofuori owes its name, and the massive square basement of the tall Campanile, which forms so marked a feature in the marshy plains, is said to have originally formed part of the ancient lighthouse.

Although the walls are spotted and stained with damp, and the hollows of the worn pavement are full of water, Pietro's majestic columns of red Verona marble are standing still; and in the left aisle we see the sarcophagus in which the bones of the sinner-saint were laid twenty years after the foundation of his church.

In the succeeding ages, Ravenna suffered too much from her constant change of masters from the struggle of Popes and Venetians, and the petty warfare of her own citizens to undertake great works, and while she is rich above all other cities in monuments of the transitional period, we look in vain for those wonderful creations in the art and architecture of the Renaissance which we are accustomed to find in other Italian towns.

While the other cities of Italy rose into importance, Ravenna sank deeper and deeper into poverty and insignificance. She had her tyrants and her commonwealths, but never rivalled the greatness of Florence or Venice, of Genoa and Pisa, and did not even enjoy the period of transitory supremacy which fell to the share of smaller towns and made Lucca famous for a while under Castracani. During the long contest between Guelphs and Ghibellines, Ravenna, like her neighbours, was torn in twain by contending factions. In 1218, Pietro Traversari declared himself Duke of Ravenna, but his son, having quarrelled with the Emperor Frederick, was, in his turn, overcome by the rival party, and in 1275 Guido di Polenta became Lord of Ravenna.

Under his rule, and that of his successors, Ravenna enjoyed a period of comparative repose and prosperity for the space of one hundred and sixty years. In his *Inferno*, Dante replies in answer to Guido di Montefetro's anxious inquiries after the condition of Romagna, that Ravenna is, as she has been for many years, sheltered under the wings of the eagle of Polenta.

> 'Ravenna sta, come stata è molt' anni;
> L' aquila da Polenta là si cova,
> Sì che Cervia ricuopre co' suoi vanni.'

This first Guido da Polenta was the father of the hapless Francesca da Rimini, whose early days were spent at Ravenna, probably in the same house where Dante himself found a refuge in the last years of his exile. 'The land where I was born,' he makes her say, 'lies on the sea-shore where Po and the streams which follow him flow down to be at peace.' There it was, at the court of Francesca's nephew, Guido Novello da Polenta, that the exiled poet came when all hope of return to Florence had vanished. There he found a peaceful retreat in which to end his troubled days, until at length the often-sighed-for hour came, and he went to gaze on the glory of his lady, that blessed Beatrice, who sees the face of him, 'qui est per omnia secula benedictus.'

'In these days,' says Boccaccio, 'there was a lord of Ravenna, a famous old town in Romagna, a noble cavalier named Guido Novello da Polenta, well instructed in the liberal sciences, and one who highly esteemed men of merit, but above all those who excelled in learning. Under the patronage of this gracious lord, Dante lived, forming scholars in the art of poetry in the *lingua volgare*.' There, in 1320, he wrote the last cantos of his *Paradiso*, in which frequent mention is made of Ravenna. Her local saints Romualdo and Pier Damiano are placed high in the spheres of Paradise, nor does he forget that other Peter, *Il Peccatore*, and the house which he built for Our Lady on the Adrian shore. And when he would describe the

> 'Divina foresta spessa e viva,'

of his Paradise, he can find no better image than the rustling of the wind and joyous singing of birds in the trees of that forest on the shore of Classis, where tradition says he loved to spend the long summer days alone.

Guido himself, it is said, took the utmost delight in converse with the exiled poet; and we are told by Vasari, that it was at Dante's earnest entreaty that another great Florentine, Giotto, came to Ravenna and painted frescoes for his noble patron in the church of San Francesco. This church was none other than the old basilica of S. Pietro Maggiore, which, founded by Neon, and completed by Peter Chrysologus in the fifth century, had been given to the Franciscan Order in 1261, and been dedicated afresh to St. Francis. As the favourite shrine and burial-place of the house of Polenta, whose palace stood close by, it acquired new importance in the

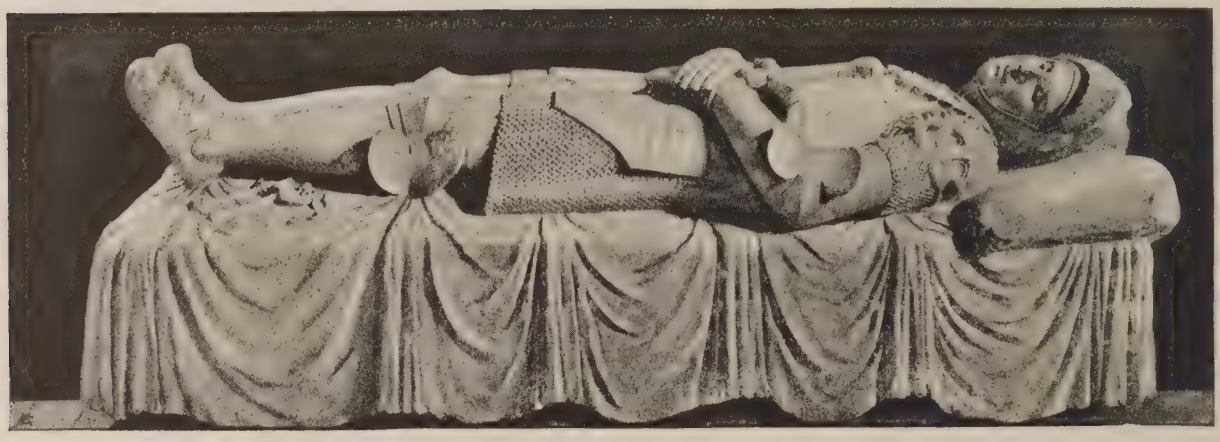
thirteenth century, and it was within the walls of the Minorite church that Dante was laid to rest robed, by his last request, in the habit of the Franciscan Order.

Guido da Polenta, accompanied by the most illustrious citizens of Ravenna, bore the poet to his grave, with public lamentations, and on his return from the funeral, pronounced an eloquent oration in which he announced his intention to raise a splendid monument to Dante's memory, that now at least he might be honoured as he deserved. But, unfortunately, in the following year, the noble Polenta was driven out of the city, by a popular tumult, to die in exile at Bologna; and although his son Ostasio became the most powerful lord in Romagna, the execution of Guido's generous designs was left to a Venetian, the father of the famous Cardinal Bembo, who, a hundred and sixty years later, became Podesta of Ravenna on behalf of the Republic of St. Mark. By his order, the great Venetian sculptor, Pietro Lombardi, designed a monument close to the church of S. Francesco, where the poet's remains were placed, and his effigy carved in bas-relief above his tomb.

Two centuries later, Lombardi's work was restored by a papal legate, Cardinal Corsi, and in 1780 the present mausoleum, a small temple with stucco ornaments and cupola, was erected on the spot by Cardinal Gonzaga. At the time of the celebration of Dante's centenary in 1865 the bones of the poet were found not in his mausoleum, but concealed in a box in a neighbouring chapel of San Francesco, called the Capella Braccioforte, with an inscription saying that they had been placed here, in October 1677, by a certain Friar Antonio, who feared that these precious relics should be removed from his convent. They were then restored to the sarcophagus intended for them under the 'little cupola, more neat than solemn,' of Gonzaga's temple. On the vault are medallions of Brunetto Latini, Dante's master, of Virgil his 'dolce Duca,' and of his two generous protectors Can Grande della Scala and Guido da Polenta. Lombardi's noble bas-relief in Istrian marble, representing the poet sitting at his desk holding his book, is placed above the sarcophagus; and on the urn itself we read the well-known inscription in Latin verse, said by tradition to have been composed by Dante himself. His own feelings at least are expressed in the two concluding lines:—

> 'Hic claudor Dantes patriis extorris ab oris
> Quem genuit parvi Florentiae mater amoris.'

Bitterly was Florence to repent of her intolerance and ingratitude towards her greatest son, whom she had banished in his lifetime, and whose ashes had been with difficulty saved from the persecution with which she followed him after death. Three several attempts were made by the Florentines in later ages to recover the precious dust; and in 1519 Michael



EFFIGY OF GUIDARELLO GUIDARELLI. BY TULLIO LOMBARDI.

Angelo signed a petition to Leo X. with this object, offering to design a monument worthy of the Divine Poet in his native city. But all these efforts proved in vain, and Ravenna, who holds alike the fair chapel where Galla Placidia sleeps surrounded by glittering mosaics and Christian symbols, and that other tomb where, like a true giant of the North, the mighty Goth rests without the city walls, Ravenna, proud of her sacred trust, guards the dust of one more illustrious than either of these:—

> 'On thy hoary shore,
> Fortress of falling Empire, honour'd sleeps
> The immortal exile.'

Giotto's frescoes in S. Francesco have perished, and all that remains of his work in Ravenna are the paintings of Evangelists and Doctors on the vaulting of a chapel in the ancient basilica of S. Giovanni Evangelista; vigorous and nobly designed examples of his manner, but ruined by repeated attempts at restoration. Many of his followers did good work in the other churches of Ravenna during the age of the Polentani, who were liberal patrons of art and letters;

and Pietro Onesti's basilica of S. Maria in Porto-fuori contains some well-preserved frescoes from the life of the Virgin and Christ, by the hand of Petrus da Rimini, a thoughtful and earnest Giottesque artist. One of the best is a lunette in a pointed arch, representing Christ administering the Eucharist to three disciples; a fine and original conception, long ascribed to Giotto, but clearly the Rimini master's work, and bearing a marked resemblance to the frescoes with which he adorned that most majestic and most desolate of shrines, the Benedictine Abbey of Pomposa, in the marshes of Commacchio.

HEAD OF THE EFFIGY OF GUIDARELLO GUIDARELLI.

The reign of the Polentani was too much disturbed by tumults and party warfare to allow of any great architectural works; and the only monument which to-day recalls their name in Ravenna is the beautiful tomb of Ostasio di Polenta in the Church of S. Francesco. This consists of a slab of red Verona marble, originally laid in the floor, but now placed in the wall on the right of the entrance. It bears the effigy of Ostasio, lord of Ravenna, who is represented wearing the frock and girdle of the Franciscan habit, in which, like so many of his contemporaries, he was buried. The features are singularly delicate and finely marked; and on the marble we read the inscription: 'Hic jacet Magnificus Dominus, Hostasius de Polenta, qui ante diem felix obiens occubuit MCCCLXXXVI. die XIV. Mensis Martii. Cujus anima requiescat in pace.'

The house of Polenta ended, in the following century, with another Ostasio; who having had the misfortune to excite the displeasure of his former ally, the republic of Venice, was deprived of his principality, and died an exile in the isle of Candia. From that time Ravenna never regained her independence. During seventy years she remained under Venetian dominion; and the twin columns in the Forum still tell us that Ravenna was once numbered among the subject-lands of Venice. To-day the winged lion of St. Mark has been removed; and the statue of S. Vitale placed on the top of one column, while the other bears that of S. Apollinaris.

The reliefs in the basement of these columns were the work of Pietro Lombardi, the Venetian master who designed the tomb of Dante for Bembo. He was also employed by the Republic to execute a bas-relief of St. Mark still in the Cathedral; and to carve some beautiful capitals and arabesques in the chapel of the Crucifix in S. Francesco, about the year 1483. This master, whose exquisite sculptures we still admire in the balconies and façades of Venetian palaces, was assisted in this work by his still more distinguished son, Tullio Lombardi, the sculptor of the tombs of the Mocenigo Doges in S. Giovanni e Paolo.

Tullio himself has left a masterpiece of his art in Ravenna, in the tomb of the warrior Guidarello Guidarelli, now in the Academy of the Fine Arts. Of Guidarelli himself little is known but that he was knighted in his youth by the Emperor Frederic III., on the occasion of a visit which he paid to Ravenna in 1469, and that he afterwards became

a distinguished soldier. His first laurels were won in the service of the Venetian Republic; and Marino Sanuto alludes to him in his Diario as fighting on another occasion in the pay of the Medici and the Pope. His learning is said to have equalled his courage, and his epitaph speaks of him as the child of Mars and Minerva alike, until an early death closed his brilliant career in the flower of his age, and he fell by the hand of an assassin at Imola in the neighbourhood of Ravenna, towards the end of the fifteenth century.

The sensation caused by his murder, and the grief of the people of Ravenna at their hero's death, are recorded in contemporary sonnets and elegies which speak of Guidarelli as the pride and ornament of the ancient city, and compare his martial exploits to those of Camillus and Marcellus of old. 'Weep, bereaved Ravenna!' exclaims one poet, Bernardino Catti, 'weep, for Death has robbed thee of all thy glory and renown; now the good Guidarel lies under the sod.'

The dead warrior was buried in that church of St. Francesco round which, as we have seen, the proudest memories of mediaeval Ravenna cluster, in the Braccioforte Chapel, which, however, does not, as has been sometimes supposed, take its name from Guidarello's strong arm, but from its connexion with an ancient legend recorded by Agnellus in the ninth century of certain persons who invoked the 'strong arm of the Lord,' to be their witness and defence. An old sarcophagus, adorned with early Christian symbols and defence, such as we may often see to-day in the streets of Ravenna, was chosen to hold his ashes, and on the lid Tullio Lombardi carved the effigy of the murdered knight. In later days the tomb was bought by a member of another family, who caused Guidarello's arms to be erased, and his own substituted in their stead, while the recumbent statue of the hero was removed to the Academy. There we may see the face and form of that 'plucked flower' over whom Ravenna wept, and gaze on the noble lineaments which the great Venetian master has carved so lovingly in marble. There the good knight lies on a mortuary-couch draped with hanging folds, clad in a complete suit of armour. The helmet is fastened under his chin, his coat of mail adorned with lions' heads, and his gauntleted hands folded over the long sword which descends from his breast to his feet. Only his face is uncovered, and lies exposed to view as if it were but yesterday the fatal blow had been struck which all too soon ended his days. The head has fallen a little on one side, the eyes are closed, and the long lashes lie in a thick fringe along the marble cheek. The lips are half parted with an expression of momentary pain, as if the bitterness of death had not yet quite passed away into the deep repose of that happy, dreamless slumber which is fast stealing over the calm brows and fast-closed eyelids. Of all the lovely images of death in which Renaissance sculptors excelled, and they are many—from Ilaria sleeping in her gracious womanhood under the Cathedral wall of Lucca, to the young Cardinal up at San Miniato or the child Medea with the necklace round her throat in the great Lombard Church—there is none fairer than this, none which better represents the grace and pathos of early death.

The illustrious historian of Florence, Gino Capponi, used to say, that this statue of the dead Guidarelli at Ravenna was the most beautiful work of sculpture which he had ever seen, and kept a cast of the head always in his room. 'The expression of the face,' he once said, 'conveys the impression of life taken by violence, and is so sublime in its truth to nature that I can find no words in which to praise its excellence. It is the very life of death.'

Several modern writers have ascribed this fine work of art to a Ravenna sculptor, named by some Baldini, by others Baldaldo Giovenaldo; but there seems no ground for this assertion, as both Antonio Tarlazzi and the author of the MS. 'Cronista Fiandrini,' preserved in the library of Classe, say expressly that the statue of Guidarelli was the work of the Venetian Tullio Lombardi. Since the young sculptor was already well known in Ravenna as his father's assistant in the public works he had executed, he was naturally selected to adorn the tomb of a warrior who had so often fought under the banner of St. Mark.

The sway of Venice over Ravenna did not last much beyond the close of the fifteenth century, and in 1509 the subject city was surrendered by the Republic to Pope Julius II. Three years afterwards the bloody battle of Ravenna was fought under her walls between the French and the combined Spanish and Papal forces; and on the lonely shores of the Ronco, two miles from the Porta Sisi, a small column known as the Co onna dei Francesi marks the spot where Gaston de Foix fell mortally wounded as his followers' shout of victory rang in his ears.

From the time that Rudolph of Hapsburg formally renounced the imperial claim to Ravenna in favour of the Papal see, there is little worthy of record in her history. Shorn of her past glories, she sank into a provincial town of the Papal States, and suffered cruelly in the last century from the bad taste and ignorance of Papal legates and Cardinal archbishops. What has been said of Rome, a German writer lately remarked, may be applied with equal truth to the ancient monuments of Ravenna: 'Quid non fecerunt barbari fecerunt Barberini.'

Of recent years the poverty of her inhabitants, who now number less than 25,000, has in a great measure preserved the monuments of her glorious past from the fever of restoration which has spread over other parts of the new Italian kingdom, and the churches and tombs of Ravenna have more to fear

from decay and neglect. 'Careless of her treasures,' says an Italian writer, himself a native of the ancient city, 'Ravenna to-day sits by indifferent and unmindful, and sees almost with applause her great monuments falling to pieces.' Even the Pineta, that most historical of forests, is threatened with destruction. The pines have suffered terribly from the severity of recent winters, and not long ago a rumour, we hope unfounded, that the rest of the Bosco was about to be cut down, reached our ears.

A better fate, let us trust, is in store for this Pineta, so beautiful in itself and so rich in classical associations, this forest which supplied the galleys of Augustus and the masts of Venice, which inspired Boccaccio with the immortal story painted by Sandro Botticelli, and sung by Dryden and Byron in turn, where, as we walk along grassy glades, between long avenues of stately trees, we think of the 'Spectre Huntsman' of Onesti's line:

> 'His hell-dogs and their chase, and the fair throng
> Which learned from his example not to fly
> From a true lover;'

and where the cry of the cicalas and the murmur of the wind in the pines come to remind us that in these silent shades Dante wandered dreaming of Paradise and the face of Beatrice:—

> 'In the solitude
> Of the pine forest and the silent shore
> Which bounds Ravenna's immemorial wood,
> Rooted where once the Adrian wave flow'd o'er
> To where the last Caesarean fortress stood.
> Evergreen forest! which Boccaccio's lore
> And Dryden's lore made haunted ground to me,
> How have I loved the twilight hour and thee!'

JULIA CARTWRIGHT.

ART CHRONICLE.

MR. P. LEPAGE RENOUF is appointed successor to the late Dr. S. Birch, as Keeper of Oriental Antiquities at the British Museum. Mr. A. S. Murray will fill the post of Keeper of Greek and Roman Antiquities, vacant through the resignation of Professor Charles T. Newton.

CHANGES have been made in the administration of the Department of Fine Arts in Paris. M. le Vicomte Botte de Tanzia and M. George Lafenestre are associated in care of pictures, drawings, and engravings; Oriental antiquities and ancient pottery are presided over by MM. Henzey and Ledrain, and classic sculpture by MM. Heron de Villefosse and Charles Ravaisson.

MR. SEYMOUR LUCAS, the figure-painter, chiefly known for picturesque treatment of historic incident, has been elected Associate of the Royal Academy. Another candidate whom we may hope to see admitted to some future vacancy was Mr. W. B. Richmond, who ran the winner close. Under the present happy Presidency it seems no longer idle to expect good things at Burlington House.

PROFESSOR SIDNEY COLVIN has resigned his post of Slade Professor of Fine Art at Cambridge, as he finds his duties of Keeper of the Print Room in the British Museum require all his time and strength. Mr. Colvin's tenure of office at Cambridge leaves a permanent mark. The collections at the Fitzwilliam Museum owe valuable additions of original drawings and rare engravings to his discriminating care as Director, and the recent development of the Archaeological department has benefited by his energetic support. The fact of his repeated re-election to the Slade Professorship as each term of years ended would testify, were other proof wanting, to the appreciation in which his work has been held. The choice of a successor falls into the present month, and will be difficult to meet, especially if the very variable fate of the office at the sister University town on the Isis is to be taken as typical of chances. Many names have, however, been announced of candidates for the Cambridge Professorship: Mr. J. Henry Middleton, Mr. Watkiss Lloyd, Mr. W. M. Conway, Mr. Harry Quilter, Mr. Samuel Butler, Mr. F. Wedmore, and Mr. Ernest Radford.

A SMALL exhibition was opened in February, at the Fine Art Society's, of Views in London by Mr. Herbert Marshall, of the R.W.C.S. This artist, from the first, has shown a special love and a special aptitude for portraying the picturesque points of London riverside and street scenery. It is not given to everybody to perceive the delightful colour and characteristic forms of our strange city, where things old and new, ugly and fair, squalid and luxurious, are jostled together without design, but often with such odd fascination of effect; where the traffic of human life runs ceaselessly forward on foot and on wheels, and the sulphur-laden atmosphere adds weird flames to the rose of sunset and of dawn, and plays fantastic tricks with fleet storm-cloud and brooding fog. Some ancient buildings—as St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell, the interior of St. Bartholomew the Great, bits at Chelsea, &c., Mr. Marshall records in apt time, ere restoration or demolition sweep away their identity. But it is evident that the painter takes almost as much artistic pleasure in the things of the accidental present: the pretty turn westward of Kensington High Street, for instance, where Gilbert Scott's Church lifts a snowy spire above the curve of motley-faced houses. One of the best things here is the scene in Oxford Street when asphalters are laying down new roadway. Most of the work in the exhibition is in broad, comparatively direct, water-colour *technique;* but this picture, the view looking up Ludgate Hill and St. Paul's, and one or two others, show careful and elaborated research for quality and variety of tone. Of drawing—firm, conscientious, clean—there is always evidence: Mr. Marshall is a good colourist; but, firstly, he is an assured draughtsman.

THREE pictures, illustrating the story of *Jephthah's Vow*, have been added to the permanent exhibition of works by Mr. Edwin Long, R.A., at the galleries of Messrs. Fairless and Beeforth in Bond Street.

THE Fine Art Society will hold, in May, an exhibition of pictures and studies by Mr. Holman Hunt. It is to be hoped that all owners of works by this painter, who has ever been laborious rather than productive, will lend their pictures, so that the gathering may be a fair witness to a rarely earnest career.

AT the Goupil Galleries in Bond Street we Londoners have had the opportunity of 'supping full of horrors' before M. Benjamin Constant's monstrous canvas, 'Justice in the Harem' (*La Justice du Chérif, Espagne mauresque, xvme Siècle*). Herein the more or less naked bodies of the wretched favourites of a seraglio lie heaped together in hideous massacre on the

marble floor, victims of their lord's jealous fury. Strangulation and the scimitar have left the forms in attitudes of contortion; the executioners, with bloody weapons, stand or crouch in ghastly impassiveness beneath the shadow of the silken hangings, and turn a sidelong stare on the master of the harem, whose unseen approach one reads in their eyes. This repulsive subject is set forth with unctuously piled and impacted pigment, in the manner of powerful scene-painting, and with command of a dusky splendour of colour. The flesh-painting is not commendable for texture or modelling, though it has a certain largeness and surface brilliance. M. Constant is audacious with brush and palette-knife, and has undoubted power in management of scale. But, on the whole, the less we see in London of such horrors 'writ large' as *La Justice du Chérif* the better.

A HAPPY thought impelled a few collectors in the Burlington Fine Arts Club to gather from their portfolios and show on the walls of the writing-room, over thirty fine proofs of engravings done by Turner's contemporaries, from drawings hung among the collection at the Royal Academy Winter Exhibition. Especially interesting is the plate by W. R. Smith after the *Chain Bridge over the Tees*, shown in four stages: first, the silvery etching; then an early trial proof, touched by Turner; a further trial proof, with the rays of light put in with white-wash; finally, the completed proof. As a piece of close and subtle interpretation of a complex study this plate is perhaps most notable among Smith's Turner engravings. Wallis' plate after *Cowes*, with the calm sky and ships riding at anchor, seems to run short in reproducing the grave serenity of the drawing. Mr. Vaughan shows his sepia study by Turner for the *Glaucus and Scylla* in the 'Liber,' the background of which is adapted from the noble drawing, *Chryses on the Seashore*, lent by Mr. Bevan, at the Academy. The finished proof of Say's engraving was taken after Turner's death, and is heavy. Mr. J. E. Taylor lends an early trial proof of his *Derwentwater*, with Turner's instructions to the engraver scribbled in a large hand on the margin for 'more bold work, full of stones, great and small. N.B., the bow not so advanced by the rock;' directions which Radclyffe carried out in the finished proof with excellent intelligence, as Mr. Rawlinson's example shows. The sky is a very fine piece of interpretive engraving, and that hint about the rainbow duly followed has set all the relations right in the middle distance.

EXCAVATIONS at the Acropolis, Athens, proceed briskly. During February a find was made of two female statues, in good preservation. Traces of colour remain on the sculptures, which are supposed to date from the sixth or seventh century before Christ, and to have been buried after the devastation by the Persians, when the new Acropolis was raised in the time of Pericles. Reliable judgment on the question of period is, however, not yet pronounced.

A VOLUME illustrating the vases of Mycenae, with text by Herren Furtwängler and Loeschcke, and plentiful lithographs, photographs, &c., is published by Messrs. Asher for the Imperial German Institute of Archaeology at Athens.

THREE persons long familiar in art circles at Rome have passed away. First, Mr. Morris Moore, whose small collection of 'Old Masters' was one of the sights not of late years so accessible to visitors, unless they were likely to 'bid' for the gems which, in their eccentric owner's estimation, were of almost unattainable value. Mr. Moore associated himself with the honours given to the memory of Raffaelle in his native city, Urbino, and was chiefly instrumental in the purchase for the town of the Sanzio family house, where the sweet group on the wall of one room of a woman and babe is said to have been painted by Giovanni Sanzio from his wife with the infant Raffaelle in her arms. But the link of Morris Moore to recollection by *cognoscenti* is the fact that for many years he was the proud owner of the exquisite little picture, *Apollo and Marsyas*, assigned to Raffaelle, and engraved in the life of the artist by M. E. Muntz. The work was not long since purchased for the Louvre after divers transactions over previous years, during one of which, at least, our own authorities let slip opportunity. The picture has been variously attributed by critics, who refuse to see in the handling the mark of the great Sanzio at the stage of his career to which the Peruginesque style of design and quality of colour would inevitably assign it.

Mr. Penry Williams, whose pictures of Roman contadini and the incidents of life on the Campagna had become almost traditional, died in February, not in the Eternal City, where for so long he was a familiar figure, but in his native land, Wales.

Mr. Shakespeare Wood, sculptor by profession, in the romantic school not now held of much account, was better known and accredited for his acquaintance with the archaeology of Rome, into the details of which he often served as privileged cicerone, and for many years he had held the post of local correspondent to the *Times*.

AN Exhibition of the works of the late Paul Baudry, whose chief performances are the ceiling decoration of the grand Opera House in Paris, and mural pictures in the *Salle des Séances* at the Court of Cassation, will be held this month in the Académie des Beaux-Arts.

MESSRS. OBACH have been showing in Cockspur Street the famous *La Rixe* by Meissonier, the property of H. M. the Queen, together with M. Bracquemond's brilliant etching. It cannot be said that the manners of the two artists are in accord as interpreter and interpreted, but M. Bracquemond's plate has both the virtues and the defects of his distinguished qualities.

AN early death in Florida, whither he had gone for health, has prematurely closed the career among us of a popular artist and illustrator. The name of Randolph Caldecott will keep green in the remembrance of older and more critical folk than the children for whose delight he designed his dainty little comedies of rustic and suburban life 'when George was king,' his nursery-tale inventions, and spirited episodes of the hunting-field. A quick eye and responsive hand went far to atone for the lack of that early systematic training from which the artist's first destination to business precluded him. He adopted the practice of modelling his figures to strengthen his knowledge of form, and some of his little groups have from time to time been shown at the Grosvenor Gallery. Humour of a delicate and genial quality, which involved also a sense of the pathetic, pervaded his illustrations, and no more suitable co-operation could have been found than the combination of Mr. Caldecott's pencil with the pen of the late Mrs. Juliana Ewing in her inimitable stories for children, and it is a pathetic coincidence that the artist should so soon follow out of our sight the writer whom he so sympathetically interpreted.

ation, as many as five different but artfully united blocks have been certainly distinguished. No other works by these sculptors are known, and but for this casual notice by Pliny their names and nation would have escaped record absolutely. The basis is uninscribed. Some of the other great antique statues bear artists' names—the Venus de' Medici, the Farnese Hercules—but names which have no places even in Pliny's miscellaneous enumerations; while for others, as the Apollo Belvedere and the Diana of the Louvre, we have not even this shadowy hint of authorship.

The comparison of the group with Virgil's verses, which could not but be instituted immediately, disclosed the widest divergence; but this was not allowed to deprive connoisseurs of their chance of an argument. Was the imagination of the poet stimulated by familiarity with the marble? Were the sculptors under any obligations whatever to the suggestions of the poetry? The last question assumed that they might have wrought within the limits or the influence of the Augustan age; a possibility for which more might be said than is recognised by the recent writers, who would confidently restore the sequences and connexions of a history of which not only links, but whole lengths of links, are lost beyond recovery.

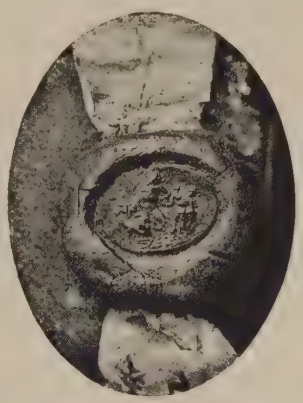
The great Lessing, in his work 'Laocoön,' finally interposed, and dispersed much of the mere smoke and dust of the controversy, by taking occasion to set forth the very sound principle that every art has its special capabilities and special limitations; but it is not, however, without surprise that we find him assuming that the Mantuan poet availed himself as happily of the resources of his art as the Rhodian sculptors took advantage of theirs.

Conington thus translates:—

> 'We fly distraught; unswerving they
> Toward Laocoön hold their way;
> First round his two young sons they wreathe
> And grind their limbs with savage teeth:
> Then, as with arms he comes to aid,
> The wretched father they invade
> And twine in giant folds: twice round
> His stalwart waist their spires are wound,
> Twice round his neck, while over all
> Their heads and crests tower high and tall.
> He strains his strength their knots to tear,
> While gore and slime his fillets smear,
> And to the unregardful skies
> Sends up his agonising cries:
> A wounded bull such moaning makes,
> When from his neck the axe he shakes,
> Ill-aimed, and from the altar breaks.'

The phrase, 'grinding their limbs,' introduces a certain confusion of ideas between destruction by devouring or by a poisonous bite; but this is chargeable on the original. Conington borrowed the phrase itself from Dryden, who on his part did not disdain, in his translation of this book, to be obliged for a line and a rhyme or two to Denham.

But, further and seriously, as regards Virgil himself, there is something intolerably incongruous in the victim roaring like a bull when the serpents are



SEAL IN THE POSSESSION OF LORD ARUNDELL OF WARDOUR.

twined not only twice round his waist but twice round his neck; and no less in his ability, at the same time, to tear away with both hands at the knotted coils. The 'giant folds' of the translator make matters worse. The vivid description cannot but excite an image as lively, but the livelier the

THE LAOCOÖN GROUP. ENLARGED FROM THE SEAL.

more unfortunate. A Pompeian wall-painting shows in the preserved portion Laocoön struggling with one great serpent, a son upon the ground apart overcome by another, while a bull—the intended sacrifice—is rushing away free. This introduction of an escaping bull makes it highly probable that the picture preserves the motive of a composition which Virgil really had in his mind. By the course of his description he manages to secure three deaths by two lethal agencies; but it is at the cost of adopting two separate groups, as the serpents relinquish their repast on the sons to attack the father—a division of incidents which might suit a painter, but that a sculptor must repudiate. Lessing unluckily enough strains an interpretation of the poet, in order to combine his

two groups and consecutive incidents; and to favour the hypothesis that the artists had regard to this particular description, he assumes the purport of it to be that the reptiles were still holding on to the sons by the folds of their tails, while extending so far as to twist round and round the father as he pressed forward to assist them.

To the sculpture we now may turn. One snake has wound itself round and about the lower limbs of the victims, and the other above enrings and restrains their arms; in this manner is conveyed the same sense of a concerted attack as by their parallel movement abreast across sea and land, which the poet insists on. The artists, it will be observed, forbore to bestow work in indicating the scale-like surface of the creatures' skins. The constant variation and the character of the curves of their winding and twisting bodies express the utmost contractile power, combined with a flexibility and sensitiveness which enable them to feel the encircled or covered limbs, and to lift or hold them without compressing them, or even forcibly flattening their own spires. They simply confine and lock the limbs, holding them powerless for resistance or flight from the sudden and piercing poisonous tooth.

One liberty which the artists have taken is very remarkable, but fully justifies itself as an exercise of consummate skill and masterly daring. This consists in a neglect of the natural proportions between the father and his sons. It has even been objected that the sons are not children, but little men. This is not so; children indeed they are not, but neither are they men. Regard them by themselves, and we see that they have the contours and proportions of youth; one of the age appropriate to the exercises of the *palaestra*, and the other well distinguished as a few years younger. It is not that the sons are represented as dwarfed men or overgrown children, but that the father, upon whom chief interest is to be concentrated, is gigantic; and his heroic mass tells with all the more force upon spectators from the nearer approach of the companion figures to their own. The group of the Niobe and her daughter exemplifies the same artifice and its value.

But before proceeding further, it is necessary to come to a right understanding as to the true restoration of the lost right arm of Laocoön. Nothing could be worse than that which has been adopted, and, in consequence, is reproduced, too often without protest, in one treatise or history of sculpture after another. We see that the left hand, which grasps the narrowing coil not far from the head, is still unable even to compress it, much less to wrench away the stiff though flowing flexure which brings the fang to the spot selected for the aim. What, then, can be more incongruous than the exhibition of freedom with which we see Laocoön stretch his right arm to its full extent of reach, and carry up the length of serpent, unresisting as if it were a supple rope or so much flexible tubing?

But, in fact, there has never been room to doubt that this arm was originally bent back towards the head of Laocoön, where there remains a sufficient sign of an attachment. In this connexion the very highest interest attaches to an antique memorial, the impression of an intaglio, of which we are enabled, by the kind courtesy of the Lord Arundell of Wardour, to put an adequate representation for the first time on permanent record. The seal is attached to a document in his lordship's possession, dated 1529, the twenty-first year of Henry VIII., and thus only twenty-three years after the discovery of the group. It is a grant by Thomas Colyns, who was prior of the alien priory of Tywardreth, near St. Austell Bay in Cornwall, from 1507 to 1539, of an advowson to Thomas Arundell, armiger. It would be interesting to be able to decide positively whether the intaglio from which the impression was made was an antique, or a work executed after the discovery of the marble. Colyns is known to have had transactions with the Apostolic see under Leo X., who succeeded Julius II.; and it would doubtless be consistent with chronology for the engraving of the signet to have been of the same century as the impression. Mr. C. W. King, however, the author of the well-known treatise on ancient gems, who wrote an article on the seal in the 'Archaeological Journal' (1867, page 45), expressed a decided judgment 'that it displays a totally different *technique*, in the mode of its execution, to the miniature groups of P. M. da Pescia, the friend of Michelangelo.' He says it 'is worked out—as the impression, though dulled and wasted by time, unmistakably shows—almost entirely with the diamond point, that grand agent of the best masters in ancient glyptics, but totally unknown to their emulators of the cinque-cento school.'

My own conclusion leans decidedly to agreement with Mr. C. King's, as to the true antiquity of the original gem which is represented in our engraving; and in any case is absolutely in favour of accepting it, as exhibiting a correct completion of the Rhodian composition. We make out clearly that the right arm of Laocoön was bent back at the elbow towards his head; that it was retained so bent by the coils of the serpent, which, reappearing from behind him, passed down over his arm below the shoulder to enring it, and rising up behind the elbow, caught his wrist, perhaps to be grasped ineffectively by his hand. We then see that it was continued to catch the elevated hand and wrist of the younger boy, even as the tail of the comrade snake curls round the slim ankle of his brother. So it was that the fatal knot was shown inextricably complete, and the final expression given to the utter powerlessness of the

victims, and to the instinctive co-operation of the reptiles associated in the deadly mission. It will be observed in how admirable and unforced a manner the design contrives that no similar limbs shall be oppressed in the same way. This principle makes it certain that the right forearm was not crossed by a fold, which must have covered the upper arm as shown by the gem. The lower snake has not only wound the extremity of its tail round the ankle of the elder son, but has so lifted the foot from the ground, and so detains it, as to render him powerless to run, if not even to stand for long. Coiling then round the father's left leg, it passes sinuously to fasten a knot round his right leg higher up, including with it both those of the younger boy. This boy also is lifted off his feet, and his knees are forced close together; he finds both his arms at the same time locked in the coils, and it is only instinctively—with no energy of resistance—that his hand moves to the spot where he feels the piercing tooth. It is apparent how, in the same manner, the mighty right knee of Laocoön is held bent by the enfolding contractile spires, so that he loses footing on this side as decidedly as on the other, and he is only preserved from falling by resting against the altar.

It will not fail to be observed that the truer restoration which is authorised by the gem would correct the overbalance of the general group and favour that pyramidal symmetry which has so often been prized by the greatest artists as expressive of concentrated motive and interest. It is due to the false restoration of the arm that the true motive of the general action of Laocoön has been obscured for so many critics. Visconti could even regard him as seated on the altar; but his attitude has to be explained by the sudden confluence of two impulses. He is not simply dropping convulsed with pain and desperate effort: we must conceive that at the very moment when he was rushing to his right to succour the younger son, already threatened, he feels the lancing teeth of the serpent in his own hip; flinching here instinctively, with a pang of surprise and indignation, he grasps the reptile in vain, and in obedience to inevitable reflex action bends back head and chest, while the constraining coils of the snake are already depriving him of support below. The position in which the right arm is detained sufficiently expresses the menacing motive of his eager interposition; and the sculptor perfectly enables us to dispense with the introduction of weapons, the mention of which, even in the poetry, is felt as somewhat incongruous. The younger son is all but unconscious of anything but his own pain and peril; the elder, unwounded but entangled, even suspends his efforts to release himself and to escape, as he looks back at his father with horror and anguish. It is in the features of Laocoön himself that we have the moral interpretation of the general circumstances of the incident, and of the combined expression of his gestures and attitude. The gasping mouth is indicative of no sudden shriek, but of the full inhalation, which is natural at a moment of sudden surprise and anguish—the same

THE INFANT HERCULES STRANGLING THE SERPENTS.
COIN OF CROTONA.

that elevates the chest; the knitted brow yet bears the clearly written lines of wrath and fatherly grief—the promptings of the preceding moment. Thus are exhibited all the gradations of physical and mental

HERCULES STRANGLING SERPENTS. COIN OF THEBES.

suffering, which, as elements of affliction, contribute to the sentiment of tragic pathos: the horror, the sudden pang, the fainting despair, the deeper pang of stricken and frustrated affection. The younger son still exhibits vanishing traces of appeal to paternal love, and to the protection which the father is prompt to render, when his own catastrophe evokes the dismay of the son who is not yet beyond hope of escape. This elder brother thus, like the chorus in a Greek tragedy, is the intermediate link that seems to unite

the spectators of the sculpture as spectators of the tragedy which it represents.

The key of the sentiment of the entire composition lies chiefly in appreciation of the sentiment of the face of Laocoön. How much is not here at stake! Those who have not the true sympathetic instincts of Art will misinterpret Art's plainest handwritings; and to such this sculptured group is likely enough to appear simply horrible. With the 'Agamemnon' of Aeschylus and the 'King Lear' of Shakespeare in our minds, it is not easy to set limits to the horrors which may be treated by truly noble art. But genius exercised upon such subjects demands sympathetic appreciation; it is only due to the absence of this that the art of an Aeschylus, a Sophocles, and *à fortiori* of the Rhodian sculptors, becomes what art should never be—becoming which, it ceases to be fine art—painful, revolting. Shakespeare, by a metaphor which he at least did not think overstrained, could typify Pity as a 'naked new-born babe striding the blast;' and he trusted accordingly to the purifying influence of compassion to temper the awe excited by the direst sufferings of humanity. It is in the frame of mind which he appealed to that the votary of art, who would be more than an archaeologist or a critic of technicalities and styles, must confront the pangs of a Laocoön or the sorrows of a Niobe.

Monuments of antiquity, which this group calls to mind, are of strangely contrasted proportions. The figure of the infant Hercules strangling the serpents, which occurs on the coins of Thebes and of Crotona, exhibits a type which has equal analogy to the Laocoön, and to a colossal giant overpowered by a serpent in the battle of gods and giants on the podium of the great altar of Zeus at Pergamus—the 'throne of Satan' alluded to in the book of Revelation.

W. Watkiss Lloyd.

IMAGINATION IN LANDSCAPE PAINTING.

X.—*Unity as a Result of Imagination.*

IT is lucky for the fine arts, and, I believe, a purely accidental consequence of the imaginative way of conceiving or remembering what is visible, that when the realities of the material world have passed through the alembic of the imagination they gain as much in unity as they lose in minuteness of detail. That this result is in a certain sense accidental seems to be proved by the fact that it is due quite as much to weakness of memory as to strength of invention. An artist whose memory had *no* failures would retain everything so perfectly that he would always be painting from nature, and he would lose the advantage of that natural selection and omission which the unequal action of the memory makes involuntary. This is one of those curious but very frequent cases in which a defect turns out to be really an advantage. The unity that charms us in a landscape by Gainsborough or David Cox, and which contributed so powerfully to build up the astonishingly high reputation of Corot, is due in great part to the same natural infirmity of the memory that makes it so difficult for the schoolboy to retain details that do not interest him. In art, however, this infirmity would be of no practical value if it were not subordinate to feeling. The sentiment of the artist makes certain things interesting and important to him, and as his sentiment governs the action of his memory, he remembers only what is necessary. No one who has not studied the subject with close attention can fully realise the great practical advantage which the imaginative artist derives from his habit of involuntary omission. It is not only useful to him in forgetting *things* which would uselessly intrude, but it also enables him to pass over all those qualities in nature that would interfere with his special purpose. In this way it may be said to be essential to masterly execution and to style. Nothing, in the execution of the great masters, is more remarkable than their broad and simple manner of painting. How simply Titian painted, and our own Gainsborough and Reynolds! How different their work is in this respect from that of many inferior artists! The reason is that they never painted without imagination, and therefore were delivered from the tyranny of those qualities in nature that importune the painter who observes and does not imagine. The same quality of simplification is conspicuous in the whole of Girtin's work, and in that of David Cox. To my mind there is something profoundly satisfactory in the independence with which Girtin left unfurnished spaces in his drawings. The unimaginative inventors of recipes for composition would have told him to put groups of figures or cattle in his unfurnished spaces, and to cut his quiet lines with buildings, but he never would put a figure or a building where his own imaginative sentiment did not feel the need. There are many drawings by David Cox which depend on the simplicity in the use of material for their lasting effect upon the mind. 'The Windmill' that Mr. Brandard engraved for us* is a case in point. The immediate foreground is, in itself, dull; the bit of road in the left-hand corner is

* See the Portfolio for January 1886.

insignificant, and the long band of heather is neither interesting nor clearly made out. Beyond this lies a broad space of shade containing nothing that is attractive. The sky is so extremely quiet that the subtle arrangement of its cloud-forms (if they can be called forms) must escape the attention of every one except an experienced artist or critic. The house is not very picturesque, and certainly has no pretension to beauty, nor is it easily explicable how such disproportionately large dormer-windows co-exist with the very low front which is all there is room for under them. The horse and cart, with the driver, seem commonplace, and show no special invention; the trees are stunted, the rising ground so low as to have none of the interest of hills. All these criticisms are just, but they are beside the mark. The one merit of the drawing is the perfect unity of impression that it conveys. Nothing in the whole composition is sufficiently interesting to set up a conflict with the windmill. Substitute, mentally, a pretty piece of architecture for the cottage, and the interest would be too much carried to the right. Observe how the little interest there is diminishes gradually like a dying cadence in music, the dormer windows are nearest the mill, then you have the chimney, and after that nothing but a low roof. The only tree that shows some slight elaboration is near the centre of the drawing, that behind the cottage to the right is a mere blot. Never was composition less obtrusive, and yet you have it everywhere. The windmill is a sort of triangle with a steep side to the left, and a more sloping side to the right. A similar diminution to the right is repeated in the cottage and figures. A broadly curved sweep in the mass of darker cloud is repeated in a steeper curve by the birds. Lastly, whatever arrangements of minor material may have seemed advisable, the artist has not for one moment forgotten that the subject of his drawing was the Windmill, which is as predominant and as important as it can be.

GLENDEARG, CATTERMOLE.

This simplicity of treatment is of the kind that belongs especially to Imagination. Its opposite is to be found in those numerous compositions in which the one dread of the artist is that some part of his work may be condemned as uninteresting. To escape from this criticism he fills it from end to end with heterogeneous matter, and amuses the vulgar spectator by putting the materials of half-a-dozen pictures that might separately have been satisfactory into one inconsistent accumulation.

The reader may perhaps ask at this point where is the feeling that has been mentioned as distinguishing artistic from scientific or mechanical imagination? The answer is that feeling is shown here by the artist's quiet and happy contentment with the sources of interest that the rustic scene really afforded. The reader may examine the work as closely as he likes; he will not find even the very slightest intrusion of any foreign element, neither does the artist vainly attempt to ennoble the simple materials before him by giving them a grandeur not their own. A common draughtsman would not hesitate to introduce a lady and gentleman on horseback into such a scene, and would think their presence an improvement on the vacant bit of road in the corner.

A very perfect example of the simplicity and unity which belong to those imaginative compositions that are suggested by feeling is Cattermole's drawing of *Glendearg*, engraved by Willmore as an illustration to Scott's 'Monastery,' and mentioned long ago with approbation in the first volume of 'Modern Painters.' Cattermole did not quite strictly adhere to Scott's description, having too clear an imaginative conception of his own to follow that of another, but Scott's word-picture has the same quality of unity produced by feeling.

'A November mist overspread the little valley, up which slowly but steadily rode the monk Eustace. He was not insensible to the feeling of melancholy inspired by the scene and by the season. The stream seemed to murmur with a deep and oppressed note, as if bewailing the departure of autumn. Among the scattered copses which here and there fringed its banks, the oak-trees only retained that pallid green that precedes their russet hue. The leaves of the willows were most of them stripped from the branches,

lay rustling at each breath and disturbed by every step of the mule; while the foliage of other trees, totally withered, kept still precarious possession of the boughs, waiting the first wind to scatter them.'

Cattermole held very loosely to this description. His monk is riding down the valley instead of up it, as we know by the flowing of the water; and he gives us neither the mist of November, nor the scattered oak copses, nor the willows. His drawing, therefore, must be taken simply on its own merits as an original conception of border landscape. A stony stream, rather broad and very rapid, flows past the foot of a low, bare, and steep hill, behind which the sun has set, leaving still just enough light to fill three or four faint streaks of level cloud. The monk has been riding on a narrow path between this hill and the water, and the knight is galloping after him at the hill's foot. The only trees are two poor trunks, that look like alder, on the bare shore to the right in the middle distance, and two copse-bushes far away. The bareness of the hill is complete, and evidently intentional as an important element in the dreary, wild, and thoroughly northern character of the scene. The water is monotonous in its swift flowing; it does not rest in a calm pool, to flow on again when it has rested.

The subject is exactly one of those that the vulgar artist would consider uninteresting. The bare hill would seem to him to require ornament of some sort; and he would either diversify it with roads, or clothe its nakedness with trees, or sublimise it into a mountain. The poverty of the opposite shore would seem to call for a cottage or a fisherman. He would not like the general stony character of the stream, but would group the scattered stones together picturesquely on one side. By all these improvements he might, perhaps, succeed in making his work more saleable; but he would effectually destroy that simple unity of character which in Cattermole's drawing resulted from feeling and imagination.

XI. *How the Imagination deals with Definite Lines and Proportions.*

If one were suddenly asked what is the greatest need of the Imagination, he would probably answer either 'abundance of materials' or else 'liberty.'

A great abundance of material to select from is indeed evidently necessary; but not less necessary is great liberty in the employment of it. This need for liberty has been felt by the poets to such a degree that they have seldom been willing even to let themselves be bound by the laws of Nature; and when they have had small belief, or no belief, in the supernatural, they have assumed a poetical belief in it merely for its extreme convenience. Nor is there any sign that this tendency is diminishing as we become more scientific. On the contrary, the distinction between poetry and what is not poetry is more and more clearly seen to be the distinction between imaginative and unimaginative literature. The tendency is more and more to leave to poetry the utmost freedom in the fields of both the natural and the supernatural; and our most recent bards are accustomed to feign what are called superstitious beliefs even more frequently than their immediate predecessors. There is less of the supernatural in Scott and Byron than in Rossetti.

It is, however, incomparably easier to deal with realities imaginatively in poetry than in painting, since in poetry the desired liberty may be aided by an intentional vagueness of expression; whereas in painting the possibility of vagueness is much more limited, and there are many things which the painter *must* express with some degree of definition. There are things, too, which he must not only define, but represent in certain fixed proportions, on pain of appearing ignorant. It is impossible for the most imaginative artist to enjoy any freedom in painting a Doric column. We should say, in looking at the picture, that the column was more or less pure in type; and if it were not carefully done, we should say that the drawing was inaccurate. In a good, authentic Doric column, the outline, as every student knows, is not a straight line, but a very delicate convex curve. If a painter were to omit the curve, he would give the column a stiffness that it has not in reality; but if he drew the curve at all visibly he would probably exaggerate it. In either case there would be very little room for imagination. If he curved the outline more on one side than the other, we should all declare that he could not draw; and nobody would listen to any demand for such liberty on the ground of imaginative requirements.

Architecture has been so often introduced into landscape, and was an element of such importance in the landscapes of Turner and Claude, that I am not going out of my way in taking architectural drawing as a conveniently positive and measurable test of the action of the imagination in dealing with things of a definite shape.

It is to be observed, first, that in all sketches done in the heat of imagination, architectural forms, however rigid and severe, are dealt with as freely as anything else. What has been just said about the painter and the Doric column referred to pictures only. In sketches the most famous painters work in a manner which, to the unintelligent, must appear ignorant and careless; but which in reality is nothing more than the free play of mind upon the subject.

This is also the case even with architects. One of the most interesting and beautiful architectural works ever published—Baron de Geymüller's work on the early projects for St. Peter's at Rome—contains

facsimiles of many sketches by Bramante and others, which were projects set down on paper whilst the ideas were still fresh in the brain and the imagination in full activity. In all these sketches, though the subjects are the rigid forms of Renaissance architecture, the hand is as little restrained, and the drawing as remote from strict accuracy, as that of a landscape-painter occupied in sketching a tree.

This by way of parenthesis, as our present concern is with painters only. I allude to architects because they are of necessity most strict and accurate men; and yet, as we see, their accuracy gives way before Imagination. The architect will become accurate again when the actual work of invention is completed, and he has only to elaborate its results.

I see no great difference between the imagination of a painter when he deals with architecture and that of the architect himself, supposing the latter to be, as he ought always to be, an artist. At the moment of invention the painter will sketch loosely, even (as it may seem) wildly; but when he works out his idea in a finished picture, he will become accurate in exact proportion to the degree of finish he aims at.

Nothing is more likely to deceive an unthinking critic than the sort of finish given to buildings in Claude's pictures. It is so quietly methodical—the temper of the workman seems so entirely destitute of passion—that one can hardly credit him with imagination. For example, in the familiar *Embarkation of the Queen of Sheba*,* it would be difficult for any one who thought of the picture only, without recollecting Claude's sketches, to believe that any imagination had gone to the drawing of the buildings, which are ruled with a mechanical carefulness. Look at the square-cut stones in the corner, under the arch, and the Corinthian column. See how careful the artist has been about the mason's work, laying it stone by stone, and not forgetting the iron clamps that hold the stones together. Observe the steps by which the Queen and her followers are descending, with what almost Philistine accuracy the lines of the perspective are ruled. They would, indeed, have been perfectly intolerable in a picture without the groups of figures that interrupt them. In like manner the hard, mechanical drawing of the palace, with the portico, makes us long for the relief which is supplied just in the right place by the beautiful group of trees. Mr. Murray's engraving well translates the calm manner of Claude, but to appreciate it fully one must see not only how the architecture is drawn, but how it is *painted*—with what workmanlike regularity the paint is applied to one stone after another, there being exactly the same degree of imperceptible excitement in every case. *Some* degree of excitement is necessary to the production of every picture.

This calmness, this deliberate care, in the treatment of architecture is, I believe, common to all the pictures of Claude, as it is certainly common to all those which I have seen. When, however, we turn to his etchings, we find a touch decidedly more picturesque and a pleasure in the treatment of more or less broken line, even in classical architecture. Thus, the columns and architrave to the left in the *Campo Vaccino* are treated with an evident desire to avoid hardness, and so are the massive fluted columns, with the rich Corinthian capitals, that support a fragmentary architrave in the *Troupeau en Marche par un Temps d'Orage*. In the famous *Sunrise* plate the Roman triumphal arch to the left is almost as picturesque in its decay as it would be in a modern water-colour. In *La Danse au Bord de l'Eau* there is a small water-mill with a tower, and Claude is as careful about the picturesque quality of these buildings as Brunet-Debaines might be. He avoids outline altogether, relieving the tower against the wood, and the cottage against the tower, by the simple opposition of light and dark, whilst he carefully shows in these white silhouettes that the masonry is somewhat touched by Time, and that it is not vertical. All this seems to indicate a much more picturesque imagination than we should guess at from the *Queen of Sheba*.

But it is when we come to Claude's sketches that we see how picturesque his imagination really was. It was not chilled or arrested by severity in buildings, but dealt with easily and naturally, on principles that will have to be elucidated shortly with reference to modern sketching of non-ruinous architecture.

The probability seems to be that the love of careful and mechanical architectural drawing in finished pictures had come to Claude from Raphael, as Raphael himself had got it from the early Italian painters directly through Perugino.* It will scarcely be a digression to give some thought to the Raphaelesque formality in this place, on account of its great influence. There is a very good example of it in the picture called the *Madonna Ansidei*, recently added to our National Gallery. The Virgin is seated on a throne raised on a plinth, to which access is given by two steps that look very like a large box and a smaller one. The plinth is adorned with a Greek fret and panelled in front; the box-like steps are also panelled. Above the throne is a canopy and beyond it a lofty round arch.

All this mechanical part of the picture is arranged as symmetrically as a two-handled vase. Nor is this the only known form of the same subject. In the *Virgin with the Baldacchino* (Pitti) the arrangement of throne and arch is the same, except that the arch is filled by an apse instead of having an open view,

* See PORTFOLIO for March 1886.

* This is not a guess; there is clear evidence.

and in the Ripalda *Holy Family* the arch is a tympanum above the picture and separated from it by a frieze. In the three pictures the mechanical drawing is equally perfect. There exists, however, a sketch of the motive common to these pictures, though with other figures, and in the sketch the throne and plinth, with the two box-like steps, are drawn quite as lightly and freely as the architecture in Claude's pen-sketches—nay, the instinctive desire to *avoid* excessive symmetry which characterises most sketches has its satisfaction in the simple omission of one half the high back of the throne, whilst the arch is indicated by three loose curved lines on one side it is quite superfluous, as there are two strong dolphins to do the work.*

The mechanical perfection in the pictures of Raphael and Claude may have been partly due to the indirect influences of the burin. The classical school of engraving had developed a taste for severe lines in backgrounds, as it dealt far more easily with anything that could be ruled, or defined with a clear curve, than with the forms of natural landscape. In this way it is not improbable that the work of Marc Antonio, and others, in the backgrounds of figure-pictures, may have had an influence on landscape-painting. They liked pavements, columns, and

ARCHITECTURAL COMPOSITION. FROM AN ETCHING BY CANALETTI.

only. This is one instance out of many. In a finished picture by Raphael the mechanical work is always sure to be done mechanically, but whilst he is actually composing and imagining, it is as loose and free as a rapid etching of Rembrandt. The mechanical work in the pictures may have been done by another hand, but there are drawings by Raphael (as distinguished from sketches of ideas) in which the perspective is carefully made out with a ruler. There is evidence, too, that Raphael had rather a mechanical turn of mind. As an architect he was familiar with rigid forms and exact measurements, and whenever any bit of mechanism came in his way, he took pleasure in giving it his attention. One of the most interesting instances is a sort of foretoken or hint of the future paddle-wheels that propel steamers. This is in the *Triumph of Galatea*, where a small paddle-wheel is drawn very carefully, though orders, with perhaps a glimpse of landscape in the distance. If we wonder at the ease with which Claude and Canaletti tolerated extremely stiff and artificial foregrounds made by masons, the explanation may be found in the classical school of engraving and in the use of a tool which is not a painter's tool—the burin.

The practice of etching, on the other hand, in our own day has impelled the graphic arts generally in another direction, which is well worth inquiring into, as it involves a most curious question about truth.

Suppose that an artist has to draw some pure and rigid piece of architecture, such as a new stone house

* Narrow theorists sometimes place the artistic and mechanical intellects in opposition, as if they were irreconcilable; yet not only have we the case of Lionardo da Vinci, but, in fact, every architect of real imaginative power *must* unite the two intellects in his own person.

of severe classical design (it does not signify whether it is a reality or only an architectural project), we all know that whatever very slight irregularities there may be in the edges of the stone, they will be invisible a few yards off, and that if the artist is far enough away to see the building as a whole, it will be represented for him by lines so pure that the ruled line of the professional architectural engraver is only just clear enough and accurate enough to represent them. But now comes an artist like Lalanne, for example, who has to draw the well-finished masonry, and nothing can induce him to work with that degree of precision. We may be sure that the objection does not arise from indolence; it must come from an artistic motive of which the artist may or may not be conscious. It would be easy to say that Lalanne draws severe buildings loosely because such treatment is artistic, but, *prenez garde!* have we not just seen that both Claude and Raphael tolerated clear lines in their finished work, and shall we go so far as to say that it was not artistic? If we said that, we ought to say the same of sculpture and of classical burin engraving. No; the hard, clear drawing in Raphael's backgrounds is artistic, since it goes well with the finish of his figures, but it has the serious defect of not stimulating the imagination of the spectator. I do not say that it is not the product of imagination in Raphael. In his own peculiar way he had a great deal of imagination; he imagined noble personages amidst noble surroundings, but his finished work does not greatly stimulate the imaginations of others.

If the reader will turn to one of Lalanne's etchings, or to one of his pen-sketches in some modern city, such as Paris, he will see at once that his peculiar treatment of formal, highly finished modern buildings is much more the expression of a certain feeling experienced in a place than an attempt to imitate what might be seen by hard and careful looking. In order to spare the reader the trouble of a reference to a past number of the PORTFOLIO, or to my volume on 'Paris,' I have requested the publishers to reprint in this place Lalanne's sketch-view of the *Boulevard St. Germain.* It may be objected that this is only a sketch, and that Raphael himself sketched loosely; but the difference is, that Lalanne always works on the same principle, though, when he etches, the greater perfection of the etching process would make the work look more refined.

BOULEVARD ST. GERMAIN.

The first quality that strikes me in this sketch is that it immediately produces the impression of being on the Boulevard itself. Before I have had time to examine a single detail I am in Paris, close to the church of St. Germain, and feel an impulse to go and see some things and people I know in the neighbourhood. This comes from the lively truth of aspect which has been seized upon by the artist. This sketch seems to contain many details; but when I try to examine them I only find a suggestion which is generally the merest hint, my own intimate knowledge of the locality, and an easily stimulated imagination, doing the rest. Let us take one detail. The nearest tree does not grow as most trees grow, from the soil, thicker near the ground where the roots

begin to spread; the fact being that we cannot see the beginning of the roots, as they are down below a circular grating. The reader will see this grating rapidly indicated by a line, and within it he will see three or four other lines converging towards the trunk. I know what Lalanne means by these hints. He means that the design of the grating radiates like the spokes of a wheel. Let us now pass to the block of houses on the left. Its general proportions are most truthful, and the details are effectually suggested to one who is familiar with Parisian houses; but not one of them is drawn with anything like the severity which in reality belongs to architecture of that kind. There is almost every truth in the sketch except that severity, and the absence of it may be excused in this way:—So long as we look at a scene of this kind in the reality without effort, without close scrutiny, we do not see much more clearly than in the sketch. Our impression is a confused impression of a multitude of details, and we do not perceive the severity of clear lines as we should if we looked at them steadily. I may add that the sketch gives an excellent idea of Paris in another way. There is not much effect, but we feel that we are in a place where there is a predominance of light tones.

A sketch of this kind is a collection of hints to awaken memory. The water-colours of Jules Jacquemart were done on the same principle of defining nothing, but giving as many hints as possible. There is no reason why oil-colour should not be used in the same way, and, in fact, it is frequently so used by clever artists. The word 'clever,' it may be observed in passing, is more frequently applied to suggestive artists than to any others.

This kind of drawing is a consequence of practice with the etching-needle, an instrument that conveniently expresses knowledge in this way and suggests straight, complete things, by lines that are crooked and incomplete. This kind of drawing can never, therefore, be precisely true when rigid, highly-finished architecture has to be drawn, yet it suggests more numerous truths than the more perfect kind of drawing ever realises. An architect's draughtsman would give the pilasters on the house-fronts accurately, but he would not convey either the truths that I have pointed out in Lalanne's sketch, or others that I pass in silence.

P. G. Hamerton.

LANDSCAPE, SKETCHED BY WILLIAM MÜLLER.

ENGRAVED BY C. O. MURRAY.

MANY readers of the Portfolio have no doubt attempted to sketch in water-colours. The medium seems to offer such delightful facilities. On a warm summer's day the water-colour dries so fast that it is ready to go on with in a few minutes, and if the sketcher is animated by the necessary ardour he can go almost from beginning to end of his enterprise without let or hindrance from his materials. In colder weather the same rapidity of drying may be ensured by mixing brandy with the water, if the temperance principles of the artist do not forbid him to employ spirituous liquors. All this is apparently most convenient; but it is found in practice that for *good* and rapid water-colour sketching something more is needed than the facilities inherent in the materials. There must be a corresponding gift—a gift of sympathy with water-colour and natural inclination to rapidity in the employment of it—in the mind of the artist himself. Many a good, sound painter has nothing of this gift, and contents himself with pencil or pen sketches when he has not time to make a study in oil, or, if he attempts water-colour, he finds that it takes, in his case, quite as much time as oil, and that a study seems to contain nothing unless it has cost him several sittings. A born water-colour sketcher like Müller will produce, in a couple of hours, a sketch that fully conveys the impression of a scene, and though of course there cannot be much detail, the absence of it is scarcely perceived at first. A more serious defect in a very rapid sketch is always likely to be a certain flatness in the patches of colour, which the artist has not had time to improve by modelling.

The engraving that we publish herewith is a new and, we think, an interesting experiment. The inconvenience of pure mezzotint is that so much scraping has to be done to clear the lighter parts, and although aquatint might be employed for these, and mezzotint for the darks, it is found that the two do not combine quite harmoniously. Mr. Murray has tried the combination of sulphur surface-biting for the lighter shades, with mezzotint for the darker, and a moderate reinforcement of pure linear etching for line and extreme darks. The experiment appears to us to be successful, and indeed the result comes nearer to the quality of water-colour than mezzotint alone could do, whilst the combination gives greater depth and richness than aquatint. There is certainly nothing incongruous, or in any way illegitimate, in the combination.

Editor.

DANIEL CHODOWIECKI.

A 'LITTLE MASTER' OF THE LAST CENTURY.

A LOVE for minute exactitude in details, be it of costume or accessories, is a characteristic trait of our time that makes itself felt on the stage, in historical painting, in plays and romances; and it is therefore not surprising that in such an age a taste should have revived for the 'Little Masters' of a past epoch, who faithfully held up the mirror to their time and reproduced it naturally without adornment or exaggeration. A worthy contemporary of our English Bewick and Stothard was the German Daniel Chodowiecki, so highly praised by Carlyle, who studied him carefully while preparing his 'Frederick,' because of the fidelity with which the artist had apprehended not only the leading, but also the secondary and tertiary traits of his time. A curious time that was all over Europe, and most curious perhaps in Germany, that pre-eminently bourgeois country, which tried in vain to graft upon its homeliness French manners and French elegance, and succeeded only in bringing into yet sharper relief its own ungainliness. It was a time over-nice yet gross, overflowing with sentiment and callous to real suffering, exquisite in externals and lacking in ordinary decencies, bepowdered, bewigged, and bedizened in public, and dishevelled, bedgowned, slipshod in private; in a word, a time that was always in extremes and almost always unreal. They were the days of paternal despotism in politics, when the *bourgeoisie* were just being discovered as a curious study for the aristocratic lords and ladies who aped Arcadian costumes and customs, and when 'the people' were a race still wholly unknown, a time of mannerism in art and letters, when such artists as had individuality carefully suppressed it, and such as had none met with most success. An artificial age, in short, that produced and necessitated the health-giving outbreak of even so drastic a remedy as the French Revolution.

In the very midst of this period, which is both attractive and repellent, was born in 1726 the artist in whose works we can study the people of those days 'in their habit as they lived.' He saw the light of day in Danzig, the old Hanse town that had not yet lost its independence to become swallowed by the all-absorbing Prussian maw. The father was of Polish extraction, whence the un-German name; the mother was a highly cultured member of the French colony settled in the town.

It seems that the taste for art came from the father, who loved drawing, and devoted to it his leisure hours; but it was doubtless from the maternal French blood that Chodowiecki inherited that inherent grace of touch which saved him from ever falling into German clumsiness or angularity. A maternal aunt, herself a painter in enamel, further encouraged the boy's marked predilection for art. She set him to copy the copper-plates of De Vos, Perelle, Callot, and Bloemart; and it was perhaps working from these models that led Chodowiecki from the outset to adopt a minute manner, and cultivate that delicacy of touch which distinguishes his work. The first sight of engravings after Watteau and Lancret incited him to labour with new ardour; and before he was sixteen he even tried his hand at painting, his juvenile efforts being sent to Berlin, together with his aunt's work, and actually finding a market there, so that the lad was thus able to provide himself with pocket-money wherewith to follow his chosen pursuit. But this pleasant life was not to continue. The father's death in 1740 had made the mother head of the family, and she had no wish that her son should devote himself wholly to art, at that time not a lucrative profession. He was to be a merchant like his father; art might be pursued as a recreation in spare hours. To this end she apprenticed the lad to a grocer's widow, for in those days, and until quite recently in Germany, the mercantile aspirant began at the bottom rung of the commercial ladder. In this woman's shop he had to work from six in the morning to ten at night, looking after the customers, cleaning up the premises, doing all and every odd job, and not having freedom even in the evenings, for then he had to sing songs and say prayers with his employer. But hard work could not kill his love of art; as soon as he received permission to go into his room he set to work drawing until sleep overcame him or his candle had burnt down to the socket. Even his church-going was consecrated rather to art than to devotion. He would gaze at the pictures, trying to impress their forms upon his memory, and since he dared not draw in the sacred precincts he would trace the outlines with the forefinger of his right hand upon the palm of his left, and at home reproduce the whole upon paper. Despite his scanty opportunities, Chodowiecki seems nevertheless to have attained no little excellence in drawing. It was perhaps lucky that examples were wanting, for he was thus driven to the great and best art model, Nature herself. He first sketched all and everything he saw—his employer, her customers, the shop, the goods. Many of these early sketches are still extant, and very truthful and vigorous they are.

After a year and a half thus spent he returned to his mother's house, for the shop had failed and

Chodowiecki was no longer wanted. He now tried to resume the pleasant life of the past, but during his absence his powers of painting had been impaired rather than developed, and his pictures were returned to him unsold. Undaunted he worked on, and his family seeing his evident bent, the mother yielded to an uncle's request and sent Daniel to his house at Berlin. Thither he arrived in his seventeenth year, full of high hopes, looking to find all the art-treasures after which he hungered and all the art-training he had missed. Yet here, again, he was to meet with disappointment. The few places open to the public contained nothing of

But neither of these came at once. Happily he had a good friend in his uncle, who let him reside in his house and aided him by all means in his power. All methods of art instruction were in an incredibly low condition in the Germany of that period. There were practically no schools. To help younger artists a certain Rode had opened a small private class in his own house, where in the evenings they could work from the life. Chodowiecki was soon one of the most industrious and assiduous attendants; and there he learnt something of the various branches of art, beginning already to devote himself more especially to etching, and

SUPPER IN THE INN AT WUTZKOW.

importance, and the king's treasures were rigidly closed to the populace. Nothing remained for him but to go on copying engravings, for which his uncle had a market, and to pick up such poor instruction as came in his way. But the look-out, as far as money was concerned, was so poor, that Chodowiecki once more entered a house of business. Here he came across a painter, Haid, who exercised a fortunate influence upon him; for, while an indifferent artist himself, he yet understood something of the theories of his craft. His instructive conversation so enlightened Chodowiecki's mind that he came to understand the faultiness of his artistic efforts up to this time. This friendship further roused a determination that henceforth he would devote himself irrevocably to the only calling he truly loved. Once again he turned his back on business, to commence what he has himself called his 'second art period,' the time whence dates his success and prosperity.

he soon managed to get on so well that he could earn a scanty livelihood.

In 1755 Chodowiecki had got so far that he actually ventured to marry. His wife, like his mother, was a member of the French colony. He would appear to have been a devoted husband to one who proved a worthy, helpful wife. This step, of course, laid new duties upon the artist, and a rapid increase of the family necessitated the enlarging of his means of earning money. Enamel painting was also going out of fashion, and Chodowiecki was further heartily weary of decorating snuff-boxes and *bonbonnières*. He therefore tried his hand at miniatures, and with such success that work was soon abundant.

Among the almost complete collection of Chodowiecki's etched work possessed by the British Museum, which fills six large folios, and of which the catalogue alone is an octavo of some five hun-

dred and odd pages, is preserved the book-plate the artist designed for himself in mature life. It represents the genius of Art standing beside a tree-shaded statue that is many-breasted like Diana of Ephesus. The winged genius leads young Chodowiecki up to it, and he sucks at her breasts until he is full-grown enough to choose the one to which he will finally devote himself: this symbolises Chodowiecki's artistic endeavours. As is so often the case, a mere accident finally led him into his true groove. He received from Paris an engraving representing the family of Calas, connected with a *cause célèbre* of the epoch, that had excited all Europe into

CHODOWIECKI SALUTES HIS MOTHER.

sympathy. This caused him to paint a picture, of the theme of which, since there was a desire for its multiplication, he made a plate, and so great was the demand for his etching that, with his *Farewell of Calas to his Family*, Chodowiecki had taken his first firm step upon the ladder of success. Rare now, and therefore much sought after by collectors, this etching is by no means one of Chodowiecki's happiest productions, although it is excellent in composition and in simple pathos. His *forte* was not in large works such as this, in which his occasional errors of design, due to his faulty art education, make themselves more felt, but in little plates some three inches by two in size. Of these he was soon to execute an endless number. For from the date of the *Calas* plate all things went smoothly with Chodowiecki. Orders for etchings and book-illustrations poured in upon him, not only from Germany but also from England and France: there was not a Calendar put forth in those days which was held complete unless it contained some production of Chodowiecki's needle. Add to this the untiring industry of the man, which excites the admiration of his contemporaries and biographers, and the result is the vast amount of work he left behind him for our delectation and instruction. It is related that he would often work till two in the morning, fall asleep dressed as he was, and set to work again the moment he awoke. At the end of a letter to a friend he appends a humorous little sketch of himself as he lay asleep upon the floor, having fallen from the chair in which he had sat at work. It is obvious that there cannot be many incidents in a life so devoted to labour. When not designing pictures of his own composition, or putting down everything that struck his eye in the house or street, he was busy illustrating the many hundred important and unimportant books that saw the light in the second half of last century. Some idea of his popularity, his many-sidedness, his industry, may be gathered from the mere enumeration of a few of the works he illustrated, many of which contain over twenty plates. He designed plates to Goethe's earlier works, to those of Schiller, Bürger, Iffland, Klopstock, Kotzebue, Lavater, Lessing, Pestalozzi, Voss, Richter, and Wieland; leaving out of count the nobodies whose names have been preserved by his needle. Amongst French authors he illustrated Beaumarchais, Buffon, Diderot, Lesage, Scarron, Rousseau, and Voltaire.

In English literature he twice illustrated the 'Vicar of Wakefield;' also 'Clarissa Harlowe,' Smollett, Sterne, and several of Shakespeare's plays, most of them twice over. Further, he lent his hand

DEMOISELLE GOUSSEAU KISSES THE HAND OF A DOMINICAN.

to Ariosto and to Cervantes: a goodly catalogue, if we consider nothing else but the reading all this must have involved! This list excludes the illustrious persons, crowned heads, princes, great ladies, and court gentlemen, painted, engraved, or etched by Chodowiecki. Their number is endless.

That it would be foolish to contend, as some over-enthusiastic admirers have contended, that all this work is equally good, is obvious. The wonder rather is, that, seeing its amount, the bulk is so excellent. All Chodowiecki's plates are distinguished by that security of hand which is the prime requisite in an art where every touch tells. Chodowiecki's genial conception, his graceful treatment of form, and his severe adherence to the rules of composition, are evident even in the smallest designs.

But it was when his inspiration had free play that Chodowiecki was happiest. Most delightful among all his work are the cycles of pictorial antithesis, of which he was so fond, and in which his powers showed peculiarly keen and happy. These cycles generally consist of twelve pieces, in which various stations and positions of life, various virtues and vices, are put into drastic juxtaposition. Almost Hogarthian is that which illustrates the life progress of a virtuous and a vicious youth. Most amusing that which presents to our eye twelve various modes of making marriage proposals; the military ardour of the officer, the long-windedness and pomposity of the pedant, the excitability of the poet, the frivolity of the *sac à vent*, the deliberation of the peasant, the caution of the miser, the smug self-satisfaction of the clergyman, the jejuneness of the archaeologist. There are various others hit off to the life. Another series shows us all manner of feminine occupations; yet another the extraordinary and extravagant headgear of the time. There are several that most charmingly depict the joys of happy love, wedded life, and domestic bliss — always favourite themes with Chodowiecki. Twelve plates, entitled *Centifolium Stultorum*, depict every form of hobby ridden to excess, and two pendant plates set forth the various types of male and female servants.

Excellent, too, is a *Dance of Death*, also in twelve parts. Here Chodowiecki displays much of the grotesque humour common to these representations in the middle ages, while treating the whole idea with gentler touch.

Though Chodowiecki drew what he saw before him, it is rather man than inanimate nature that attracted his pencil. The human interest is ever uppermost for him, and though at times he introduces landscapes into his backgrounds, he does so sparingly. Mankind, their vices, follies, virtues, were his theme. The smaller his treatment of a subject the more dexterous he appears. His eye must have been microscopic. There are among his collected works little etchings of exquisite quality that do not

PRECENTOR OF THE FRENCH CHURCH, DANTZIC.

measure half-an-inch in height or span. Of his larger plates the most excellent is one representing his own family, and made to please his aged mother. It gives a charming peep into the home-life of the artist, a home in which it is evident that wealth and

its accessories had taken up their abode. His five children are grouped about a round table, one boy is drawing 'like papa,' a younger one looks on admiringly, one daughter turns over a book of engravings, an elder holds the baby by the hand while gazing up at her stately mother, who caresses her cheek. In a corner of the room, at a separate table, sits Chodowiecki, engaged in drawing, but glancing for a moment over his spectacles at the pleasant group. A stately inscription in the manner of the century dedicates this plate to the widow Chodowiecki from her very humble, very obedient servant and son. Another glimpse into the artist's interior is given by a rapid outline etching called the *Artist's Nursery*, in which we behold his children, and his wife suckling the youngest-born. He also drew himself in his own room surrounded by six lady visitors, none of whom appear much interested in their host.

It is specially remarkable that, although he lived in an artificial age, and was often inspired by an artificial literature, Chodowiecki was never affected. Of mannerism, of imitation of other masters, there is little trace in him, though, of course, he could not entirely escape the influences of his age. Thus, for example, his figures are apt to be too long, as was then the fashion, and their heads disproportionately small.

Nothing annoyed him more than the foolish comparison of himself with Hogarth, which is made

THE COUNCILLOR VON WASEBERG AND THE BOOKSELLER PENARIÉ.

even to this day. Like Hogarth, he illustrated, and often satirised, his time, but with regard to treatment their methods were widely divergent. Chodowiecki is never coarse, though he lived in an age when coarseness was current. This immunity, this sense of artistic measure, doubtless, came to him from his Latin and Slav blood, both races with innate instincts of the artistically permissible. He is incomparable in his power of seizing upon characteristic points, and it is this which makes him so true a

A PERRUQUIER.

chronicler of his times. He knew not only how to endow every face, but every position of his figures, with expression. He was a realist in the best sense of the word, taking pleasure in the actual, the immediate, the everyday. He had great affinity with the Dutch painters of the seventeenth century in his naïve presentation of daily life, his frank enjoyment of the moments of commonplace existence. Hence, though all books sold when illustrated by him, because he was, at the time, the high fashion, it was not best for Chodowiecki's art, or for posterity, when he was set before such tasks as Shakespeare or Cervantes. He could not sound the depths of the poet, or fully appreciate the humour of the novelist. Fortunately, circumstances came to his aid. The times in which he lived saw the birth of the bourgeois novel with its incidents derived from real life, and here he was upon his best ground, so long as he had to depict no violent passions, which somehow escaped his perception. His domestic scenes, with their truth and simplicity, are excellent. We feel that he who could thus render these subjects had a living interest in them. And, indeed, Chodowiecki's private character was one of which all spoke with enthusiasm. 'A nature healthy to the core in an unhealthy time,' says one biographer. His generosity was proverbial, nor was his liberality confined to relations and friends. He had the courtesy, rare to this day in Germany, of replying promptly to any letter addressed to him, and his time seemed ever at the service of others. As might be guessed, his way of

life was simple in the extreme. In the winter he often worked in an unheated room, and only when

IN THE DOMINICAN CHURCH.

some visitor came in would he notice the cold. In later life he suffered much from swollen legs, brought on by his sedentary habits, so that often he could not rise from bed. He, therefore, had a table constructed 'on which,' he wrote to a friend, 'I can work

DEMOISELLE LEDIKOWSKA.

by day, and under which I sleep at night.' Well or ill he was always cheerful, always working. Up to the month he died he was doing more work than younger men. It was in 1801 that he went over to the great majority, carried off by a fever he had no strength to resist. For some years before his death he had been made Director of the Berlin Academy, where he exerted no little influence on the students. In all other respects he shunned public posts and distinctions. Writing to a friend in 1799 he says: 'I do not like it when artists prefer the title of "Hofrath," and such-like, to that of artist, painter, engraver, sculptor. When this is so their art is generally not worth much.' A remarkable passage to have been penned in Germany, then even more title-ridden than now.

It is a matter for infinite regret, judging from such extracts, that Chodowiecki's voluminous correspondence has been to a great extent lost, and the rest never made public. He was the friend and correspondent of the most remarkable men of a remarkable time; and he had a power of literary expression not common amongst artists. We are, however, promised shortly a book from his pen, and possess already facsimiles of the drawings that illustrated it. This is a work peculiarly valuable as a faithful transcript of the manners and customs of the last century. It is the diary kept by Chodowiecki during a journey from Berlin to Danzig, undertaken to visit the aged mother he had not seen for thirty years. This is no romantic journal; but a minute account of expenditures and earnings, mingled with travelling impressions and records of events. The whole is profusely illustrated, from the moment that Chodowiecki bids farewell to wife and child and mounts his horse, to the moment of his return after nine months' absence. The original drawings are in the Berlin Museum, and reflect the social conditions of the time. Here, at least, in sketches made only for himself and his family, no one could accuse the artist of 'touching up' his materials for picturesque effect. His family were to see, as far as possible, what he had seen—that was the purpose of the diary. He depicts how, holding his horse's bridle with his teeth, he jots down every incident.

Travelling must indeed have been rough in those days. A shake-down for the night was literally only straw laid on the floor of the common parlour. We see Chodowiecki lying on his saddle-bag fully dressed, another wayfarer rests on his horse's harness. In the middle of the night their slumbers are disturbed by the entrance of two gentlemen accompanied by three musicians, who, for their private delectation, dance a stately minuet at that hour and place by the light of a flickering tallow candle. As for his horse, that he had to groom himself. Emphasising the crass contrasts which distinguished that age, we see a lady in dainty rococco costume picking her way across the unpaved, filthy courtyard of an inn, where the pigs wallow at pleasure. Meals were eaten on bare tables, without even the luxury of a plate. Once on the road, he is offered a child some women desire to get rid of. Arrived in

Danzig, we admire with him its quaint architecture, we see him greeted by his aged mother and sisters,

PASTOR JENIN, OF ST. PETER'S.

who here keep a small girls' school; a school in which one of the pupils was Johanna Schopenhauer, the famous mother of a more famous son. Chodowiecki sketched her as she sat on the school benches, a merry little maiden of some five summers.

Especially valuable are the peeps we get into the house arrangements of the time. Even in the richer dwellings the windows are apt to be curtainless, the walls bare of pictures. In every burgher parlour stands a bed, ornaments are rare and few. A tall looking-glass and console table are often found; but on these are generally seen brushes, combs, and other toilet appliances, showing that the apartment served also as bed and dressing-room. Indeed the *sans gêne* is extraordinary. Thus, during Chodowiecki's stay he painted the most notable people of the town; yet we learn from his private sketches that, while he painted such a grand dame, the most intimate domestic affairs would take place in the same room. Evidently the family life of the time concentrated itself as much as might be in one apartment. The artist was received by princes even in rooms with unmade beds. His sitters, even his lady sitters, often had not risen from their couch, or received him in all manner of impossible garments. The dressmaker would try on dresses, the cook manipulate her viands, all in the same room in which the fashionable artist was doing his portrait. This is a side of last-century life that the current prints have left wholly unregarded, and Chodowiecki's journalistic sketches are the more valuable on that account. Endless is their quiet humour, their satire; while some of the figures of girls and women in their quaint, pretty gowns, are especially attractive.

The study of this genial artist has recently been rendered easier by a series of very fair heliotype reproductions from his most noted works, issued at a low price by Messrs. Amsler and Ruthardt of Berlin (London: Messrs. Obach & Co., 20 Cockspur Street), to whom we are indebted for permission to copy a few sketches from the 'Journey to Dantzig.'

DEMOISELLE METZEL.

Unwearied in his efforts, Chodowiecki strove only after the best; and he may, and does, take a worthy place among those 'Little Masters' whom we are beginning to appreciate anew.

HELEN ZIMMERN.

ART CHRONICLE.

THE Exhibition of Works by Mr. Holman Hunt, opened at the Fine Art Society's Gallery in March, though small, is fairly representative of an artist who has been fastidious and painstaking rather than facile, and who has devoted years of patient research and elaborated realism to one picture, where other men would have turned out canvases by the dozen. The latest picture—*The Triumph of the Innocents*—is necessarily absent from this summary of Mr. Hunt's work; also the possessor of the *Christ in the Temple* has not been prevailed upon to lend it. But of pictures familiar to the public and popularised by engravings or other reproductions there are here the *Light of the World*, most impressive and complete of the artist's sacred themes, the assailant but earnestly conceived *Shadow of the Cross*, the pathetic *Scapegoat*, and the powerfully realistic *Isabella and the Basil Pot*. Less remembered and of especial interest in a retrospective collection are certain earlier works. The *Eve of St. Agnes*, an immature performance from the year 1848, gives promise in the strongly foreshortened figure of the sleeping man on the ground, and in a certain dramatic feeling, of better things not yet apparent. A great leap is made in the two years that separate this from the large picture of an incident in early English history, wherein a family of converted Britons save from the fury of the Druids two foreign Christian priests. The composition, from a narrative point, is still clumsy and impossible, but full of finely felt and drawn figures, and of tender flesh painting, which makes the strangely wooden mannerism of later days the more strange. The woodland scene of reconciliation from 'The Two Gentlemen of Verona' brings

almost as a surprise under the date 1851, the splendid study of colour and close and masterly painting of drapery and of armour. To 1853 belong the powerful but repulsive *Awakened Conscience* and *Claudio and Isabella*, both characteristic of the intense conviction that prompted the early work of the P.-R. brotherhood, and a quality that Mr. Hunt, perhaps, alone has never lost. The lovely *Strayed Sheep* belongs to the same year. No one can paint sheep like Mr. Hunt, as witness this little picture, and also *The Hireling Shepherd* of 1852, with which a motto from Shakespeare and a hidden didactic teaching were associated by the painter, but which will remain for most people only a delightful pastoral studied into the smallest detail with exquisite closeness, and quaintly peopled by a couple of almost comic homeliness, that threaten to mar the poetic charm of the whole. A small study of *The After-glow*, an elaborate small body-colour replica of the *Christ in the Temple*, the disagreeable portrait of *Professor Owen*, and some landscapes—notably a glowing Syrian scene—with a couple of very early portraits, one being of the late D. G. Rossetti, complete this very interesting exhibition. Before leaving which we must note that to a conscientious painter like Mr. Hunt it must be no small satisfaction to find that his work has stood the test of time with such unimpaired freshness and solidity.

THE collection of pictures formed by the late Mr. William Graham, which contains numerous fine examples of D. G. Rossetti and of Mr. Burne Jones, A.R.A., will come into the auction-room the middle of this month.

MR. HENRY VAUGHAN has presented to the National Gallery his fine landscape, *The Hay Wain*, by John Constable, R.A., which was shown in the Winter Exhibition of Old Masters at the Royal Academy.

SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON, P.R.A., will send to the Royal Academy Exhibition a statue, *The Sluggard awakening*, on which he has been working some time.

MR. DAVID MURRAY and Mr. Chas. Bent Phillip are elected into the Royal Water Colour Society.

THE Slade Professorship of Fine Art at Cambridge, vacant by the resignation of Professor Sidney Colvin, has been given to Mr. J. Henry Middleton, the learned writer on art and archaeology, whose most recent work, 'Ancient Rome in 1885,' published in the winter by Messrs. Black, is the latest authoritative summary and disquisition on excavated Rome.

AT the wish of Mr. Watts, R.A., it has been made generally known that he no longer works as a professional artist, but that henceforth what he may accomplish in painting will be added to the collection of his pictures which he purposes to bequeath to the nation. The artist has now on hand a large design, significant of Death as the bringer of Life. Beside a dying figure Death stands, heavily draped, inexorable, inevitable, but benign; holding on one arm a tiny babe. In severe nobility of studied line and large suggestiveness this may be considered the finest design by Mr. Watts, saving always the *Love and Death*. To the Royal Academy he will send the impressive picture of the *Repentance of Cain;* who, aged and worn with wandering, bows himself in remorse upon the altar of acceptance where he slew his brother Abel; while the angel of God's punishment and mercy sweeps on the edge of the storm-cloud above his head. At the Grosvenor Gallery will be seen a poetic but somewhat inferior composition, representing *Hope* couched upon a sphere, blindfold, listening with bent head to the sound of her broken lyre, whose last string she touches with trembling fingers. We may note here that an effort is being made to have the fading fresco, executed by Mr. Watts in Lincoln's Inn Hall, reproduced in mosaic by the Venice and Murano Company. It will be remembered that a while since Miss Monk caused to be replaced by a mosaic reproduction the fresco of *Christ in Glory*, painted by Mr. Watts in the church of St. James the Less, which was erected to the memory of the late Bishop of Gloucester, from the designs of Mr. Street.

PROFESSOR NEWTON in February and March delivered a series of lectures at the British Institution on the unexhibited Greek and Roman sculpture in the British Museum. In the last lecture the speaker took occasion to appeal to the public on the neglected existence of certain valuable fragments, stowed away in the basement of our national museum. Though in times past, he said, it had been his good fortune to be in other countries a discoverer, it had never occurred to him that his last task in connexion with the British Museum would be to rediscover many of the sculptures which have been purchased by grants of the public money during the early part of the present century—sculptures which have been described and engraved at the expense of the Trustees, and are known and cited by every school of archaeology in Europe. These valuable and interesting sculptures, on which he had been discoursing, were still hidden away in the dark shades: a shameful state of things that ought not to be suffered. If the British public really wants a thing done, and shows its opinion strongly enough, the thing gets done. The responsibility in this matter of neglect—which to his mind, said Professor Newton, was a national disgrace—rested therefore primarily on the zeal or indifference of the public.

THE debate in the House of Lords on Earl Harrowby's motion to address the Crown in favour of opening the National Gallery, the British Museum, and the National History Museum, three days in the week up to 10 p.m., came on the twelfth of last month. A brisk discussion ensued. Argument against the motion lay chiefly on the lines set down in a memorandum drawn up by the Director and Trustees of the National Gallery and submitted to the Government. This official note sets forth that serious injury may be done to the surface of the pictures by the vitiated atmosphere produced by the breath of crowds of people; that while gas is out of the question, it is not yet proved that the electric light is wholly harmless in action, or that it is absolutely free of risk in the use; further, that violence or other harm might arise from the class of people likely to congregate in the Gallery at night from the purlieus of Trafalgar Square. The Trustees also doubt if the intelligent working and business people whom it is sought to benefit would avail themselves of the privilege after the day's labours: and they point out the extension of daylight time which has already been granted to utmost limits, and in excess of that accorded in any Continental gallery. These objections were more or less successfully combated; a hope was also expressed that in any case the proposal of opening the Museum on Sunday would not be prejudiced. The motion was finally carried without division, with the understanding that the Government inclined to give the subject serious consideration.

A GENTLEMAN has offered 20*l.* to enable a young artist to paint a large and careful picture, to be held in trust by the Kyrle Society for the pleasure of the working classes. Mr. Edward Clifford writes to us to press on other generous persons the suggestion of a like offer, which is designed to benefit at once some struggling painter unable to meet the cost in models and materials involved by the production of serious work, and the people whose lives lack the enrichment of art. Correspondents are referred to the Hon. Secretaries of the Kyrle Society, 14 Nottingham Place.

WE are sorry to note that the excellent little Berlin art-paper, 'Der Kunstfreund,' has not survived beyond the first year of its existence.

IMAGINATION IN LANDSCAPE PAINTING.

XII.—*Of Special Exaggerations in Buildings.*

THERE is another kind of deviation from strict truth more common in the works of Turner than in those of Lalanne. The French artist generally, though not always, is accurate in the proportions of parts, and is really a careful draughtsman with an appearance of ease and carelessness. Many a laborious drawing of street architecture, many a painfully wrought engraving, is much farther from the right proportions of masses than the slightest *croquis* of Lalanne. With Turner the case is different. I am far from wishing to impute any real carelessness to Turner. Great artists are seldom, if ever, careless, having always some purpose in view, though they may sometimes appear indifferent about the means. In the case of Turner, to be seriously interested in anything was to exaggerate the thing or the quality that interested him. The mention of Paris and Lalanne reminds me of a very valuable example that I have taken note of elsewhere, but which may be alluded to again, because it shows so well how Turner's imagination acted. The reader remembers the picturesque semicircular projections over the piers of the Pont Neuf. Turner perceived at once that these were very characteristic and important features of the bridge, so he made them three times their real size* relatively to the arches, thereby giving the bridge a much heavier appearance than it has in the reality, but making it look a more remarkable and curious bridge, and more unlike other bridges, especially modern ones. Lalanne etched the Pont Neuf, and in his etching the bartizans are of their real relative size, or very near it. No doubt Turner was a much more imaginative artist than Lalanne, and so we may believe that the tendency to exaggerate certain features is a characteristic of imagination; but as this exaggeration of some features is accompanied by the diminution of others, the mental process may be more correctly described as a change of proportions rather than exaggeration only.

A good example of this is a vignette by Turner of the Tower of London engraved for Rogers's Poems. The height of the tower is proportionally much exaggerated, but as its width seems diminished in the same proportion, the result is not an exaggeration of the building as a mass, indeed it seems less vast and formidable than in the reality.

When a writer of great imaginative power has expressed himself, however partially and imperfectly, in one of the graphic arts, he is sure to supply interesting evidence as to the operations of the imaginative faculty, because we know beforehand, from his writings, that the power is present in him, and we may presume that it will not be suddenly extinguished merely because he turns from one art to another. The case of Victor Hugo is one of the most interesting, because he drew with utter frankness, not troubling himself in the least about technical perfection; so that every drawing by him is the expression of his own mind, and not an imitation of some artist. From what we have seen of Victor Hugo's drawings (not much in proportion to the quantity of them), it appears that his tendency was to take a strong interest in some one object—often a real or imaginary building—and then to represent it in a strange light not explicable by any known natural law, yet not without a weird and awful character that would be suitable enough to the castle or the heath scene in 'Macbeth.' As for fidelity to the object, no critic acquainted with the revelations of style in art would believe that Hugo's impetuous manner could be compatible with such a modest virtue. I do not remember the 'Maison des Drapeaux' at Geneva, nor have I seen the belfry at Domfront from which the St. Bartholomew was sounded; but I am certain that in both cases the drawings were of impressions without any accuracy of detail, and also that there were violent exaggerations of parts.* The *Castle of the Middle Ages on the Rhine*, with the enormous signature, is probably a pure invention; and so may be another Rhine subject, with a broken bridge in the foreground, in which the castle—lighted one knows not how or whence—hangs over a void of darkness, like a flying island passing over a black abyss. In these cases, and others, a single object attracts Hugo's attention, and then is exhibited in the most striking manner, with the most arbitrary and violent chiaroscuro. There is a sort of grim humour and conscious extravagance about such drawing, as in the huge vanity of the signature, eight inches long; the humour of the grotesque, in which the awful and horrible are mingled with a monstrous, impossible sublimity.

* This is very much understated, as I do not wish to convey a false impression to readers not accustomed to compare cubic sizes. The bartizans in question are half-cylinders, those of Turner being three times the width and three times the height of the real ones (proportionally to the arches), so that the difference in cubic contents, the true measure of relative size, is prodigious. In mere superficial measure of paper surface occupied on a drawing, the difference is as six to fifty-four.

* Unfortunately both buildings are demolished, or we might have had photographs taken from them to compare. The drawings used to belong to M. Burty, and were engraved on wood by Méaulle with the greatest care in preserving their character. (See 'L'Art,' vol. iii., p. 54.) There is to be an exhibition of Victor Hugo's drawings in Paris this summer (1886), which will be as complete as possible. It will be profoundly interesting.

When this mood predominates, the tendency is to prodigious exaggerations of size and height, like the wild inventions of Rabelais. The two best examples of the grotesque in the work of Gustave Doré, the *Contes Drolatiques* and the *Juif Errant*, contain several examples of buildings in which the imagination has played without restraint. The most audacious instance is the great castle in *Berthe la Repentie* (*Contes*), which is so high—so high—that the rain-clouds rest one above another against its walls, as they do against the front of an unscaleable Alpine precipice. Another instance is the drawing called *Le Merveilleux Chastel du Cadet de l'Isle Adam*, with great masses of building about eight storeys high on the brink of a deep ravine. Then there is the unending accumulation of donjons, turrets, round towers, and bartizans, in the upper part of the tumultuous battle-scene in the *Juif Errant;* buildings on a scale that no earthly architect ever approached, vast as a hundred Bastilles. I have sometimes thought it possible that these exercises of the imagination, both in Hugo and Doré, might be reminiscences of actual dreams. Many of my readers, if they take an interest in architecture, will probably have sometimes dreamed of buildings far surpassing in size and splendour any that have ever been visible on the earth. This has happened to myself very frequently, especially after architectural studies. Wandering in dreamland, I meet with some incomparable site, and think, 'What a place that would be for a castle!' and then somehow the towers rise out of the rocks, and there is a vision of the most glorious romance. Or I find myself in a cathedral vaster than St. Peter's at Rome and richer than Rouen or Chartres; a place of ineffable grandeur, with distant, mysterious aisles, lost in impenetrable gloom.*

A CASTLE OF THE MIDDLE AGES ON THE RHINE.

* My belief is that such dreams must be connected with the first artistic desires of youth, as all the dreams of this kind that have occurred to me have been of mediaeval architecture, the only architecture that I cared for in early life. The most remarkable architectural dream that ever happened to me was this: I was standing with a companion or guide (who seemed to be a supernatural personage) on the brink of a deep ravine. On the opposite side there was a stupendous precipice, crowned

A reputation that is now remembered only as having been at one time a reputation, was founded on the colossal and almost unlimited grandeur of architectural conceptions that bear a resemblance to dreams, and may have been suggested either by real dreams or by a waking state not far removed from dream-producing sleep. John Martin's architecture could not have been accepted in these days of more advanced archaeology, but it is remarkable how its vastness and strength appear to have impressed our forefathers. Long rows of thick and sturdy columns support immensely heavy cornices or terraces, and the kind of landscape that generally accompanies this architecture is arranged in hill or hollow to exhibit it to the best advantage, of course without regard to the real nature of the landscape round the ancient cities whose names are borrowed for the occasion. It is an evidence of change in sentiment that these dreams have lost their influence, but I can remember being impressed by them in boyhood, at a time when older and better judges were also very strongly impressed. Martin must, therefore, have had some real imagination, and the reason why we are dead to it now may be simply our more accurate knowledge. We know that the architecture of Nineveh and Babylon, with the exception of the basements, was of a much more perishable character than Martin represented it to be, as well as much lighter in appearance. What remains in Martin is the expression of a vastness unattainable in any buildings that are ever really constructed, and resembling the architectural dreams of Beckford in the oriental story of 'Vathek.' If the reader is acquainted with that remarkable effort of imagination, he will remember how powerful is the effect of the colossal buildings—the tower so lofty that the stairs consisted of eleven thousand steps, and the immense terrace of black marble near the entrance to the Hall of Eblis, that terrace 'which was flagged with squares of marble, and resembled a smooth expanse of water, upon whose surface not a leaf ever dared to vegetate.' See the effect of the architectural elements in the following short description; without them it would be simply moonlight on a tableland in a mountainous region, with them it is what follows:—

'A death-like stillness reigned over the mountain, and through the air. The moon dilated, on a vast platform, the shades of the lofty columns which reached from the terrace almost to the clouds. The gloomy watch-towers, whose number could not be counted, were veiled by no roof; and their capitals, of an architecture unknown in the records of the earth, served as an asylum for the birds of darkness, which, alarmed at the approach of such visitants, fled away croaking.'

XIII.—*The Imaginative Value of Distance to Buildings.*

In Victor Hugo's drawings, I notice that when a building interests him he generally makes it too big for the area of his paper, and brings it too near the spectator. This is one of the commonest mistakes of amateurs and inexperienced artists, a mistake that arises naturally and almost inevitably from the concentration of attention on the main object, to the exclusion of those accessories which a more learned craft would have employed to enhance its value. The inexperienced artist imagines that by making his edifice large on the canvas he will give it the effect of size, but the truth is often the reverse of this, as a building seen at some distance may impress us more with the notion of its vastness than it does when we come close upon it. This is clearly due to the greater activity of the imagination with regard to that which cannot be examined closely. The same rule holds good in other things than the art of painting, and especially in regard to persons whose influence depends on the degree in which they are able to affect the popular imagination. It may be presumed that nobody understands the art of preserving such an influence better than the Popes of Rome, who never travel about, but remain at a distance from the immense majority of those who are accustomed to look up to them. Kings travel more; still there is a certain remoteness and mystery about them very different from the familiar publicity of Members of Parliament. Even a famous poet requires some removal by distance, which Shelley has gained by lapse of time and Tennyson by retirement.

Following out this idea, I amused myself by observing in many drawings or pictures by artists of great experience and ability, how small and distant some building was in which the chief interest of the piece concentrated itself. In some exceptional cases an important building is put near, but that is generally seen to be a mistake, as in the drawing by Turner of St. Julian at Tours, which blocks the view and presents an awkward perspective. The two views of Lillebonne are, on the contrary, excellent examples of the importance that may be given to a castle in the middle distance. In that with the moon the castle seems to fill the drawing, yet it only measures about $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches each way, and the drawing measures $5\frac{3}{8} \times 3\frac{3}{4}$. In the other view the castle is about an inch long and three-quarters of an inch high, yet it looks imposing

by a mediaeval castle of immense extent and unearthly magnificence. I was absorbed in speechless wonder, and observing detail after detail of charming architectural invention, when the towers began to sway slowly from side to side, and then they all bowed forwards and toppled over together into the abyss with a crash enough to wake the dead. It awoke me at once, and the impression remained for some hours, as if I had seen a real cataclysm.

and lords it over a vast landscape. In the view of Rouen (with the rainbow) the cathedral is not near, as it is seen beyond the bridge and the houses, but it appears enormous. These, however, are only examples of buildings in middle distance. It is still more wonderful how a building in the remote distance of a drawing, where it is reduced to the smallest dimensions consistent with its being seen at all, will at once attract attention to itself. Turner was well aware of this, as we see in the distant aqueduct from the terrace of St. Germain and in many other views or compositions. In a view of Rome from Tivoli, by Gaspar Poussin, the most important objects are a very small white tower, or rather turret, in the middle distance, and the dome of St. Peter's far away, a mere speck in the remote landscape, yet more important than the voluminous clouds above it.

LANDSCAPE, WITH A CASTLE ON A HILL. CLAUDE.

The mention of distant Rome brings me at once to Virgil and Milton; indeed, all speculations on the imaginative arts bring us inevitably to the great poets, as Samuel Palmer found in his own experience—Samuel Palmer, the imaginative landscape-painter who so loved Virgil and Milton, and knew them so well, and derived from them so many suggestions. The reader may remember how in the Eighth Book of the Aeneid there is a delightful river voyage, when the galleys ascend the Tiber by night and the river-god considerately stays the current to make the surface like a pond in order that the men may row quite easily. All night long they row past the dark and densely-wooded shores, and half the following day, till the sun is high at noon, 'when they see far away the walls and the citadel and the few roofs of the houses which now the Roman power has lifted up to heaven.'* To my feeling the poetry of this passage is immensely enhanced by the single word '*procul*,' afar, and the first view of the early city that occupied the future site of Rome is much more stimulating to the imagination because it is a distant view. We approach the city with the galleys of Aeneas, and our aroused curiosity is not to be satiated too soon.

The description of Rome in her magnificence in 'Paradise Regained' is also a distant view, the city being miraculously visible from the Syrian desert during the Temptation; and although details are visible, by miracle, we are made to feel the distance still; we have no feeling of being close at hand. In fact, the poet,

> 'By what strange parallax, or optic skill
> Of vision, multiplied through air, or glass
> Of telescope, were curious to inquire,'

* 'Sol medium coeli conscenderat igneus orbem
Quum muros, arcemque procul, ac rara domorum
Tecta vident; quae nunc Romana potentia coelo
Aequavit; tum res inopes Evandrus habebat.'

has found an opportunity for describing a city at a greater distance than any painter ever attempted:—

> 'There the Capitol thou seest,
> Above the rest lifting his stately head
> On the Tarpeian rock, her citadel
> Impregnable; and there Mount Palatine,
> The imperial palace, compass huge, and high
> The structure, skill of noblest architects,
> With gilded battlements conspicuous far,
> Turrets, and terraces, and glittering spires.'

After this, a quotation from any other poet is likely to seem an anti-climax, but I may just remind the reader that one of the most effective descriptions in Scott is that very-well-known one of Edinburgh as seen by Marmion from the moorland heights of Blackford. I note in this description particularly the employment of the adjective 'huge' that we have just met with in Milton on a similar occasion:—

> 'Such dusky grandeur clothed the height
> Where the huge castle holds its state,
> And all the steep slope down,
> Whose ridgy back heaves to the sky
> Piled deep and massy, close and high,
> Mine own romantic town!'

A painter knows exactly why the word 'huge' is there. The reason is that at a distance, and under a smoky effect when details are obliterated, a great building looks larger than under any other circumstances. The use of the adjectives 'deep and massy, close and high,' is also due to the effect of distance, when objects are massed together, and appear loftier than when we see the details.

Scott reminds me of a countryman of his, Mr. George Reid, R.S.A., whose treatment of buildings is always extremely skilful; and I notice that unless he desires to show architectural detail, as in Melrose and Abbotsford, he willingly places a building as far back as he well can. In his illustrations of the Tweed, Dryburgh is no more than a gable with a window rising out of the wood by Tweed shore, and the keep of Norham is a comparatively small mass rising out of a great wood. The tower of Newark is treated on the same principle. Neidpath Castle is only just brought near enough to show its construction.

The best way to appreciate the value of this treatment as a stimulus to the imagination, is to compare it with the necessarily opposite treatment adopted by architectural draughtsmen whose business it is to explain all details clearly. The most romantic edifice loses its romance in a mechanical drawing, and our only chance of restoring it is to imagine how the building would look at a proper distance and under a favourable effect.

Before leaving this part of the subject, I may note one very remarkable effect of distance, which is this. When a building has massive pavilions or lofty towers, like the pavilions of the Louvre or the towers of the Houses of Parliament or Windsor Castle, and the spectator is situated at such a distance that loftier parts alone are visible, they produce, by acting on the imagination, a remarkably strong impression of the vastness of the invisible edifice that connects them; a vastness which, under certain effects of light when the atmosphere is hazy enough to obliterate the detail of the towers, may even appear incredible. I have observed this effect in several great buildings, but never in greater perfection than in the Paris Exhibition of 1878, where the building had great pavilions that looked incredibly distant from each other in the haze of evening.

XIV.—*Of Imaginative Execution in dealing with Architecture.*

There is a certain exercise of imaginative power in the treatment of buildings which, to my mind, is far more valuable in art than mere exaggeration; it is the power, not easily described, by which all the harsh, hard, and discordant details of real buildings are fused into a mysterious whole that the mind feels to be intensely poetical.

Fully to understand the value of this treatment, we have only to refer to those stages of the graphic arts in which it was entirely unknown.

It was entirely unknown to the mediaeval illuminators, and to the painters of all the early schools, and to the Italian and German engravers of the times when engraving had reached its point of greatness as an independent art.

I have no wish to imply that early painters and engravers were indifferent to the beauty of buildings and to their romantic charm. On the contrary, few characteristics of early art are more delightful than the lovely bits of building so often introduced, especially the distant towns, towers, villages, and homesteads in the backgrounds to all sorts of subjects, in a charming but most irrelevant way. These are often most interesting in themselves, as evidences of the kind of dwellings and fortifications familiar to the artists of those days, and much imagination may have been exercised in the invention of those that were not drawn from nature; but they are deprived of half their effect in stimulating the imagination of the spectator, by that hard and definite treatment of all objects whatever which was prevalent in early art. The entire absence of mystery in mediaeval drawing, and not only of mystery, but of all those picturesque elements of execution which consist in the recognition of accident, imperfection, and decay, was most detrimental to the imaginative effect of mediaeval work. The mediaeval artist loved newness and clearness above all other qualities; one might say that he

drew like a modern mechanical draughtsman if he had not possessed such a vigorous decorative invention. When the days of illumination were over, those of early burin-engraving succeeded, and here again, simply from the nature of the art, there was an irresistible temptation to over-clearness. Accepting this as technically inevitable, we may enjoy the inventions of these artists. In the case of Albert Dürer, it is evident that he took a keen pleasure in the invention of picturesque distant buildings, simply as a play of the mind after its more serious effort had been expended upon the figures in the foreground. Of all the examples of this taste that it would be possible to mention, Dürer's *St. Anthony* is the most

ST. ANTHONY. ALBERT DÜRER.

remarkable for the evident enjoyment with which the artist has elaborated the details of a mediaeval city. Its gables, turrets, and towers rise in a pyramidal composition which occupies almost the entire background, and the quantity of detail is so great that, in spite of the extreme clearness of the engraving, there is even a sort of mystery arising from mere abundance. It is only by long and steady looking, by a patient exploration, that we can make ourselves thoroughly acquainted with every house and tower. Another very beautiful example is the city on the summit of the eminence in *The Knight, Death, and Devil.* I fancy that Dürer had in his mind an idea of the Celestial City, so much raised above the gloomy common world that it seems inaccessible, and yet the Christian knight is in reality riding towards it through dark and dangerous paths beset with horrors. This interpretation seems to be confirmed by the narrow road on the hill which leads to the city itself. But notwithstanding the rich invention that is so attractive in Dürer, it was impossible, with his methods of execution, that he should convey the notion of an ideal or heavenly city; indeed, almost any of the graphic arts would be too definite for that enterprise, and the most delicate treatment too material. The reader may remember with what cautious and prudent haste Tennyson passes by the difficulty in the 'Holy Grail.'

> 'Then in a moment when they blazed again
> Opening, I saw the least of little stars
> Down on the waste, and straight beyond the star
> I saw the spiritual city and all her spires
> And gateways in a glory like one pearl—
> No larger, tho' the goal of all the saints—
> Strike from the sea; and from the star there shot
> A rose-red sparkle to the city, and there
> Dwelt, and I knew it was the Holy Grail,
> Which never eyes on earth again shall see.'

The dissatisfied reader may at this point complain, that although I have spoken of a kind of execution which is imaginative and another which is not, I have failed to give any description of the two beyond affirming that a too hard and definite manner is unfavourable to the imagination. I should say, then, that a matter-of-fact style of execution is one which gives clearly all that can be measured with a two-foot rule, like the lines of a quay or the angles of a church, whilst an imaginative style of execution, though often incorrect about what is measurable, is ready to take note, in passing, of many truths and qualities which are sure to be omitted by the other, and consequently the imagina-

tive style, though it does not look the more truthful, is really the more observant of the two. Again, I should say that the imaginative manner would suggest far more than it would positively assert, and would be continually passing from greater to less degrees of definition. Compare Canaletti's Venices with those of Turner. It is possible (and a matter of slight importance) that the testimony of photography may be in favour of Canaletti, but Turner's Venices convey to us the notion of certain qualities in Venice that Canaletti habitually missed. Canaletti's style is hard, clear, and matter-of-fact; the superiority of Turner's style is proved by its greater power of stimulating and exciting the faculty of imagination in ourselves. It is a suggestive style, it does not insist too much, but gives or hints enough of each thing to make us imagine more. This result is attained by the most varying degrees of definition, ranging between complete clearness (for a moment) and an intentional vagueness, in which meaning is incompletely revealed.

The style of Turner was perfectly adapted to a kind of subject that happens to be very familiar to me, the ancient towns of France. The roofs of a town are seldom, if ever, agreeable things to see, because there are always unpleasant angular patches amongst them, and it almost invariably happens that there is one ugly and obtrusive roof to spoil everything. There are no cities more suggestive from a distance than French cities generally are; yet in the numerous illustrations to Malte-Brun's great geography of France, which are quite matter-of-fact without even the usual improvements that the humblest artists make, these cities are all hideous as dwellings of the Philistines. The imagination of Turner, and his fine taste, enabled him to give a *quality* to a collection of houses; suggested, no doubt, by what he had seen in parts of the picturesque French cities, but idealised still farther by poetic and artistic feeling.

P. G. Hamerton.

A YORKSHIRE SHEPHERD AND HIS DOGS.

IT was on a fine September morning that I paid a visit (final for the time) to my old shepherd friend. I had arranged to go over my notes with him, and make such corrections as were necessary, and I wished him to confirm certain statements which he had made to me during our many rambles on the moor.

Having crossed the river at the ferry, my road lay through the rich pastures and noble woods of his landlord. On the previous day there had been a thick fog, but to-day it had moderated into a sleepy haze. The sun, though obscured, was not hidden by it; a subdued shadow was cast before me as I walked up the gently sloping hill. We might learn a useful lesson from such a haze as this, about distance, aërial perspective, and tone. It was dropped as a veil between hills at different distances. The faintness of the mass increased with distance, and the trees were daguerreotyped as they receded in shades of lessening depth.

There were forget-me-nots in the shallow ditch beside me; out of it also grew bramble bushes laden with ripening fruit, and mixed with them were rose-trees with their brilliant seed-pods. Towards the top of the cultivated portion of the valley-side I came to the outlying fields of the shepherd. Entering by a stile in the wall, I walked through a meadow in which a straggling line of brown rushes showed me a trickling stream. In the meadow were a number of young cattle, and as the heat increased these youngsters got into the water, and sheltered under the deep broken banks. In an adjoining meadow were some fine sheep fattening.

The stream led past the farmstead, which was built in the usual fashion of the district. A plain rectangle of good greystone composed the house,

which faced south, and caught all the sun; at right angles to it, at the west end, was a row of farm-buildings. The gable end of the house was hidden by trees,—an ash towering above the roof and above chestnut, cherry, and laburnums. At the front was a garden enclosed by a stone wall; next to it were the stackyard and croft. The roof was flagged, and the chimney-pots were stone. The roof of the outhouses, too, was flagged, and beautifully coloured with lichen, and studded with dabs of moss.

Passing the field of turnips, we (the shepherd's wife and myself) came to the 'intake,' a patch of land between the moor and the arable fields, covered with gorse, rushes, and grass. Here we found the shepherd cutting the rushes, of which bedding is made for the cattle in the winter. As we went

back to the house to procure some home-made bread and butter and a glass of milk, I remarked on the pleasant notes of the birds in the trees. He told me that they were robins, and that it was generally accepted in the district, that when these perch on and flit about the tops of the trees, and whistle, warble, or sing in a bright manner, it was indicative of the coming of a fine day; whereas, if they should crouch under the boughs, and utter a low, mournful note, a gloomy, thick day might be expected.

We went to one of the outhouses and opened the door to let out a beautiful young dog, which was being trained. He was black and tan, finely formed, and very valuable on account of his appearance as well as for his ability. Respecting the Yorkshire sheep-dogs generally, it may be said that there is no special value in colour as indicating their working capacity.* In examining this dog we discussed what, in the opinion of my friend, were the points of a good dog, and I will give these at once with due apology for ignorance of the correct terms to be used in this branch of art.

First, he should have a lively lemon eye, rather prominent: a dog with a dark bullet eye is vicious and sullen. He should be long in the face, which should also be free from muscular fat, lean-headed, and hollow-faced. This last characteristic indicates pluck. For instance, if a dog has been 'run hard' and has not been highly kept, and the shepherd shows him some wild sheep at wide distances to bring in, he is apt, unless he be hollow-faced, to give in and decline the task. To show the meaning of pluck, I may mention that the heart of a willing dog may give way if an ignorant and stupid shepherd overtaxes him in hot, sultry weather.

The ears should be neither very long nor very short; they should be rather erect. A heavy-eared dog is somewhat dull of hearing; one medium-eared is quicker. The under side of the ear may be woolly. A good dog will have a thin nose and flat forehead: in choosing, avoid a gloomy, heavy forehead.

Let the eyes be neither too wide apart nor yet too straight; that is, near together. The top of the head should allow of a fair width beween the ears. The bump at the top, considered significant by some, is unimportant. The space above the eyes should be a little hollow, otherwise he will be dull.

Respecting the body, look for a dog rather low on the top of the shoulders, but not too much so; deep in the chest, moderately light in the neck, arched in the loin, and firm. Let him be rather long in the leg, with clean and fine bone. A stiff, bristly-haired animal, is objected to: the hair should be long, thin, and silky, growing on a fine loose skin. A fairly long tail is desirable, with flowing hair on the under side, and it should be carried neither too high nor drooping greatly.

The sage startled me in his remarks about tails. I had asked his opinion of some strong yellow dogs of a tailless breed, and he stated that short-tailed dogs are self-opinionated, proceeding to conjecture that this was due to the imperfect state of the spinal chord, by which the brain-power was reduced. He added that these dogs experienced difficulty in turning on account of the absence of this sweeping rudder of the tail.

My friend condemned the presence of two odd eyes, a variety which has been, by many, considered fashionable.

The colour is, as I have said, unimportant. From two white parents there have been obtained by selection in a few years equally good dogs, nearly black. As a matter of convenience, light-coloured dogs are preferable for a mountain shepherd, because they can be more easily discerned.

* As a matter of taste, I do not, myself, think that any colour can be compared to black, with a tan nose.

The age at which young dogs are usually put into training is nine to ten months. Exceptions are of course made, and one of such exceptions occurred curiously in the case of a dog which was evidently by far the shepherd's favourite. This Ring, or Rik, had been neglected up to the age of fifteen months, and was then becoming something of a nuisance to the neighbourhood. Even in his untaught state, however, he had showed his skill by becoming a sort of self-constituted guide to the village. On coming into the possession of my friend for a few shillings, he appeared to be rather inclined to worry the sheep that he came in contact with, and a dog who has once contracted this habit is seldom cured. Still, by very stern treatment, combined with an indication of kindness in case of obedience, he began to see life differently. He was a big, 'lanky' dog, black and white, with most of the points which I have just enumerated. He was, his old master reiterated, 'a noble-minded dog.' I asked for a specimen of the working of an animal of this kind, and he gave me the following details:—

'It had been a hard winter, and a cold "ask" spring, so that there was little food to be got by the sheep from the ground. It was a difficult time,' said the narrator, 'for we had to watch them carefully to prevent them getting into hollows and being lost. I was herding the flock to get moss-cops, and driving them up the hill. On reaching the top I found that one little ewe had lost her lamb, so, remembering the spot where the dog had brought her from, I went in search of the lamb, and found it at the bottom of the moor. Returning, I carried it to the place where I had left its mother, but when I got within a short distance of it I sat down for a moment to rest. No sooner had I done so than I saw the parent making her way towards, and drawing close to, the spot where she had left her offspring. Seeing that I had placed myself in a fix by bringing it away before she had arrived to see it and follow, I put off the dog for a long run. Special signs are given to the dog in a case of this kind to show how far he has to go. On this occasion he took a circuit of nearly two miles,—knowing nothing as yet of his destination,—and when the sheep was in a direct line between him and myself, I whistled "Come in." A dog should never stop without orders; hence the necessity of the shepherd being careful to spare him, and not to overtax his strength. Regarding the signs given, I may mention that the touching of the right or left ear means that the circuit is to commence on the right or left respectively. In making the circuit he would have to pass through several scores of sheep pasturing on the moor, but he understood that he was not to stay in his course until the signal was given. On nearing the sheep another whistle told him that the object of the run was before him. Imagine the dog with the task in hand of bringing a single sheep from the place where it thought its offspring was, and estimate the difficulty he would have in performing his duty! The sheep stubborn, not wanting to leave; the dog, equally stubborn, determined to bring her. The mother still sullen and awkward, and Rik pluckily faithful to his task. At last he found that ordinary conventional methods were of no avail against maternal obstinacy, so he adopted the plan of pushing her with his breast, changing the side according to direction. Suddenly the sheep gave way, and the dog came off victorious after a race and struggle of an hour and a half.'

Suppose five sheep, belonging to one flock, to be let loose in the road on the darkest night in the year, a good dog will trace them by scent, if set upon their track within fifteen minutes; after that time, in a public thoroughfare, the scent is not discernible by him. After tracing them, he will, if it is possible to do so, bring them back; if it is not possible, he will stay with them. If he cannot return, on account of a fence or other obstacle, he will wait for certain signals, and then bark to show his whereabouts. Although sheep can jump fences of the most difficult kind when they wish to gain the other side, a dog cannot make them do so, and he has not sufficient sagacity to go carefully back by the original route. As a rule he

takes a straight line for his goal, and, of course, it may have happened that the sheep have crossed barriers which he cannot make them repass. The black-faced (Scotch) sheep are more unmanageable than other breeds. On one occasion fifty or sixty of these had been bought by a party of shepherds, and had to be conveyed home through a wild country. The evening closed in early, and soon it was 'as dark as a boot,' and very misty. The dog and sheep were altogether lost, it being quite impossible to trace them either by eye or ear. By-and-by the party neared an inn, the 'Shoulder of Mutton,' and here the dog joined them with his flock. The shepherds obtained a candle and overhauled the sheep, when it was found that none had been lost, nor had one been gathered, that is, no additional ones had been included. The word 'bluffed' is used for the breaking away of some of the sheep from the flock.

When there is a doubt as to the position of the sheep, the shepherd lets his canine friend know that he wants the ground searched. A good dog, well broken, will then clear an enormous track of moorland, without missing a single sheep. Such a dog is called a 'sure gatherer.' He should on no account

come away with a portion only. Some indifferent dogs will bring a few in, and no efforts will induce them to 'range' again, or, in other words, to re-traverse the extensive area.

'Rik,' said the shepherd, 'had taken the sheep away on to the high moor daily for some months before the time

of clipping. They had returned of themselves, straggling home separately at all hours of the day. It requires a dog of the first class to take sheep up to the moor without hunting and hounding them; and it must be borne in mind that sheep, if they are to prove valuable, cannot be too carefully treated. I had finished breakfast one morning, when I started the dog off to collect a portion of the flock to clip. After waiting some time, I began to see them trickling off the rocks, some here, some there. A small cloud of them followed, and when he arrived at home, I found that he had one hundred, within a few, of his own flock, and only about five strange sheep!'

It may seem curious, after such instances, that it is the firm conviction of this shrewd old shepherd, that the dog does not know the sheep, but that the sheep know the dog. An expert dog appears to notice a difference between black and white-faced sheep, but in general he reasons more by their movements than by their appearance. For instance, he knows by the effect that he himself has on the sheep whether they are of his own flock or are strangers. The sheep seem to know at once the character of the dog they have to deal with, and are much more easily managed by a gentle than by a coarse, rough animal. If you want to remove a special sheep out of a flock of three hundred, the dog will do it, but it is necessary to point out to him the one you want to get rid of. As I said before, a smart dog will notice those which are wild, and will make for them as strangers, and thus eliminate them from his own. A lazy, worthless dog, on the contrary, will rather molest the quiet sheep than trouble himself with the wild ones.

I inquired whether old, experienced dogs were used to teach the younger ones, and learnt, to my surprise, that this practice is condemned. The working of two dogs together even appears to be undesirable, if one is sufficient to cover the ground. It used to be the custom, and may be still in some districts, to train one dog by means of another, as elephants are said to be trained; but the objections to it are such as the following. A young dog does not learn to notice the signals, and obey the orders of the shepherd, if he is allowed to watch and frolic with the old dog. It is possible, however, that a 'daft' animal may learn something if he is tied up and allowed to watch his senior working and obeying the word of command. Again, the older dog may easily be spoiled by his pupil. To carry out his instructions faithfully it is necessary for him to keep his attention fixed exclusively on his master, and this he cannot do with the youngster at his heels; for this pleasing thought naturally occurs to the mind of the latter, 'There is the old fellow scampering off, looking so serious; I'll after him and give him a bite.' The consequence is that the teacher finds that he has to guard his own shins, instead of minding his work, and the work suffers.

A trained dog reproduces greatly the character of his master: a kind shepherd will have a gentle dog, but a coarse, brutal man—the word shepherd seems too good for him—will have dogs which have but little care and feeling for their charges. In training and guiding it is impossible to exaggerate the influence of the master's eye and the effect of his will. The will, through the eye, passes like an electric current into the brain of the dog, and both causes him to perceive, and forces him to obey its dictates. The purer the breed, the more delicate is this perception, and a cross in the breed soon shows itself by the desire to follow other pursuits instead of absolute devotion to the one.

In matters where scent is required it is possible

that an indifferently bred dog will be as useful as a pure one. Such a case is found where sheep are lost in the snow. It is a common thing for sheep to be completely buried in snow-drifts, and yet to be recovered. They appear to be enabled to form, by the heat of their breath melting the snow, holes through their snow covering by means of which they breathe. The dogs detect the scent through these tubes, and scratch down to them, barking all the time, as my informant avers, to rouse them from the lethargy which cold produces. We might also suppose that the bark was a signal of distress and a general call for energy. An authentic instance is known to me of a sheep being thus overblown' and buried for three weeks. It had eaten part of its own wool, in fact all that, in its awkward position, it was able to reach, for it was wedged between the rocks. However, at last the dog found the poor sufferer, which was extricated, brought round, and afterwards did well. That it should have done well is remarkable, for it generally happens that sheep, which have received a check of this kind, never afterwards thrive. To prevent such catastrophes it is necessary for the shepherd—when the north wind sweeps over the moor, and brings the snow which drifts higher than the walls—to turn out, and with his dog gather the sheep, and bring them to some sheltered enclosure, where they may be fed with hay.

The Yorkshire name for their beautiful and charming sheep-dogs is 'cur.' The word 'collie' is only accepted in speaking of them to strangers. I understand, too, that the real collie is reserved in the Highlands for black cattle, because he is too high-tempered for sheep. The pure Lincolnshire cur, a broken wire-haired dog, is very slow, sluggish, and heavy on the ground. When he is crossed with the pure collie he makes a good, handsome dog, still called a cur. And this word *cur*, in the mouth of a stalwart, black-haired, weather-beaten Yorkshire moorland shepherd, is a very emphatic word: it is quite equal in distinction to the highest praise of an Agricultural Society's judge. It means to these keen, unflinching men acts of heroism, acts of shrewdness, acts of unreasoning, unswerving attention to duty; and it means to them in times of hard pinching, scarcity and trouble, an abstemious, self-sacrificing, devoted partner and companion in their work.

The cross with the drover's dog is considered by the wise men to be a very useful animal, but the gentleman's collie they consider, as a rule, to be a hypocrite and a fraud. He is, in fact, among dogs what *the masher* is with men. They argue that he must be impure, for, although he has the appearance of a collie, he cannot be one, or he would be more 'vivid, high-tempered, and on the alert.' My friend suggests that they are crossed with the Gordon setter. In working, the majority of them do not resemble the genuine collie in any one point. When put into training nothing can be made of them; they appear to say to the Yorkshire trainer, 'I'll stop here, and thou must gather t' sheep.'

It is no part of my purpose to tell anecdotes of those tricks and smart doings which are the child's play of these dogs after their business hours. To take the reins of a horse and lead him; to bring his master's stick or slippers; to single out (by collusion with the Shepherd) from a group of ladies those which have sweethearts, and shake hands with them, always choosing the prettiest and youngest in the bevy; to rob boys of their tops and other toys: these are tricks which, as I said, they do in their spare time. They will put to shame the best fox-terrier in the slaughter of rats, one dog having killed fifty-five in fifteen minutes, and then fallen down in a fit. One is so fastidious that he will not eat a piece of bread if you say that it is dirty; another will drive a beast along the road striking it with a stick when necessary; and a third—although my friend thinks that the public should scarcely be told this, lest a bad example be set—will throw a sheep over on its back when the master bids.

But that the sheep-dog is a transmigrated Yorkshireman is clearly shown by the partiality which he has for a penny. He will carry one of these copper coins in his mouth for nine miles, and swim with it through water, a difficult matter, without dropping it; but, most marvellous of all, he will absolutely decline to restore to the donor a piece of money that he has begged, even when his master distinctly orders him to do so, and it is on this subject of money only that he can ever be found to disobey!

G. RADFORD.

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, OXFORD.

BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE Garden Front of St. John's College, Oxford, is a part of the new buildings which Laud added to the College in which he was educated, and has been ascribed to Inigo Jones in spite of its essentially Gothic character. Laud notes in his Diary the laying of the first stone on July 26th, 1631, and in 1636 'the buildings were fully finished.' 'This year his Majesty and the Queen invited themselves to me

to Oxford, and brought with them Charles Prince Elector Palatine and his brother Prince Rupert.' Of this visit Laud, who was Chancellor of the University, gives a detailed account. The royal party was lodged at Christ Church, but the two princes, being made Masters of Art, 'their names were by his Majesty's leave entered in St. John's College to do that house that honour for my sake.' They also paid a visit to St. John's and inspected the new buildings, after which they dined in the new library. There were thirteen tables besides the two royal tables, 'but no man went out of the gates, courtier or other, but content, which was a happiness quite beyond expectation.' There was also provided for their entertainment a play called the *Hospitall of Lovers*, made for the most part by Mr. George Wild, one of the fellows, and they did not need to borrow any one actor from any other College. All who were concerned in it seem to have congratulated themselves greatly on the successful visit, and most of all the Chancellor, on whom however the expense fell heavily, 'for I have all the charge of that play which was at St. John's and suffered not that poor College to be at a penny loss or charge in anything.'

TIRYNS.

'TIRYNS. The Prehistoric Palace of the Kings of Tiryns. The Results of the Latest Excavations.' Such is the full title of an appropriately handsome book published by Mr. Murray, in which Dr. Schliemann once more brings before the astonished world which is interested in Hellenic antiquity, the rich rewards of untiring labour and ungrudged cost, employed with a sagacity which seems to direct him, as if by instinct, to the very spots where the tangible records of the past have remained as undiscovered for ages as 'those secrets which Nature will not have man to know.' To him it has been given to realise in mature years the projects conceived in the enthusiasm of early youth. Under the spell of Homer's poetry, he resolved to one day explore the scenes of heroic incidents, it must be said much in the same spirit as if one were to go in quest of the palaces and tomb of Sir Thomas Mallory's King Arthur. For now more than 'the period spent on stubborn Troy,' he has pursued his purpose. The Greeks got into Troy by trying, says the jeering Alexandrian of Theocritus to the pair of hustled sight-seeing gossips; with at least equal perseverance, Dr. Schliemann has attained to the revelation of a series of monuments and remains which it seems inaccurate to style prehistoric, for they fall in to compose a page of self-consistent history; he may well be consoled by this harvest of certified facts, for having to renounce as phantasmal the delusive embellishments for which the unrivalled poetic imagination of Homer took them as a basis.

The difficulties and conditions of the investigator of the earlier epochs of the civilisation of man have much analogy to those which beset him when he endeavours to interpret the geological records of the globe which he inhabits. The geologist who concerns himself with the more recent variations of the surface of the earth rejoices as he follows back the traces of successive formations and disturbances, satisfies himself with the order of time in which strata were superposed, and how the disturbance of one deposit contributed to the augmentation of one that followed. But he has at last to recognise that in regard to certain formations the evidence is defective as to whether they were contemporaneous or successive, and if successive, in what order; and even if order of succession can be approximately decided, the length of time consumed by each, or by the interval of their succession, defies all attempts to estimate.

So it is with the early history of Greece; even written records are not to be relied on; they are constantly ambiguous, fragmentary, contradictory. It is often as difficult to judge whether a dynasty is in due chronological position, as whether the entire mass of the Rigi has not been thrown over so absolutely that its topmost strata were originally the lowest. The difficulty is enhanced because much historical material is embedded in poetry,—and the effect of poetical imagination upon historical facts has more than the metamorphic power which is exercised by volcanic action on the rocks which occur in its proximity. We escape from this aggravation of our difficulties when we deal with the antiquities brought to light by the excavator, but sufficient remain. The first requirement, however, for the recovery of a chapter of the history of art and civilisation is determination of order of time; if we can only determine this, we may in many cases allow that the positive terms of durations and intervals are of secondary importance.

The great service which Dr. Schliemann has rendered to the study of Greek history is to have brought to light evidence which gives definition to our ideas of the state of society and of the arts, in periods which in these respects were previously little better than blank; to exhibit proofs of the dependence of certain leading centres, Mycenae, Tiryns, Troy, upon common influences, and to enable us to recognise the true germs of what ultimately developed, through convulsions and revolutions, through conflicts and combinations both from within and without, as the

noble organism of Greek,—of Hellenic civilisation. The result of his labour has gone far to establish and characterise, at least, one primaeval epoch. How long was the period before this culmination of an epoch was attained, how prolonged was its glory, its agony, how speedy or how sudden its transformation into later developments, we can no more say than we can affix definite dates B.C. to the chalk or to the lias; but we congratulate ourselves, while we give due meed of recognition to our guide, upon feeling that we are landed upon ground which at least is firm under our feet, if we do not know exactly its boundaries or how far it extends.

At the head of the deep Argolic bay an open plain of general triangular form extends into the country between bounding hills and more important ranges. On the left, near the coast, lies the citadel and site of ancient Argos; on the right, crowning a low hill, which rises island-like from the plain, is the citadel of Tiryns, of which the vast Cyclopean walls furnished Homer with an epithet, and excited the wonder of the Romans of the empire, as they do of all travellers at this day. At the head of the plain, upon an eminence much more lofty and extensive, and in a position to dominate the important mountain-pass which led to Corinth, lie the ruins of Mycenae. Near as these settlements are to each other, there is no doubt that they flourished independently at times, and as little that tradition is to be relied on for their rivalries, alliances, and conflicts. There are many indications that give the palm of earliest antiquity to Tiryns, while the ruins and remains of Troy, on the opposite coast of Asia, may well seem to belong to again a much earlier date; there is much in common, in pottery, weapons, and construction which tends to argue difference of age of related populations, originally abreast of each other, were it not possible that advance may have been sluggish, or arrested at one site and rapid at another. At Mycenae we come upon developments of art much more advanced; here the proofs are salient of a largely organized political power, but in direct continuation of the social conditions of Tiryns. The distinctive character of the fortification of Tiryns is the piling up of colossal masses of rock into walls, and the formation of galleries by the blocks of parallel walls being gradually corbelled forward till they met. The construction of these was not so absolutely inartificial as has been supposed. The blocks were dressed sufficiently to enable them to bed firmly, and a general intention appears to lay them in horizontal courses. It is also made out that they were originally bedded in clay mortar, though this has been disturbed by rats, and washed out, for the most part, by the weather of ages. The traces of the same early construction at Mycenae are superseded by an exacter system dealing with more moderate masses; still later, when a new loop was added to the fortress, the walls in one part, when the celebrated lion portal was erected, were faced with still more regular masonry. Then ensued a period of power and prosperity during which the beehive-form tombs of the type of the so-called Treasury of Athens were erected. These vaults are developments of the same principle of corbelling which was applied in the galleries of Tiryns; but the advance in technical skill is immense, and also in the devotion of labour to exact finish and elaborate ornament. There can be little doubt that the traditions of this period furnished Homer with the characteristics of the dynasty of Agamemnon, ruler of Mycenae, 'wealthy in gold.' Intermediate between this period and properly historic times, we have the literary monument of Homeric poetry, which seems to be almost equidistant from each. Tiryns in this poetry is quite subordinate; it remains so till it emerges into transitory activity at the date of the Persian War. By that time Argos had reasserted a superiority which it had made good occasionally in earlier days, and threatened its immediate neighbours. Tiryns and Mycenae seem to have hoped to gain protection by rendering what small help they could to the patriotic confederation against the Persian, from which Argos, weakened by recent defeats in conflict with Sparta, prudentially held aloof. The hope was frustrated; and before long the Argives finally extinguished the independence of both. It was all important for them to gain both numbers and concentration in order to secure themselves against Spartan aggression; and this they effected, though a certain number of malcontents as usual betook themselves to other refuge, at Macedonia and elsewhere. Such there can be no doubt is the general outline of a story which is not discredited by weak cavils at incidental discrepancies in the record.

So ended the story of Tiryns, till Dr. Schliemann put in the spade which has brought to light the very plan of the palace of chiefs who claimed direct descent from Hercules and from Zeus. The discoverer of these remains expresses a positive opinion that they are of the same date as the girdling walls. They occupy the highest position within the enclosure, of which the distribution may be compared in principle to that of Corfe Castle, as of many other mediaeval fortresses. In the ancient, as in the comparatively modern, stronghold, there is a spacious outer ward, another more restricted pertaining to the citadel, and lastly, the citadel or keep itself, self-contained and with well-defended main entrance, and a postern. The ruins, of course, only supply a ground-plan; but it is easy to identify the position of stairs, which here, as in the palace of Ulysses, led to an upper storey. If we do not say that this plan explains Homer's palace, it is that the poet makes his plan quite intelligible without the illustration;

but it is interesting to trace the agreement. There is the same separation of the apartments for the women and domestic life from those assigned to the men and general business or entertainment. Ulysses might have executed here his scheme of locking off the women, and of securing the main outlets, while he compassed the slaughter of the suitors; and here also he would have had need to secure a side passage by posting a guard where one man could withstand the attack of numbers. The forecourt is flanked by echoing porticoes, and gives entrance into the chief hall where the suitors caroused. In this Court it was that the suitors compelled the real beggar Irus to fulfil the challenge which he had given to Ulysses in disguise; and across it the vanquished bully was dragged by the heels, to be propped against the outer wall and furnished with a staff to keep off dogs and hogs as best he might.

It is most interesting to find in this forecourt the basis of an altar,—in the very position in which Ulysses and Nestor found Peleus sacrificing to Zeus, when they came to invite the youthful Achilles to take part in the Trojan expedition,—in the position where the minstrel Phemius and the herald Medon, when spared by Ulysses, were sent to take refuge, still trembling all over. We see the place for the fire in the centre of the banqueting-hall, beside which Penelope, after the retirement of the feasters, descended to take her seat and listen to the plausible tale of the vagrant, whose disguise, it was a question with the ancients, whether between natural shrewdness and wifely instinct, she did not in fact penetrate, though thinking it best to keep his counsel and her own.

The antiquity of this ruin may be judged by the fact that though the places of numerous carefully disposed columns were identified, no single moulding or member was discovered of the Doric style, which was completely established at the date of the Greek colonies in Italy and Sicily in the eighth and ninth centuries B.C.

The legends of the fortunes and exploits of Tirynthian Hercules are copious and diversified. They emerge in Homer from time to time, but strictly retained in a hazy uncertain distance which helps to throw up in marvellous relief the groups which occupy his foreground. After the recent discoveries these poetical transmutations of popular traditions acquire a solid claim on the attention of an historical analyst, who shall be as far from accepting all with Mitford and Clinton as from rejecting all with the unimaginative Grote, who denied to them any historical value whatever.

W. Watkiss Lloyd.

SOME NOTES ON GEORGE MORLAND.

FROM THE PAPERS OF JAMES WARD, R.A.

Among the voluminous papers which the veteran artist left behind him is an autobiography written about the year 1850, when he was eighty-one—I believe at the request of the proprietors of the 'Art Journal.' It was printed in a necessarily very condensed form, for the old gentleman had produced a manuscript of nearly two hundred and fifty well-filled folio pages. Other extracts from it were published in my paper on James Ward, which appeared in the first volume of the 'English Illustrated Magazine.' The artist loved his pen, ink, and paper, almost as much as his pallet and brush. He covered reams of foolscap with lengthy disquisitions on all subjects, conceivable and inconceivable: sermons on triangles and other recondite matters ecclesiastical, researches into the mysticisms of the digits, hypotheses as to the true character of fasting women, arguments conclusively showing the righteousness of wearing a beard. But the magic of his hand vanished when it put down the brush and took up the pen: a mighty master on canvas, he became the veriest paradoxer on paper, such an one as would have rejoiced the heart of De Morgan; the fact that so few of these productions were published is the only reason why their author does not figure in the famous 'Budget.' The reader need not fear that I shall ever be indiscreet enough to assist in the setting-up of these manuscripts in the clear type of the present day; they will always remain in the seclusion of their present resting-place, a large basket, in which they lie in bundles side by side with poems innumerable—for Ward deemed himself also to be a poet. It may, however, some day be my pleasant task to give to the public a record, fuller than has yet been attempted, of his busy life; and, by embellishing it with faithful reproductions of some of his charming and characteristic studies and sketches (a few of which have already appeared in this journal and elsewhere), to erect a lasting and worthy memorial of one in whose works the genius of the English School found such large expression. Ward knew Morland so well, and in his early years was so intimately associated with him, that it is not surprising to find in the autobiography copious references to him. These passages are reproduced here in their original form, which boasts of no literary merit whatever, and is much cumbered with bad grammar. But they have no little value as being the direct testimony of a most competent witness, given in his very words. F. T. Piggott.

MY brother took a house at Kensal Green on the Harrow Road, and Smith took one a few miles beyond, called 'Fortune's Gate,' by which he had my brother and myself under his wing.* Highly to my brother's honour, the first step he took on taking this house was to take my father and mother and sisters under his protection, and we all therefore lived under the same roof as one family: we wanted no society beyond, and it was my brother's happiness, for all were devoted to him. But this was soon broken in upon by his introduction to George Morland, who, taking a liking to one of my sisters, and my brother to one of Morland's sisters, he came and lived a considerable time under the same roof with

* 'My brother' is, of course, William Ward, and 'Smith,' J. Raphael Smith, both mezzotint engravers. See Mr. Stephens' articles on 'James Ward' in the Portfolio for this year.

us, and confusion was soon the consequence. The connexion of Smith and Morland soon aroused my brother from his domestic quietude; though the eccentricities of Morland (for he was not then a drunkard) was thought the wildness of genius, and that marrying him would settle him. He was ever the object of strange and odd movements; but while with us he was ever at work, and appeared to take a delight in it. I remember once asking him if he could ever be happy without painting: he answered, 'No, never!' We could not but admire his genius, and I took great delight in seeing him paint; but, alas! his subjects were for the most part then wrong, and it was more wrong in my being allowed to see such works at my age. But it was then the fashion, and was thought nothing of; it was before the French Revolution, and our country was impregnated with this dire evil!*

And here it may be well to bring in what I know of him, and in connexion with his family; and more especially as there have been so many lives written of or about him. All I can say of them is that in all there are many truths and many falsehoods. I believe that Daw's 'Life of Morland' is the most correct; because while he was writing it, he brought his manuscript to me and my brother, and we both took much time and pains to correct it, and to remove misstatements. Afterwards, when he published it, so far from thanks, he brought a volume to each of us, begging we would read it as soon as possible, for he wanted to lend it to others. We smiled at this, as so much like what we had heard of him.† Fuseli's is only an opportunity of sporting his own imagination and displaying his wit. Hassel's is the work of a vulgar man, and one of Morland's picture-dealers, and is full of nonsense and crammed with falsehoods; and Allan Cunningham's is the effusion of ignorance. I called upon him when he was under Sir Francis's roof, to ask him how he came to state Morland as being my brother-in-law by my marrying his sister, instead of my brother, the engraver, when he could so easily have referred to me at the Royal Academy. He said he would alter it, but that 20,000 had been printed. But his writings were all of the same nature, as if he had one object in view—that of making Chantrey the greatest sculptor in the world, and to cry down every effort at poetic or allegoric representations in sculpture, well knowing that Chantrey's powers lay not there.* Also one other object, that of extolling every artist north of the Tweed at the expense of the south side of it. No writer, in my opinion, ever took more pains to make himself appear a candid writer, and never one that proved himself more partial.

George Morland's father was of a good family, and descended from a baronet of the same name. He was a tall, well-looking man, and had gentlemanly appearance and manners. I understood he was brought up for the Church, but took to painting; but confined himself to crayons, in which he acquired at one time a very considerable reputation. His subjects were candle-light effects and half-length figures of women washing, ironing, and engaged in other domestic employments, as large as life. But this fashion in art going out, he failed, and became a bankrupt. At this time he was very intimate with Sir Joshua Reynolds, but upon this event taking place, on his going as before to breakfast with his friend, Sir Joshua took no more notice of him than if there had been no one there, and gave as reason that it was a disgrace for an artist to become a bankrupt. Had he lived to this day he would have found it not so uncommon a circumstance. The old Morland was now no more thought of, and he always appeared to me as a broken-down gentleman. His wife was an opposite character, and was to me (if I may use the comparison) like a little strutting bantam cock. She had a small independent property, and she crowed over her quiet husband most completely. She was a French woman, and had three sons and two daughters; her partiality was to her son George and his youngest sister Sophia, who lived with her mother till her death. The elder sister was a most exemplary character, and the more praiseworthy as being brought up under the greatest temptation to the contrary. One son went to sea. He returned to England once, after which he went

* Ward connects the 'locking up in a garret' story, which is so largely current in all biographical notices of Morland, with the production of these immodest pictures. He denies that old Morland had any cognizance of these works, and suggests that the son, instead of being locked up by his father to keep him at work, locked himself in to conceal the nature of his occupation.

† 'The elder Morland took under his roof as a pupil, to teach him mezzotinto engraving (although it was observed he never engraved a mezzotinto himself), a grown-up man, rather advanced in years, of the name of Daw. He was the father of George Daw, who afterwards became a Royal Academician, and who was taken to Russia by the Emperor, and, it was said, made a duke of. However that may be, he was here called, in joke, "Duke Daw." He had a very high opinion of himself, and was a very cunning man in everything that advanced his power and his purse. He was sent to the Royal Academy schools from a child, and professed himself to be decidedly an historical painter, and exhibited nothing else, knowing that the R.A.'s always had an eye to that department of art (as the first class) in their choice of members; after which [*i.e.*, membership] he from the first pushed his interest with a sort of irresistible importunity, and gained it. As soon as he became an Academician he immediately changed his ground and became a portrait-painter in the French or Roman style of art, and by that he was noticed when the kings and emperors were all in this country. He went over with them [*i.e.*, the Emperor of Russia] on their return, and after making a large fortune in Russia, he came over and brought a large collection of his portraits to show to George IV., when he became King; but they were thought so little of here, and by the King, that Duke Daw soon sickened and died, and was buried in St. Paul's.'—From the *Autobiography*.

* Ward's own devotion to allegory is well known.

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to sea again, and was never afterwards heard of. The other brother, Henry, was a dealer in everything, a business for which his mind was exactly fitted, being an eccentric, money-making character. Latterly he opened a coffee-house in Dean Street, Soho, and became the last and most constant dealer in his brother George's pictures, and, I believe, had a greater number of them copied and sold as originals than all the other dealers put together.

The elder Morland lived a very retired life; I believe wholly on his wife's property. In his son George's early boyhood he introduced him to Sir Joshua Reynolds, who was very hopeful as to the early display of genius, but I never heard of his making any effort to get him to draw at the Royal Academy, or any drawing-school.

Morland had been living with us at Kensal Green for some little time when his affection sprang up for my sister, who was very delicate, and whose mind was very elegant. There was nothing to prevent their union and that of my brother with Morland's sister, and the marriages were soon concluded. Morland was married at Hammersmith Church, and among his oddities he would insist upon taking a brace of horse pistols in his pocket, and this was only laughed at as one of his odd whims; but these very soon increased. My brother now finding that his expenditure exceeded his income, and that the seclusion of Kensal Green acted against his becoming more known, as also his brother-in-law, it was agreed upon between them to remove to London, and they took a a house jointly in High Street, Marylebone. There were no quarrels between them that I know of, but I believe that my brother soon found that the life and connexions were not of a sort to be congenial with his retired and industrious habits. They therefore soon determined to live separate, and my brother took a house on the Hampstead Road.

To attempt to follow Morland after this is impossible; he became a constant wanderer from house to house. But let it be clearly understood, there never was a separation between him and his wife beyond his own removals from her, and those longer or shorter according to his own irregular temper—sometimes for days, sometimes for weeks, and sometimes for many months together. This habit progressively became worse and worse. At one time he took a house in the same Row and a few doors from my brother at Camden Town; at another he would take up his abode with my father and mother, and sometimes we should lose sight of him altogether, his wife being left behind with them, or elsewhere. This appeared to be a family failing, for his sister Maria, my brother's wife, showed the same disposition; but it was the only fault she had.

When Morland was in the zenith of his reputation and powers (which lasted but a very few years), he lived in a small house opposite the 'White Lion,' Paddington. I think the name of the man who kept the inn was Catel, who soon died, leaving a widow who was very partial to me. She married a favourite of the then Prince of Wales, and then asked me if I should like to be made Painter and Engraver to the Prince of Wales. Of course, I could not object to the honour, and through her instrumentality I was appointed, and have no doubt the circumstance of my presentation to the Queen led the way. I find this dated 1792. Mrs. FitzHerbert was then fond of Morland's pictures, and had some of them; and if Morland had been a man for it, there was an opening to the highest honours. I remember it being stated to him that his ancestor being a baronet, he could take up the title; and being urged to do so, he only laughed at the idea. Once a nobleman calling upon him at this house, he would not see him; and it was said that the companions then with him looked out of the window and hooted after him. He was then in the habit of keeping many horses in the opposite stable; I have heard (but know not the fact) at one time as many as six. I know that as these creatures flocked round him, it was his pleasure to mount them and ride out at the head of a party.

He here painted a slight picture as a sign of the 'White Lion,' which he gave to this innkeeper; and it was hung up in a little alley leading from the front of the inn to the Harrow Road. This is the only one I ever heard of; and believe it is altogether an invented story of his doing so to pay his reckoning, which this incident gave rise to. Here also he produced the largest picture he ever painted, and which he had fifty guineas for. It was the *Farmer's Stable*, which Miss Linwood copied in wools and exhibited in Leicester Square.* It was a slight picture, but full of truth and spirit, and was taken from one of the stables in the opposite inn. The boldness and freedom of the picture induced Morland's poor old father to pronounce it rubbish and worth nothing; but it much advanced his reputation, being exhibited in the Royal Academy and made a centre picture in the Great Room.

It was his dreadful companions at this time that tended to his extravagance and dissipation and idleness. I remember one morning calling upon him, when he showed me a set of tints he had mixed up the day before to go on with a picture, when these fellows came and enticed him out. At that time there was no character too low, or perhaps too wicked, for his acquaintance, and his habits became gross and filthy to excess. It was astonishing that

* An etching of this picture, now in the National Gallery, by Mr. C. O. Murray, was published in THE PORTFOLIO for January, 1885.

his wife, with her delicate mind and frame, could have an affection for such a man; yet it is certain that she had, and used to cover all with the feeling sense of his great talents. She used to say, 'Ah! my friends think it would be a relief to me if George were to die; but they do not know what they say, for whenever that takes place I shall not live three days;' and which turned out to be the fact. It is true that at times he appeared to be fond of her after his manner; but his roving temper made him leave her for days or weeks at a time, and afterwards he was often obliged to leave her to hide himself from his many creditors, leaving her to the protection of her friends and relations; but they were never intentionally separated.

SPORTSMAN WITH DOGS. G. MORLAND.

As this was the period of his greatest expense, so it was the situation that afforded him the most constant supply of subjects for his pencil, and those most congenial to his nature—rustics, animals, ostlers, trampers, gypsies, asses, and pigs. After this he became a wanderer from place to place to hide himself; taken in by one friend then by another, and at times taking refuge in the lowest public-houses, his wife remaining the object of all our care.

A short time afterwards Mr. Lynn, the celebrated surgeon in Parliament Street (one of the most liberal and kind-hearted of men), who was the very intimate friend of Mr. Wedd, an attorney who was as intimate with Morland, and who afterwards became one of my most intimate and warm friends, offered Morland the use of his cottage in the Isle of Wight to retire to out of the way. He went there, and remained as long as his disposition would allow him to remain in one place. Mr. Lynn gave him a commission to paint for him what he pleased, and thus became possessed of several of his pictures; one of these was left unfinished, and after Morland's death I finished it for him. Mr. Lynn gave orders to his man at the cottage to buy any drawings Morland made there; and he soon had a letter from the man stating that Mr. Morland had made some rough scratches with a black-lead pencil on white paper, and he asked a guinea apiece for them, and he was afraid to buy them. Mr. Lynn ordered him to buy them all. Sometimes Morland would sell some such for a bottle of wine. I have seen these 'scratches' at Mr. Lynn's, in his cottage in Nightingale Lane, Clapham, and found them a lamentable proof of the decay of his powers. The public had before this called upon him for more finished pictures, and this he attempted; but not having laid his foundation in drawing anatomically, his efforts gave you only a vast repetition of pencilling in little touches, without that information necessary to a finished work of art. They, therefore, had the appearance of laboured copies of his former pictures, and they were only repetitions of his frequent subjects, for he had not expanded his

mind by practice. He sometimes took hunting and shooting subjects; but they were very superficial, as he was neither a hunter himself nor a shooter. From whatever cause it proceeded, he appeared to have generated a vulgar taste. I very often heard him not only compared to Gainsborough, but as having far surpassed him. In my own pictures of that time the complaint was, when I painted rustic females, 'You make them too much like ladies and too handsome. Why do you not make them more like Morland's?'

[The picture which M. Richeton has etched for us is in the Jones Collection at the South Kensington Museum.]

ART CHRONICLE.

WITH the first days of May the Royal Academy opens its doors, and the exhibition test, that makes or mars the public success of so many pictures, tries the work which has already drawn good meed of praise from the April visitors to studios.

If any doubt has been felt as to the mode in which Mr. Burne Jones, A.R.A., might make his first appeal within the walls of Burlington House, it will be solved at sight of the characteristic pieces he sends. One of these has been worked upon at intervals for some time, and forms one of a series illustrating the old story of 'The Sleeping Beauty.' This is the episode of the approach of the fairy prince, as he threads his way through the thicket of briar-rose that surrounds the slumbering palace, and past the prostrate forms of the mailed guard, whose shields hang amid the boughs. The finely foreshortened figures, the Giorgione-like study of armour, the lovely tracery of blossom and bramble, the eerie spell that holds the whole design, make of this a characteristic work. At the same time the full charm of the artist's sonorous palette, so splendidly seen in the pictures recently dispersed at the Graham sale, is not exercised here. Still less is it present in the weird composition wherein Mr. Burne Jones, again entering on the debateable ground between the domain of the poet who sings and the artist who depicts, portrays the fabled Siren of the sea, creature of both southern and of northern fancy, half fish, half fair woman, who draws the victim of her love through the drowning waves to her cave at the bottom of ocean. Mr. Burne Jones has the poet's gift of creating the natural out of the impossible; his sea witch is even too terribly *vraisemblant* as she sways downwards through the clear green water, clasping in her long arms the prey for whom, we read in the triumphant glee of her eyes, she has longed and waited. The softly modelled flesh—warm brown in the man's naked body, pale and gleaming in the sinuous contours of the Mermaid—the green water and shadowy rocks, furnish forth a low-toned harmony, in which the light of the siren's eyes seems the keenest point. The design forms into a narrow upright composition. Both this and the other picture touch a line of fanciful imagining quite novel within our Academic walls.

Sir F. Leighton, P.R.A., has been too occupied with his mural painting at the South Kensington Museum, and with his bronze figure of the *Sluggard*, to do much at the easel. He sends the tripartite decorative composition designed for the coffered ceiling of a room in the classic style. Music is the theme, and the painter personates the Art in a draped and mystically musing female seated between the stately erect forms of two attendant Muses, while over her head hover, lyre in hand, two lovely little genii of sound, rhythmic in every curve, with azure-tipped wings. On the side panels the painter has grouped figures symbolic on the one hand of the music of state and ritual, and on the other of revelry. Prominent in the last is a nude boy dancing with outflung limbs. The designs are painted in low tones, rich though somewhat opaque, on a ground of varnished gold that has been laid upon a canvas prepared with thick white. Exception may be taken to the treatment of ceiling decoration in the flat, horizontal disposition of a mural painting, especially as the figures have not a trace of the archaic, though not wanting in dignity or grace.

Two champions of sea and coast scenery—Mr. Colin Hunter and Mr. Henry Moore—come forward with strong work. Mr. Hunter paints, with his usual vigorous impasto, a number of studies, all pitched in pretty much the same key, taken off the northern Scottish coast, with picturesque fishing villages and craft, rough green water, and windy skies. Mr. Moore signalises his recent enrolment into the Academy by a particularly fine large study of troubled water in Mount Bay, heaving beneath one of those complex skies, full of carefully noted cloud-forms, aërial perspective, and shifting lights, which only an artist who paints out of doors with his knowledge at his fingers' ends, can achieve.

Portraiture is again prominent in the pictures sent from Kensington and St. John's Wood. But Mr. Waterhouse, A.R.A., has a striking subject in *The Incantation* of a Greek priestess raising the spirits of her ancestors; and Mr. Pettie, R.A., paints two fierce Highlanders holding flaming torches on either side the seat of their chief—reminiscence of Walter Scott's graphic description in the 'Legend of Montrose.'

THE studio of Mr. Hamo Thorneycroft, R.A., the sculptor, had much to interest a visitor in April. There were models of his equestrian statue for Blackfriars Bridge, and of the national memorial statue of *General Gordon*. This the sculptor has treated in a broad, simple way, fitting the subject. The soldier stands with folded arms and one leg advanced, looking out and forward quietly, a certain concentration and reticent strength in the attitude and character of the figure observable, even on the diminutive scale of the model. The memorial to the late *Sir John Goss*, organist of St. Paul's, has a pretty group of choristers, well treated in low relief. The sculptor's chief work is, however, a life-size rustic figure of *A Sower*, to be cast in bronze, companion in sentiment and treatment to *The Mower* of a previous year. The man presses against him with the left arm the pouch-shaped seed-basket, flat on one side, such as is used in the north of England, slung from the neck, while the right arm sweeps backward, preparatory to the fling of the seed. The action is admirably energetic, the whole form full of nervous vitality, and the lines are studied throughout, so that the figure tells with significance from every point of view as would the life. Something of the heroic ennobles this rustic labourer at his familiar toil; yet the treatment is, on the whole, picturesque and naturalistic, and one is fain to express the hope that Mr. Thorneycroft will not suffer himself to drift from the path of the ideal and the typical, in which he has shown power rare in modern English sculpture. With his apparent aim to reveal the heroic and the ideal elements which are innate in the vigorous and beautifully developed human body, and the nobility and typical significance of all healthy toil, which calls out perfectly natural physical action and gesture, we are quite in sympathy.

MESSRS. COOPER will exhibit this month, in one of their galleries in Great Pulteney Street, a music room decorated in a Greek style, from designs by Mr. Quilter.

THE Annual Report of the National Gallery shows that during the year 1885 thirteen pictures were purchased, two out of Parliamentary grant—the *Ansidei* Raphael and Vandyck's *Charles I.* from Blenheim—and the rest from the Clarke bequest, the Lewis fund, and the bequest of 10,000*l.* by the late Mr. John Lucas Walker. Twenty pictures were bequeathed and presented. A deputation from the Trustees of the Gallery waited on the Chancellor of the Exchequer during the preparation of the estimate for the National Gallery vôte of 1886–87, with a view

to reopening the decision by which the annual grant is to be suspended for a term of years consequent upon the unusual grant for the Blenheim purchases. The appeal on this point was, however, ineffectual, but the Director and Trustees were encouraged to hope that a special vote might be proposed by Her Majesty's Treasury for the acquisition of any exceptional work of art.

Two notable sales at Messrs. Christie's during the last week of March and first week of April should be chronicled. First, the McConnel collection, which, though consisting of only eighty pictures, realised 35,242*l.* Amongst pictures by deceased modern artists were *The Dell in Helmingham Park*, by Constable; *The Bathers*, and *Campo Santo, Venice*, by Turner; and three pictures by John Phillip—*The Volunteers*, *The Water-Drinkers*, and *The Early Career of Murillo.* The last-named fetched 3800 guineas, a test of the popularity which Phillip's work still sustains. A replica by Rosa Bonheur of her well-known *Horse Fair* was knocked down to Mr. Agnew for 3000 guineas. The sale of Mr. William Graham's collection brought forward an extensive group of modern pictures by artists whose admirers have been supposed few and fit rather than numerous. Nevertheless, seldom has more eager or excited competition been roused at Christie's than when chief works of Frederick Walker, of Burne Jones, and of D. G. Rossetti, certain early pictures of Millais, and one or two choice examples of Watts, were put up. The changed attitude of the art world since twenty or thirty years ago was significantly indicated by the prices given, a few of which only can be quoted here. *The Bathers*, by Fred. Walker, fetched, with copyright included, 2500 guineas. *The Vagrants*, a less ambitious but more complete picture of a gipsy encampment, particularly fine in colour, was acquired for the National Gallery at 1770 guineas. For the small water-colour drawing of a summer garden, called *The Lilies*, 1365*l.* was given by Mr. Agnew. The respective value of the early Millais subject pictures, *The Vale of Rest* and *Apple Blossoms*, was judiciously proven, as the first impressive canvas obtained three times the price of the *Apple Blossoms*—viz., 3000 guineas. The pictures and drawings by Rossetti, most of which have been not long since seen in a winter exhibition of the Royal Academy and at the Burlington Fine Art Club, roused good competition. For the National Gallery was bought the lovely annunciation, *Ecce Ancilla Domini*, painted by the artist in 1850, and probably the best example possible of Rossetti's pre-Raphaelite days. The large composition, *Dante at the Bier of Beatrice*, with predella, went for 1050*l.*, and the mystic *Beata Beatrix*, or *Beatrice in a Trance*, was bought by Mr. Mackenzie for 1207*l.* 10*s.* The portrait study, called *Il Ramoscello*, which, though small, and not painted with the more gorgeous palette of Rossetti, is singularly fine in technique and in delicate modelling of face and hands, hardly realised its comparative value in the sum of 378*l.* (Mr. Vipan). Thirty-three water-colour drawings by Mr. Burne Jones, A.R.A., dating over many years, passed, at high prices, temporarily into Messrs. Agnew's hands, but Mr. Charles Butler won the study for the picture *Venus' Mirror*, at the price of 819*l.*, while *The Feast of Peleus*, an elaborately finished composition of many figures, fetched 945*l.* The larger works by Mr. Burne Jones obtained raised, enthusiastic bids. The two fine pictures, *The Chant d'Amour* and *The Laus Veneris*, both highly romantic in feeling and absolutely resplendent in colour, obtained respectively the large sums of 3150 guineas and 2677*l.* 10*s.* The set of six panels symbolising by angelic figures, holding crystal spheres, *The Days of Creation*, reached 1732*l.* 10*s.* The cartoon in colour for the *King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid*, identical in scale with the picture which is in the collection of the Earl of Wharncliffe, sold for 766*l.* 10*s.* A few pictures by Mr. Watts, R.A., also passed through the sale, and realised fair prices. The small, highly poetic composition, *Diana hovering over the sleeping Endymion*, roused much enthusiasm, and fetched 913*l.* 10*s.* The small replicas of Holman Hunt's *Light of the World* and *The Scapegoat*, the latter differing from the larger work by the introduction of a rainbow, obtained high prices, respectively 787*l.* 10*s.* and 525*l.*

How far this extraordinary rise in the market, as represented by the sale figures, of the art work of a group of painters, at one time the centres only of appreciative cliques, is an indication of genuine public recognition, how far it is a mood of fashion or the result of dealers' speculations, cannot be questioned here; but the fact is very notable in the annals of contemporary art.

THE 'Artists' Manual of Pigments,' by Mr. H. C. Standage, published by Messrs. Crosby Lockwood & Co., is a capital little handbook for practical use of painters, both in oil and water medium. The compiler gives the chemical ingredients of the pigments in the market, with their interchange of effect in mixture with regard to permanence, &c., and their absolute artistic value in quality, depth, and so forth, also the adulterations used by the trade in making up. There are added hints on the mixtures for tints, and for the forming of an artist's 'palette.' In this connexion we may note that Dr. Eugen Albert, of the photographic firm of that name in Munich, has brought out a fixative liquid for drawings in pastel, which is said by German authorities to be thoroughly reliable, and quite free of risk to the bloom of the pastel colour.

THE multiplication of minor picture exhibitions becomes tiresome in the brief records of a monthly chronicle. But a few words must be spared of recognition for the interest sustained in Messrs. Wallis' collection at the French Gallery. Professor Müller's pupil, the young Servian painter, P. Joanowitz, contributes two dashing pictures of national character and costume, *The War-Dance* and *The Traitor Tracked.* The young artist shows more vigour and fire than sense of grace. An interior with figures, and outlook through an open door, by Professor Loefftz, of Munich, *A Labour of Love*, has the quietude and luminous quality of a De Hooghe. Herr Holmberg achieves technical triumph in the gorgeous surroundings of two *Princes of the Church;* Herr Firle is equally successful with the simple room tenanted by young girls singing their *Evening Hymn.* Though the collection is chiefly of German or Austrian pictures, one or two gems from Paris by Gérôme, Meissonier, Allan Schmidt, &c., are notable. Messrs. Maclean have a brilliant little show of oils, cosmopolitan in nationality, and all fresh to the public. Venetian girls, motley and piquant, by De Blaas, Kiesel's alluring ladies in sumptuous toilettes, exquisite as examples of a certain glossy technical finish, Sir J. Millais' last production in red-cheeked childhood, clever and luminous Oriental scenes by Wilda, a farcical picture of peasants in a museum of stuffed animals by A. Spring, hang side by side with other varieties in picture painting, nearly all, be it said, of good quality in their genre. At the Fine Art Society's, Mr. Marshall's *London Views* have been succeeded by Mrs. Allingham's series of studies, sixty-six in number, of *Surrey Cottages*, drawings singularly refreshing in their truth of light, colour, and general setting forth. The painter's style has a certain charming sameness, but the rapport between figures and landscape is perfect, and the quality of effect always true and delightful, however rapid or generalised be the workmanship. To this group of exhibitions must be added the summer exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery, and the usual annual exhibitions of the two Royal Water-Colour Societies, opened too late for notice here, a 'Whistler Exhibition' at Messrs. Dowdeswell's, and many other of the minor ventures which overcrowd the London season.

THE Introductory Studies in Greek Art by Miss Jane E. Harrison (Fisher Unwin) retain in their published form as a compact volume of over three hundred pages some disadvantageous traits of the ambulatory lectures among the classic marbles at the British Museum in which they originated. But, apart from the special attitude alluded to, and from an accompanying somewhat emotional style of critical comment, these studies are both learned and fresh. Miss Harrison owes much, doubtless, to her masters in the history of Greek art—Professors Newton and S. Colvin—but yet more to her enthusiastic thoroughness and diligence. The object of the book before us is clearly stated in the preface: it is not to compile a handbook or sketch a history, but to seek out and set forth what is

the secret of the vital beauty and inspiring influence of Greek art, that whereby it lives when other art is dead, that whereby it acts not only as delight to the senses but incentive to intellectual and moral growth. This quality, Ideality, obtained its highest expression in the Pheidian marbles, the culmination of Greek art, and the essence of it the author centres in the Platonic doctrines of Ideas and Reminiscence. The soul of the creative artist, 'trailing clouds of glory' from its divine home, seeks ever to express the ideal beauty there once known. The chapter on Pheidias is the gist and kernel of the discourses ; it was, we are told, first written. But it were incomplete for the audience to whom this book is addressed without introduction and sequence. The writer has therefore prefaced it by general sketches of the arts which influenced the infancy of Greece ; the Egyptian, with its realism lifted by a phantastic symbolism, even with some touch of the ideal in it ; the Chaldæo-Assyrian, realistic too, and wrapped in a symbolism that was false to natural law, and therefore incapable of the ideal ; the Phœnician, which served as a link whereby the arts of Egypt and Assyria touched the Greek genius. Through the sculptured metopes of two temples at the Greek colony Selinus in Sicily, the one built about six centuries before Christ, the other early in the fourth or late in the fifth, the reader is led from the vigorous and grotesque simplicity of archaic sculpture to the already gracious and noble pre-Pheidian work, and so on to the central perfection of Hellenic art. Then comes the fall through the more sensuous school of Praxiteles, and the last triumphant effort of Greek genius in the impassioned sculpture of the Gigantomachia at Pergamus. A book like these 'Introductory Studies,' speculative while soundly based, plays the good part of lifting the young student out of the bewilderment of mere handbook guidance into a region of broad outlook, whence detail is merged in a larger plan and a wider significance.

It is not too late to welcome the second and revised edition, issued by Messrs. Bemrose, of the 'Art of the Old English Potter,' by Mr. M. J. Solon. An interesting notice on the introduction of English workers and methods into France during the eighteenth century is added in appendix. The book, with its bright, clear style, and numberless illustrations, is quite an

ELERS STYLE, MADE BY THEIR SUCCESSORS. SODEN SMITH COLL.

example of the best way to set forth a special subject in a way that can be enjoyed profitably by general readers, while worthy the attention of the student. The new cuts are from objects in various collections, and imply some change in letterpress ; but Mr. Solon has kept to the first plan of limiting his narrative to main features, and to the period in which the English potter's art remained as it were indigenous ; uninfluenced, or at any rate unbewildered, by foreign styles or imperfectly attained knowledge of ancient models. English pottery was all perfected, within the scope of its characteristic qualities, during the seventeenth and first half of the eighteenth century. A coarse kind of earthenware had been in use long before, especially certain green-glazed drinking-vessels ; but the better sort of pots, which are chronicled in Elizabethan and prior days as used by the rich mounted in silver, and by the poorer classes pewter mounted, were of foreign importation, chiefly Flemish and German. The spirit of emulation and enterprise, however, set in among the English potters, and the Staffordshire vessels and objects, decorated with quaint devices and inscriptions in slip or coloured clay, dropped on in a fluid state, and glazed with galena, were full of character. The many-handled tankards, called Tygs, are especially ingenious. The stoneware was

TYG. MR. H. WILLETT'S COLL.

brought to perfection by Thomas Dwight at his Fulham works, set up in 1671, not only in jugs and such things, but in modelled figures : for example, the little half-figure of a dead child, now at the South Kensington Museum. The beautiful red-and-black ware of the brothers Elers, adorned with patterns stamped by metal dies, and the earthenware manufactured by John Astburg, who stole the secrets of the Elers' jealously guarded process under the disguise of an idiot workman, were the precursors of the Wedgwood ware at Burslem. The later developments of the salt-glazed ware, moulded in

STONEWARE FIGURE, BY JOHN DWIGHT. SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

great variety of fanciful forms, and decorated with often singularly tasteless designs in coloured enamels, rivalled in the hands of the Staffordshire potters the china of Worcester and Chelsea. The manufacture of English delft, made of a porous clay glazed with thick white enamel and decorated with blue, was an avowed and imperfect imitation, and forms an episode in the history of English pottery with which Mr. Solon has no sympathy, although he feels bound to notice it. Genuine examples borrow a fictitious value from their rarity.

A SHRIMP GIRL.

PAINTED BY WILLIAM HOGARTH. ETCHED BY CHARLES WALTNER.

NO sooner was this brilliant sketch of Hogarth's placed in the National Gallery than M. Waltner spontaneously expressed the lively pleasure it would give him to execute an etching from it for this periodical. Our readers may remember that it was accordingly announced in our prospectus for last year; but M. Waltner was so pressed with the completion of other commissions that he was unable at once to find leisure for this work, in which he had promised himself so much enjoyment. He was unwilling to execute it as a mere task, desiring to do his utmost to give satisfaction to our subscribers, and, in his own words, 'to show himself worthy of the great artist whose work he was to reproduce.'

The growing appreciation of the best works of the English school by those French artists who have become best acquainted with them is well known to all who have heard the enthusiastic terms in which M. Rajon expresses his admiration of Gainsborough, or have witnessed the keen enjoyment with which M. Brunet Debaines studies the works of Turner. When, at the invitation of the proprietors of this magazine, these three accomplished etchers visited England in the year 1873, their first sight of Turner's pictures especially made a deep impression on them. M. Rajon, though not a landscape etcher, immediately chose for one of his subjects *The Fighting Téméraire*, and subsequently etched for the 'Gazette des Beaux Arts' the same painter's *Port Ruysdael.*

LUGANO, LUINO, AND THE PAINTER BERNARDINO LUINI.

WHEN last autumn I planned a tour to Italy, the idea struck me as pleasant, and not quite stale, of travelling in quest of beautiful art in beautiful places. The chief art centres are in busy cities overrun by thousands; but at no great distance from the beaten tracks lie countless country villages, oftimes sequestered among the Alps or Apennines, happily protected by rocks and ravines from the assaults of modern civilisation, and providing safe retreat for the arts of the Middle Ages. It has been my pleasure, frequently, to tarry at such picturesque spots; indeed, life cherishes no brighter memories than of rambles among the hills and vales of Italy, with pilgrimages to picturesque shrines or fresco-painted churches. The daily experience, the hourly converse with nature, bring the mind into unison with the local art. Thus the pervading beauty, the quietude and serenity of Lugano, strike the keynote to Luini's frescoes in the church reposing on the lake. And the people in this and other like regions, little changed over three centuries, serve as living exponents of the wall pictures. Their primitive habits, legendary faith, and heartfelt devotion, carry the mind back to the scenes depicted by the Old Masters. These simple peasants cherish a present belief in miracles; the painted chapels wherein men, women, and children, are seen kneeling, sustain the sense of the supernatural, and thus the ancient art, once a living power, still remains a life-giving presence.

Bernardino Luini, an artist singular for beauty, elevation in motive, and delicacy of hand, has hardly been accorded a position commensurate with his deserts. His fame suffered partial eclipse from a light greater than his own. Leonardo da Vinci, his master, long gained credit for the best products of the Milanese School, just as a great hero carries off the richest prizes. Thus, for many years, *Christ and the Doctors*, in the National Gallery, was credited to Leonardo, and only recently has the scholar received his due. And even when Luini is allowed to hold his own, his pictures are but scantily scattered over Europe. This partly happens because his diligent life was devoted largely, and most successfully, to frescoes, necessarily circumscribed in locality by the narrow limits of the painter's personal presence. But within a comparatively small area, having Milan for its centre, no artist of pre-eminent gifts, Raphael only excepted, has proved himself at once so precious and prolific. Latterly, indeed, the increasing number of pictures assigned to him has grown in excess of the capability of any one man, and it now becomes an act of justice to eliminate many unworthy works. Luini, like Giotto and others, had in his service a large and well-trained school, and the collective products, wherein the master and his pupils intermingle somewhat promiscuously, are remarkable as much for high average merit as for magnitude.

Great artists have frequently small beginnings, and world-wide fame often takes its rise in obscurity. The art of Luini, which ultimately expanded over the Lombard plain, may be likened to some abounding river whose scanty source is discovered in a distant mountain stream. Mystery hangs as a cloud over the painter's early days; the year of his birth is conjectural, his ancestors are unknown. But without contradiction, the place where Bernardino Luini came into the world has been fixed at the small town of Luino, on the Lago Maggiore. Indeed, the painter evidently borrows his name, according to custom, from his early habitation.

In prettily picturesque Luino we look upon much that mingled in young Bernardino's daily life, and as I wished to receive inspiration from the artist I went for a few days to breathe his native air. The snug little hamlet is one of those primitive formations which lie close upon nature. Viewed at a distance, the compact colony seems to float as a raft on the waters. Up the hill-side clamber tortuous ways, with overhanging, tottering tenements, offering shelter from the storm or shadow from the sun. The humble habitations bespeak the simple lives and honest industries of the people; some follow the

SALVATOR MUNDI. BERNARDINO LUINI.

apostolic calling of the fisher, others from stony ground gather scant harvests. Such outward conditions, if not exempt from hardship, nourish contentment and contemplation, awaken latent poetic instincts, and preserve primitive states whence art first sprang, the childlike speech of emotion. And as often as I visit Italy in her bye-ways I am reminded of Palestine. These lands of the shepherd with his flocks, watching the stars by night, and at morn seeking new pastures and fresh streams, bring the mind into close converse with nature, and reveal God's dealings with man. In some such way, perchance, may our surprise be lessened that at a poor, illiterate spot, such as Luino, the arts should generate, and the great painter, Bernardino Luini, first see the light.

And, indeed, we may acknowledge a fitness, even though we fail to discover the strict relation of cause and effect, when we find how the beauties of nature served for Luini as the immediate precursors to the beauties of art. The correspondence, at least in sentiment if not in form, is perhaps not wholly fanciful between the landscape of this lake district and the art of Luini. Poetry, which Lamozzo assures us the painter numbered among his gifts, could surely find no brighter inspiration. The melting and mingling of all that is most lovely to look on, the gently flowing curves of the confluent hills, the atmospheric conditions, the blending of light and colour into softest concords, the joyous sunshine, the serenity of the sky, with the never-to-be-forgotten visions mirrored in the depths of the tranquil waters—foreshadowings of another and still brighter world—all, if not originating, may prepare the mind to receive an emotion-moving and beauty-loving art, such as that of Bernardino Luini.

An old house in a lorn open space, reached from the lake by a steep, tortuous way, tradition points to as young Bernardino's early dwelling. And with the recent resuscitation in distant cities of the painter's fame, his townsfolk of the present generation have been pleased to affix in conspicuous lettering on the Piazza the place of birth, and on an adjacent Via and Vicolo the name 'Bernardino Luini.' The family, for four centuries, have in worldly condition been happily removed from the extremes of either poverty or riches. Within a stone's throw of the parental dwelling is now a jeweller's and watchmaker's shop, kept by two brothers, who claim descent from the painter, and still bear his name. They are fine, intelligent fellows—shrewd tradesmen, free from suspicion of art sensibilities. A sister gives lessons in the Italian language. Next door lives a cousin, who boasts of the higher calling of an advocate. Unfortunately, at the time of my visit he was away in Milan. Bernardino Luini married and left children; the burden of a large family may partly account for the astounding productivity of his pencil. His talent appears to have expired with himself: a son, Aurelio, born in Milan, Kugler designates an 'inferior and unpleasing painter.' In the present day zealous descendants in Milan rush into print to prove, what I do not believe, that their illustrious ancestor was in his art self-originated, and that he formed his style independently of Leonardo da Vinci. Certain it is, that at his birthplace, among his own people, he could have learnt little. Luino, indeed, was hardly more than his cradle, and as soon as he needed an academy, he naturally was drawn towards Milan.

A chief purpose in visiting Luino was to discover traces of the painter's art studies. Occasionally I observed women and children with scriptural faces that might have suited him as models; but as for

pictures, nothing in the town exists to show that he ever took brush in hand: no figure over a doorway, nor group within a church, indicates that the youth found opportunity of proving his nascent faculties. But at the easy distance of a short walk, in a romantic position encompassed by woods and mountains, nestles the Church of S. Pietro, wherein certain dubious frescoes are ascribed to the painter. Upon a wall, some eleven feet long, on the right of the choir, is the *Worship of the Kings*, ruined by repainting. The work bears no traits of youth, neither is it worthy of years of maturity; the decadence of manner betrays the hand of some operative in the school. Adjacent wall-paintings show further decline, and St. Peter with the Keys, behind the high altar, I judge to be *post* Luini. These several frescoes possess only a local interest; they may tell how the master remained without honour in his own country, and how it devolved on disciples from Milan to leave even the slightest memorial of the School.

TOBIT AND THE ANGEL. BERNARDINO LUINI.

Many years—possibly no less than half a century—elapsed between the day when Luini, as a youth, quitted the parental dwelling in Luino, and the period when, at an advanced age, he began his arduous labour in Lugano. History has been strangely dark as to his doing. Vasari is curt and inaccurate, and Lamozzo, with the advantage of personal acquaintance, is scattered and fragmentary. The chronology of his life and works remains conjectural; his pictures are mostly without date or signature. The time of his birth, the year and place of his death, are unknown. And surely untenable are the statements, which have obtained currency that Luini did not reach Milan before 1500, when Leonardo da Vinci had left, and that on his arrival his art was already mature. The assertion is unsupported by fact, and seems contrary to reason. I venture to suggest that the existing confusion may be cleared up as follows. One of the frescoes at Saronno bears the inscription 'Bernardinus Lavinus, 1525;' in another the artist has introduced himself as an old man, and he was five years still older when, in 1530, he completed his last considerable labour, the *Passion Picture*, at Lugano. Thus we may suppose that at the time of his death, fixed usually about 1530, he was between sixty and seventy. These data would remove the year of his birth at Luino to about the year 1465.

Next we have to determine the most important of all questions—the year and the age when the painter first reached Milan. I have before said that a date

as late as 1500, and the further assertion that the artist's style was already matured on his arrival in he city, are untenable. Where, it may be asked, other than in Milan, could his pronounced manner have been acquired? Certainly not at Florence, Venice, or other historic centres, distant from his known habitats and spheres of labour, and wholly alien to his style. And equally sure is it that his art was not self-originated: not only because history gives no instance of an artist and of an art springing up in isolation without historic antecedents, but also because Luini himself, by internal evidence, confesses

GROUP OF SINGING ANGELS. BERNARDINO LUINI.

that he was among the followers of Da Vinci. So much, then, for the assertion that his style was settled before he even saw Milan. That his arrival could have been delayed to 1500, when his age was not less than thirty-five, is simply an impossibility. How and where could all those years have been occupied? Certainly not at Luino, without an Academy or a vestige of his work. After some consideration, it seems to me that the facts may be reconciled thus: Young Bernardino, about 1485, left the parental roof in his twentieth year, and entered the Academy which Vasari says Leonardo had opened. Probably he did not quite sever himself from the old home; and possibly, so long as he could serve under Leonardo, he did not care to assert an independent position. But when the master left for Florence the pupil would naturally make a start on his own account, take up a fixed abode in Milan, collect around him scholars and assistants, and commence work in right earnest. This turning-point in his career might easily occur in 1500, little more than a year after Leonardo's severance from Lombardy. By this simple readjustment of dates Luini and his works may be read more clearly.

Luini brought to Milan a happy combination of powers; to a nature highly sensitive and recipient was united perseverance and capacity for work. His art could not be built up in a day; only long years of study secured as their reward the command of the figure, the skill in the disposition of drapery, the science of composition, light, shade, and colour, displayed in his pictures. This mastery he acquired in the most learned Academy in Northern Italy, and for ten, or perhaps for fifteen years, he profited by daily companionship with the most extraordinary man of the age. Leonardo had hardly begun the *Last Supper* when Luini took his first lesson in the school; he shared the great master's difficulties, and perchance aided in the work, and watched the last touches given to the divine head of the Saviour. His companions in study were only second to himself; Marco Oggione, Andrea Salaino, Giovanni Beltraffio, Francesco Melzi, each and all gave lustre to Milan. But too soon Leonardo was taken from the school he had created; in 1498 he left Milan never to return, and the mantle of his art fell upon Luini, the

disciple, who of all others drank most deeply of his spirit.

The distinguishing characteristics of Leonardo and Luini may be thrown into relief under the cross-lights of contrast. The one was oppressed by the weight and wealth of his materials; he deliberated, hesitated, and his creations cover but a few square feet: the other had all his resources ready to hand; he was prompt and rapid, and his products extend over a broad acreage. The one might be compared to an author who strikes out great thoughts, the other to a printer or publisher who secures to the ideas wide currency. Thus, while the one had genius to originate, but not to carry out, the other possessed talent to adopt, adapt, and complete. Equally marked is the distinction between the two in their several modes of approaching Nature. Leonardo in his drawings took the widest circuit, and touched opposite poles; his studies of the human face range in character from the sublime to the ridiculous; his art passed from the grand to the grotesque. Thus, had opportunity favoured, he was armed at all points for epic narrative, heroic action, dramatic expression. Luini in contrast was less dramatic than lyric, less heroic or passionate than placid and passive. Leonardo, by his detailed observations of Nature, by the broad basis he laid on solid facts, may be said to have anticipated by a century the Baconic philosophy: his mode was inductive, from the individual he rose to the species, discovered the governing law and perfected the ideal form. Luini's method, on the contrary, was deductive; he cared not for detail or accident, but strove for the general and the essential, seized on a favourite type, and matured an art conspicuous for its unity rather than for its variety. The one was what the Germans call objective, real, and actual, yet with an ideal which, if seldom reached, was always held in view; the other was less outward than subjective, his art was in response with the mind within, an image reflected from consciousness. Leonardo from the known sought the unknown; he struggled hard to pass the confines of the finite and the mortal and to take possession of the infinite and the divine, from the natural he approached the supernatural, he exercised the prerogative of a creator, and seemed conscious and capable of miracle. Such was the man from whom Luini took inspiration, and in the scholar we see, as in a mirror, the great original.

Milan became the centre of Luini's labours; a rapid enumeration of principal pictures will indicate their character, magnitude, and geographic distribution. In Milan alone we find sufficient occupation for a full life; the Brera exhibits four oils and about forty frescoes, some doubtless only of the school; the Biblioteca Ambrosiana shows, among sundry works, a sepia drawing, *Tobit and the Angel*, which furnishes these pages with an illustration. The Palazzo Reale collects from divers localities fifteen frescoes, some fragments, several early; the subjects are exceptional, deviating into landscape, genre, and mythology. In the same city the church of S. Maurizio is covered as a closely packed picture-gallery, the walls and both sides of the large screen stretching across the church are ornate with frescoes by Luini and his scholars, including his son Aurelio. South of Milan the Certosa, Pavia, has a lovingly painted fresco of the *Virgin and Child*. On the side of the north the artist liberally bestows his gifts over the compact area—not a day's journey across—which lies between the plain and the outlying buttresses of the

ANGEL IN ADORATION. BERNARDINO LUINI.

Alps. The Duomo of Como cherishes the *Nativity* and the *Adoration of the Magi;* the small hamlet of Saronno, within easy distance of Milan, has a famed 'Sanctuario,' wherein Luini, advanced in years, completed in 1525 four great frescoes: the *Marriage of the Virgin*, the *Adoration of the Magi*, the *Presentation in the Temple*, and *Christ disputing with the Doctors*. The group of cherubs in the sky above the *Adoration* is reproduced in these pages. These frescoes are intact and bright as if painted only yesterday; and for beauty, spirituality, and religious fervour, they are not surpassed by Perugino, Pinturicchio, or other masters in the sacred school of Umbria.

Lastly, when approaching the close of a laborious life, Luini made long tarriance at Lugano; and within the Church of Santa Maria degli Angeli, rising from the tranquil lake, left to the world a parting legacy. The *Crucifixion*, with accessory

scenes of the Passion, is a vast fresco, some forty feet broad by twenty-five feet high, covering the whole screen before the choir. Last autumn, thirty years had fled since first I stood before this wondrous composition, which may be read almost as the autobiography of the master and an epitome of his art. And I was glad to find my mind less disposed to cavil at minor faults, and more ready to accept the painter's revelation. The beauties of Nature around —a sky serene, grand mountains in aerial perspective leading towards the infinite, reflections in the lake floating as memories in the mind — all were in keeping with the pictorial harmonies. The older we

SAINT CATHERINE. BERNARDINO LUINI.

grow, the closer are we drawn in sympathy with the spirit of the Old Masters. The unrest, the meretricious allurements of modern times, become distasteful; and we feel moved towards a painter attempered and attuned like Luini, who reposes on essential beauty and immutable truth.

I found the picture for the most part in wonderful preservation; some figures and groups, indeed, shine forth almost untouched by time. But, as often happens, uppermost passages in dangerous proximity to a leaky roof have suffered from decay and repainting. Also, the balance among the colours is a little thrown out by the unequal fading of some pigments and the intensifying of others. Yet I have seldom recognised such complete mastery over the technique of fresco-painting. The quality of the workmanship in an undertaking of this magnitude is necessarily unequal. Much was inevitably delegated to subordinates; but that the disparity is not greater shows the thorough discipline of the scholars, and proves, at the same time, that fresco is a facile art, easily learnt and readily practised by multitudes of men not above the average capacity. Thus only can be understood how the vast works of the master and of the period were carried out with rapidity and certitude.

In this *Passion Picture* the spectator may easily persuade himself that he is looking on the actual scene just as it occurred. The largeness of the scale, the full life-size of the figures, the vividness of the painter's vision, the simplicity and veracity of his narrative, convey the impression of reality. In the centre, on a lofty cross, is the crucified Saviour with angels mourning around; on either side hang the thieves. Along the foreground are grouped the well-known incidents: St. John at the foot of the Cross, the Magdalen thrown on her knees in all the agony of her grief, the Holy Women upholding the fainting Mother, the centurion and others on horseback, the soldiers dividing the garments. Here and there passion brings dramatic contrast to the painter's habitual placidity. This complex composition, after the manner of the early masters in the Campo Santo, Pisa, comprises accessory scenes. On a second plane, rising above the foreground come consecutive events in the Passion, including the Agony in the garden, the bearing of the Cross, the Entombment, and the Ascension. Skill is shown in the subordination of the component parts to the united whole. All centres in the Crucifixion; each scene and every action have their consummation in Christ on the Cross. The last moment has come; the words 'It is finished!' have been spoken, the head is bowed, the side pierced. No one looking on the picture can fail to be deeply moved.

For the same church at Lugano Luini painted some minor frescoes, now removed from their original positions. In the nave, in three compartments, is the *Last Supper;* a composition which indicates how closely the pupil, more than thirty years before, had watched the progress of Leonardo's masterpiece in Milan. On the opposite wall are placed some inferior works, for which pupils must be held responsible. An adjacent chapel preserves a gem — a lunette some six feet across — the Madonna, the infant St. John, with Christ and the Lamb. The head of St. John is much injured by repainting. From the reproduction here given the reader may judge of the symmetry and beauty of the original. The head of the Virgin, if borrowed, as tradition tells, from the painter's sister, speaks well for the refined and sensitive nature of the family. Thus perchance the artist saw daily at his own fireside the face which served, better than any other, for saint and angel; and in this, his favourite model, we may perhaps solve the enigma whence came the subtle

and distinguishing type of the Milanese School. All the features are, as it were, modelled on one motive: the pendent, pensive eyes; the sensitive lips, not without sadness, yet ready to sweeten with a smile; the ample expanse of forehead, serene as the heavens, make one of the purest ideals in the emphatically ideal art of Italy.

Luini I have long accounted among the most adroit manipulators in fresco. His easel pictures indeed compare to disadvantage with his wall-paintings. Here at Lugano, for example, we cannot but rejoice in a technical process lucid and vital as the artist's thoughts and emotions. The pigments do transparency, purity of tone, and pleasing harmony. Light and shade are soberly diffused, as when the sun has set and nature settles into calmest concords. In such peace repose saints and angels as depicted by Luini.

The historic position of Luini becomes clear under the light of comparative chronology; the greatest painters in Italy were his contemporaries or his immediate forerunners. Perugino and Pinturicchio in Perugia, and Francia in Bologna, artists kindred in spirit, were his juniors only by ten or twenty years. And to the first quarter of the sixteenth century, the prime period of Luini's labours, belong

MADONNA AND CHILD WITH INFANT ST. JOHN. BERNARDINO LUINI.

not clog the utterance, the pencil moves spontaneously to volition, the picture cast on the wall is as a vision floating across the mind. No realism or grossness of material, delusive to sense, dispels the illusion of the imagination. Such art issuing as a voice or language is comparable to the improvisations of the poet or musician. The executive hand is free as the etcher's, the work is sketchy, the pencil is laid aside immediately the idea gains visible form. The process with Luini was amazingly rapid; among our illustrations, the little 'Angel in Adoration' was struck off in an hour or two, and little more than a day sufficed for the 'Group of Singing Angels.' The handling, almost the individual touches, also the present state of preservation, may be seen in our eminently successful reproductions. The colouring belongs generically to the Lombard School: modified by the artist's individuality, whence come some of the most signal achievements known in the world of art. At Florence, early in the first decade of the century, Leonardo da Vinci designed the *Battle of the Standard*, and Michael Angelo the *Cartoon of Pisa*. In Rome, at the beginning of the second decade, Michael Angelo completed the ceiling of the Sistine, and Raphael, a few years later, finished the Cartoons, and his last fresco in the Stanze of the Vatican. In Venice shone Titian in his glory; *Bacchus and Ariadne* in the National Gallery was painted in 1514. After this recital, it is not without surprise that Luini's *Passion Picture* at Lugano should follow at a distance in the closing years of the third decade. Geographically it is the picture furthest north in Italy, and the remoteness from the great art centres may in part account for the lateness of its date. Its style, as might be expected, is a little out of keeping with

its chronology. It survives, indeed, as the last masterwork, which succeeds in reconciling the spirituality of the earlier Christian period with the perfect physical development of the Italian Renaissance.

The *Salvator Mundi* and the head of *St. Catherine*, severally here reproduced, are fair minor specimens of Luini's religious art. Possibly they may appear to lack fullest inspiration when compared with the Saviour in Leonardo's *Last Supper*, or with the Queen of Heaven in Raphael's *San Sisto*. Yet if Christian art be valued according to its simplicity, purity, and beauty, it were difficult to esteem Luini too highly. He brings to his labour the Christian virtues of Faith, Hope, and Charity. Faith in things unseen so vivid that he might appear to paint from actual vision. Hope so bright that the world's sorrow seldom shadows his art. And Charity so abounding in love that it covers the multitude of sins and paints no evil. His works shine in the gifts of the Spirit. And St. Paul speaking, as with prevision of such an art, shows how the fruits of the Spirit are joy, gentleness, goodness, temperance. Luini's message was peace on earth, goodwill towards men. But a world that cried for Barabbas and crucified Christ called for an art less heavenly. In response, speedily followed corruption and decadence, and so in the *Passion Picture* at Lugano we linger over the last moments of an art soon to pass away.

J. Beavington Atkinson.

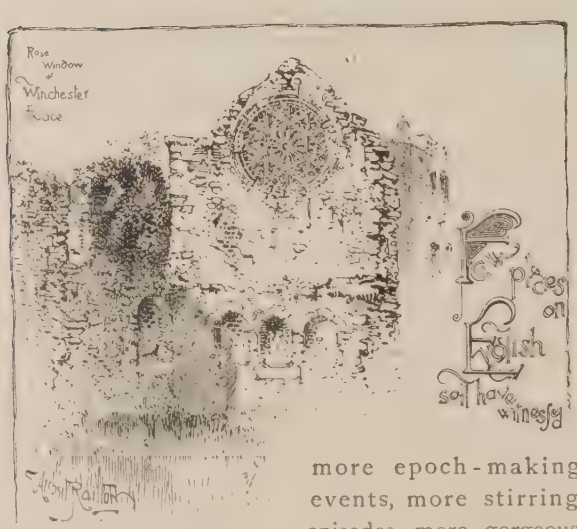
DESERT-BORN.

DRAWN BY G. L. SEYMOUR.

Mr. SEYMOUR is probably known to many of our readers by his very clever drawings of Oxford, Egypt, and other subjects in the 'Magazine of Art.' He is also a painter in water-colour, and our heliogravure is from a drawing in the present exhibition of the Royal Institute of Water Colour Painters. The figure, as may be perceived from the engraving, is highly finished, whilst the background is intentionally left in the condition of a sketch.

The subject is a young Arab, a son of the desert, wandering about the streets of Cairo, as a Highlander of a century ago might have wandered about in Edinburgh. He is educating himself through the eyes, quietly taking in an abundance of new ideas.

THE BOROUGH: OLD AND NEW.



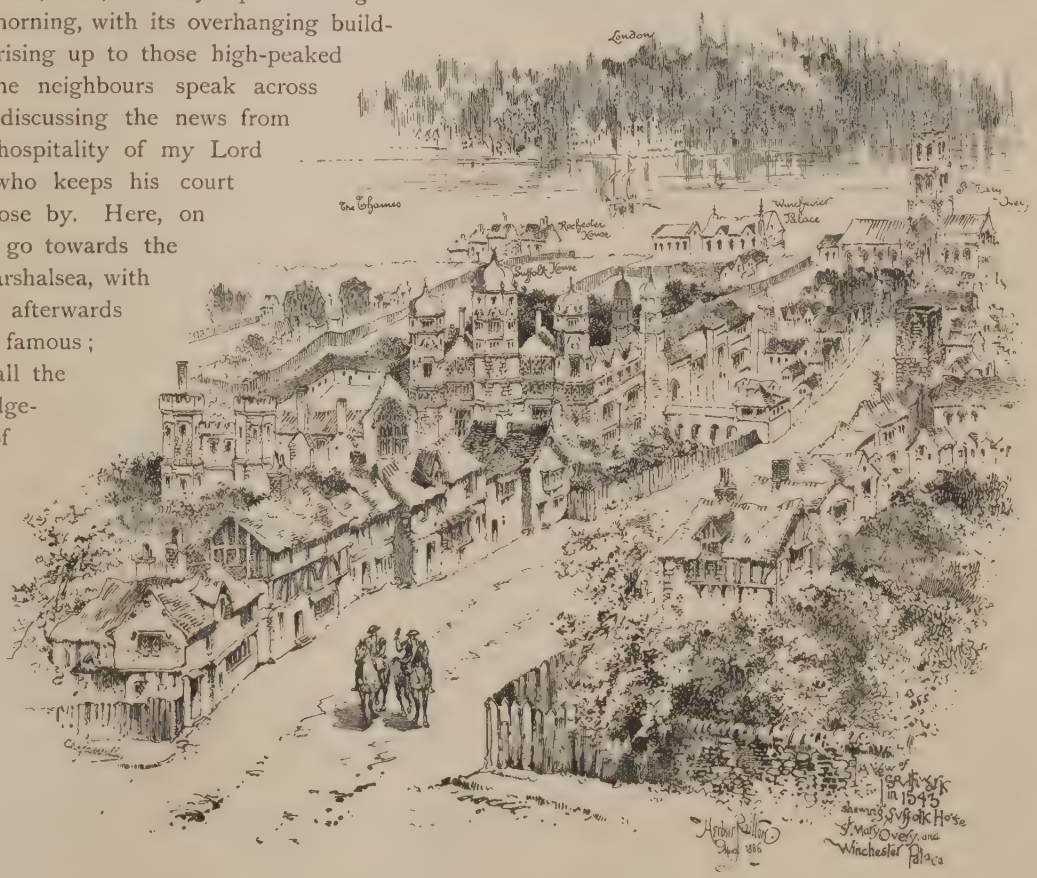
more epoch-making events, more stirring episodes, more gorgeous pageants, or more destitute poverty, and heart-rending sorrow, than that grim, grey quarter of London called 'the Borough.' Who now that travels City-ward from the southern suburbs, intent on the nineteenth-century news-sheet, on the thrilling story of the Stock Exchange, or the endless debates of Parliament, casts even a thought to those other centuries when the streets through which he passes — dilapidated and common-place to-day — would have delighted the eye of an artist, and, with their busy life so different from ours, were the very centre-point of many an event of history? Nor does the business man at his evening return, fatigued with the labour of the day, reflect often upon the tragic stories drawn out in the squalid alleys and courts, the smoke-coloured background of that mile of shops so brilliant and gaudy here and there with light and colour at night. Yet, from time to time, the antiquary, casting a long beam behind him, illuminates some quaint nook of old-world story, some legend of Chaucer, or Gower, or Shakespeare, or some brave pageant at a king's reception, to gild the Borough's history; and perhaps another, some philanthropist, seeks out some hideous haunt of crime and destitution, to tell us the wretchedness of it. There is, indeed, within the narrow bounds of the Borough ample room for the work of both antiquary and philanthropist.

The history of the district has been many times told — of its occupation by Romans, Saxons, and

Danes, and their fights within its precincts, of Knut and his channel, of the coming of Augustine and Christianity, of the fight with the Normans in the 'South wark,' of Cade and his head-quarters there —so that it needs no more than an allusion here. But let us endeavour—for it will be profitable—to spend a holiday in the High Street of the Borough as it was in the Middle Ages, where we may meet, perchance, some well-known faces, witness a brave pageant or two, and catch, it may be, the echoes of some sweet voices; and if, in our pleasant wandering, we linger somewhat longer than the span of life would allow, we shall gather, in this retrospective sojourn, things our actual presence there would never have afforded us. If we tarried in the High Street for the space of a few generations we might meet, for instance, Bishop Giffard issuing from Winchester Palace, and behold the Abbots of Battle and Hyde, as they came to their respective 'inns;' we might see Cardinal Wolsey, as he went in state on his foreign missions; and, if we did not hurry away in time, might be horrified by the sad and deplorable spectacle of the heads of Fisher and More placed high on the bridge-foot gate.

The High Street, then, is surely a pleasant sight on a fine May morning, with its overhanging buildings of timber, rising up to those high-peaked gables, where the neighbours speak across to one another, discussing the news from France, or the hospitality of my Lord of Winchester, who keeps his court in his palace close by. Here, on our right as we go towards the bridge, is the Marshalsea, with its prison walls, afterwards to become more famous; and, beyond it, all the way to the bridge-foot, a line of quaint, old hostels, with great court-yards and galleries round them, approached through archways. These are the 'Spurre;' the 'Christopher;' the 'Bell,' of which Chaucer speaks; the 'Queen's Head;' the 'Tabard' itself; the 'White Hart,' Cade's head-quarters; and the 'St. George.' It is pleasant to take a draught of the 'nappy strong ale of Southwark' with mine host of the 'Kinge's Head' at the bridge-foot, and to learn from him what sights the High Street may afford to-day.

Perhaps, if we had been a little earlier, we might have seen the Prior of Lewes arrive, all dusty, with his servants, from his far-off possessions in Yorkshire, which the good Earl of Warren gave him. If we could enter his 'inn' close by the 'Kinge's Head' we should find some substantial Norman work, built by our grandfathers, with low pillars



and groined arches, which shall serve our distant grandsons in the nineteenth century as a cider-

cellar. On the same side of the way as the 'Tabard' are also the 'inns' of the Prior of St. Augustine's, Canterbury, and of the Abbots of Hyde and Battle, the latter with its wondrous maze. We will not glance up at the bridge-gate to-day, lest, perchance, some traitor's head might be raised thereon; but will turn our backs to it, and saunter along towards St. George's Fields once more. Here, on the right, is the great abbey of St. Mary Overie, with its magnificent church, later to be called St. Saviour's; and, behind it, Winchester Palace, which Walter Giffard, Bishop of Winchester, built in the twelfth century, a place of many gables, with its courtyards, gardens, and fish-ponds. Farther south again, on the same side of the road, is the old church of St. Margaret-at-Hill, a picturesque hostel, the 'White Lion,' and the 'inn' of the Bishop of Rochester; and, beyond these, Suffolk House, the stately mansion of the Brandons, just opposite to St. George's Church.

There are many other quaint, beautiful, and interesting places in the High Street which we might notice, but let us stop to watch the pilgrims as they issue from the 'Tabard' across the way, on their journey to Canterbury, with Chaucer in their 'felawship.' Here are the knight, the clerk of Oxenford, the sergeant of the law, the gentle Madame Eglantine, the wife of Bath, with the carpenter, the weaver, the dyer, and a whole company of others. Some are on horseback, some afoot; forgetful, some, of the solemnity of their mission; others pondering upon it, bearing the marks of the pilgrimage, and looked upon by the people with reverence and respect; many are telling stories, such as Chaucer preserves in his 'Tales,' and some are chanting pilgrims' hymns. This, too, is the precinct where the 'moral Gower' has walked, meditating on his poems; and he lies close by in the priory church, with Charity, Mercy, and Pity, watching over him. But now, surely, the men of Southwark are preparing the High Street for the reception of Henry V., who comes victorious from Agincourt. Bright carpets are suspended from the windows, and banners in plenty; and at last we hear them crying out, '*Ave, rex Anglorum, flos mundi!*' And, again, it is another reception; Henry VI. comes from Paris, where he has been crowned King of France, and there are figures of mighty giants by the wayside, and Nature, Grace, and Fortune, with a bevy of maidens in white, and a merry crowd of people who shout their very loudest. Many such gay sights as this we might witness, for there are many victors and many great people to receive at London Bridge. But let us now rest awhile, and come later, when, if we turn into the

Bankside and call at the 'Falcon,' we may find Shakespeare, with Ben Jonson, and Edward Alleyn, and, perhaps, Marlowe. They are discussing the events of the playhouses, which are close adjoining, speaking of mighty works of immortality yet unborn, unconsciously forming the thoughts and speech of generations to come. Shall we dare intrude on such goodly company? Nay; rather let us modestly withdraw, and content ourselves with a view of the theatres, of the rings for bull and bear-baiting, and of the Paris garden, and so pass on. But another change has come over us; what motley crowd is this we meet in the High Street? It is Southwark Fair to-day; and, surely, this is Pepys, watching the puppet-show of Wittington, wondering how 'that idle thing do work upon the people,' running to Jacob Hall's to see the rope-dancing, drinking wine in the tavern, and then 'away with Payne, the waterman,' and we with him, buttoning up our pockets lest they be picked.

But, in this nineteenth century, all these things have passed away. There are no rejoicings held now in the Borough, no receptions at London Bridge; the gaiety of Southwark fair has departed, and archery and bull-baiting are there no longer. The morning sun, that elsewhere brings brightness and refreshment, has here little effect beyond the illumination and display of shabbiness and dilapidation. There

are no pilgrims now to be seen in the High Street, save such as toil up to the metropolis, travel-worn, to die perhaps in its streets, gold-paved once, very stony now; or who are cast back defeated therefrom, and pilgrims once more. With such pilgrims and wayfarers the Borough is busy enough all day long, and with these alone, if not with its ceaseless roll of commerce, the student of character has much to do.

In the morning, as the early shop-boy sweeps

from the pavement the orange-peel and bits of paper, relics of last night's costermonger, traffic has begun in good earnest in the High Street, and all day long it rolls with a living stream. As the business man rushes up to town there are omnibuses from all the southern suburbs, and hawkers' carts in plenty impede the way; later, great waggons of merchandise swell the mid-day traffic; and, as evening comes on, omnibuses are more heavily laden, and cabs more numerous. But evening is the best time to study the High Street and its neighbourhood, for then the squalid life that fills this locality makes itself evident there, turning out for such enjoyment as can be had in walking the pavement, men, women, and children, dirty, but merry at the cessation of labour, shouting and laughing, heedless of all, but crying also at times. Denizens of ill-savoured courts and alleys, these, strange-looking people, thin and work-worn, bearing the marks of disease, sometimes of famine, often of crime. Mark them as they stand in knots about the streets,

leaning against door-posts, or hanging about gin-palaces, how wretched they look, and yet how careless. Saturday night is the best time to go amongst them, for then they are spending their money, a circumstance in which human nature is

always best displayed. The women, carrying bags and baskets for the reception of the Sunday dinner, which they buy of the noisy vendors in the street, hoarse-voiced men striving to out-shout their neighbours. The men, smoking short clay pipes, with tobacco far from the best, are loosely attired. They discuss passing events, and adjourn into public-houses for their settlement, being little tempted on Saturday night by the gruesome oysters and periwinkles that the itinerant hawker strives to sell in vain. The latter, with his solitary tallow-candle, wrapped about with brown paper to prevent its wasting away, being neglected, looks disconsolate and sad. The children are of two descriptions; some, light-hearted and playful, as children ought to be, even in dirt, run about in their homely games, and have hair-breadth escapes amongst the vehicles; others, thin-faced and eager-eyed, drive bargains with their fellows with melancholy precocity. There are others, also, in the High Street, birds of brighter plumage, but far less happy than these. And there is music, too, to complete the whole, lusty ballad-singing and fiddle-playing, but not much harmony. The ballad-monger is giving specimens of his ware, of which the whole stock is arranged upon a canvas unrolled against the wall, with a candle at each end, like that of the periwinkle-dealer; the fiddler is blind, as all itinerant fiddlers should be.

As night draws on the company gets more boisterous, wilder peals of laughter issue from the gin-palaces, and unsteady men, and women too, are turned reeling into the street. There they talk of good fellowship, with much shouting and merriment, or they quarrel and revile one another, and then reel home. The blind fiddlers have departed, croaking age and piping youth, that through the evening have attuned their voices in woeful song, are silent; the ballad-singer has rolled up his merchandise, and the unsteady voice of the returning straggler alone disturbs the night. But to what kind of homes have they gone? We will not follow them now, for the visit would be neither wholesome nor agreeable. A little while ago the public prints told us enough of such places, and it still remains our task to lighten their gloom. Down narrow alleys, in squalid courts, up many flights of stairs, or in cellars, in single rooms, or in pairs, these people swarm. What wonder is it that they are dirty or degraded, who live where dirt and degradation are forced upon them, and where the pleasant things of this world are never seen at all? Epidemics have been rife in the narrow, low-lying streets of the Borough, and cholera and small-pox have had countless victims here. Such melancholy recollections linger in the streets yet, and scenes too sad to relate have been witnessed in them in times when Poverty and Death have made grim acquaintance. The history of the Borough is of singular and varied interest, a land-

scape whose far distance is gilded by the fairest beams of the sun, reflecting pleasant lights even to its near fore-ground, which else, for the most part, were shrouded in the deepest of shadows indeed.

JOHN LEYLAND.

IMAGINATION IN LANDSCAPE PAINTING.

XV.—*The Range of our Imaginative Sympathy concerning Human Work in Landscape.*

IN a magnificent picture-gallery in a rich man's house a conspicuous place may be given to a landscape full of great natural beauty, and the most conspicuous object in that landscape may happen to be a poor, ill-kept, disorderly cottage that the owner of the gallery would not willingly live in for a day. The cottage in the reality may be worth only a fraction of the sum paid for the painted representation of it; and the owner of the picture would probably not tolerate a real cottage of that kind within the precincts of his park, where the only rustic dwellings are neat and tidy specimens of gardener's architecture.

In examining the reasons for this curious and very well-known fact about the fine arts, that they make things more acceptable in the fictitious semblance than in the reality itself, we may hear the familiar answer that such things are good in art because they are *picturesque*, by which it is understood that their forms are various and amusing in an irregular, unforeseen manner, and their colour rich, perhaps, in mossy greens and umbery browns. Well, no doubt this is often the chief reason for the introduction of such poor buildings into art, but it cannot be the only reason, since the cottages painted by the greatest artists are often decidedly less picturesque than those of inferior men, and, indeed, the devotion to the *ultra* picturesque is invariably the sign of a second-rate intelligence. The artist who gives all the powers of his mind to getting together a variety of picturesque shapes without other intention than the arrangement of quaint material may possibly amuse us for an hour, but he can have little influence on our imagination.

The real secret of influence lies deeper. It is in the appeal to imaginative sympathy, and imaginative sympathy is ready in all who have mind and feeling enough to care seriously about the fine arts. The creative imagination is quite a distinct gift; it is very rare, and at the same time it is a necessity for all artists who aspire to greatness, but the *sympathetic* imagination is comparatively common, and it is probable that every reader of these pages possesses it, else the mere title of them would effectually scare him away.

Whenever there is any trace of human labour in a landscape the sympathetic imagination is set to work at once, even when the labour is of the rudest and most humble kind. It is even true that rude and humble labours awaken our sympathy more readily than magnificent labours, because we have a kindly feeling towards the humble effort, whereas accomplished power does not seem to need our sympathy. A poor little rustic bridge makes us share the satisfaction of the villagers who erected it; a great railway viaduct is only what is called a triumph of science.

In the Salon of 1885 there was a picture, by Normann, of the Sognefiord, in Norway, a salt-water loch shut in by precipitous mountains of bare rock,—a most oppressive scene, quite of a nature to justify that dread and horror with which all humanity regarded the grandest scenery, until modern eyes discovered that beauty was mingled with its grandeur. Can you imagine anything more dreadful than to have to live just opposite to that enormous mass of immovable granite, so near as to shut out the distance and half the sky, presenting only for your daily contemplation the details of surface and fracture, with here and there a streamlet that fertilises no grassy bank, no shady trees, but from the upper snows that feed it rushes down desperately to the abyss? A bare precipice of hard stone is in its nature so inhospitable, so unfriendly to man, that he cannot look upon it with those grateful sentiments that he has towards his harvest fields. And yet, in this picture, just opposite to this scene of terrible desolation, there are three or four poor little wooden buildings to show that man lives even there, and the pathetic interest of the work lies in the sympathy that we immediately feel for the inhabitants. 'What!' we say to ourselves, 'do human beings live in such a solitude?' The artist then tells us, in his way, that this little colony is not deprived of communication with the outer world, for he shows us a steamer under the precipice, steadily making its way on the calm, deep water, with a line of foam at its bows. Small and insignificant as it appears under the giant mountain, and rare as may be its visits, the mere possibility of them is a link with distant humanity. The success of the picture was due, no doubt, in great part to this artifice, by which the sympathetic imagination was first disquieted and afterwards gently reassured.

In this instance our sympathy was with poor and small humanity living in the presence of overwhelming nature without being overwhelmed by it; but artists also show us man triumphant in his work, as when some lordly castle seems to reign over hill and dale. In this case the scenery ought not to be too magnificent; it is best as at Arundel, for example, where the country is sufficiently varied in hill and plain to give dignity to the castle without detracting from its significance. It is due to Mr. J. F. Hardy to say that

I am thinking of his charcoal drawings of Arundel,* which are conceived entirely from an imaginative point of view. In these drawings the castle on its height asserts itself so conspicuously that it is sure to excite either sympathy or antipathy. If we look upon it with the feelings of Scott, it is delightful with the most romantic, antiquarian, and poetical associations; if modern radicalism or the higher intellectual modern dissatisfaction has touched us, it becomes a stronghold of barbaric power still partially surviving. 'I often,' said Matthew Arnold in a well-known Essay, 'when I want to distinguish clearly the aristocratic class from the Philistines proper, or middle class, name the former, in my own mind, the *Barbarians;* and when I go through the country *and see this and that beautiful and imposing seat of theirs crowning the landscape,* "There," I say to myself, "is a great fortified post of the Barbarians."'

LANDSCAPE, WITH A TOWN IN THE DISTANCE. TITIAN.

It may be objected that I am here passing out of the purely artistic considerations to social considerations, but the truth is, that the impressions we derive from the fine arts are so complex that there is no other limit to their suggestiveness than the limits of our own ideas and feelings. The presence or absence of the historical sense is one of the most important of the positive or negative influences that affect our appreciation of human work in landscape. An archaeologist, in whom this sense was remarkably strong, was the first to open my eyes to the fact that many people are entirely destitute of it. For them an ancient hall, a baronial castle, is simply a structure of a certain shape that occupies a certain space in the picture. If it is not imposing by its size, they do not feel its antiquity to be imposing. But if you have the historical sense, the old building speaks to you, in a language of its own, of the generations who have lived and died within its walls, and have regarded it with love or pride, in days that are no more.

There may, however, possibly be one drawback to the advantages of possessing this historical sense. A painter, in whom the sense was naturally strong, and afterwards developed by culture, might fall into an error from which another less gifted and less cultivated might escape. This would occur if his peculiar interest in old buildings led him to regard them with an affection blind to their artistic deficiencies. Whenever, in the fine arts, from any cause the interest felt by the artist in his work is not purely an artistic interest there is danger. The only extraneous passions that are an unmixed benefit to painters are those for poetry and music, because in these arts the purely artistic element predominates over all others. Sciences, though they may be helpful, may also be dangerous to the imaginative art of painting. With regard to archaeology, so long as it remains a sentiment only, a conservative affection for what is old, it can do nothing but good to a landscape-painter; it lends a pathetic interest to many a scene which without it would signify little. On the other hand, a highly developed scientific archaeology would almost inevi-

* Published by the Autotype Company.

tably give antiquities too great a space on their own account, as material objects, without regard to the imaginative artistic sentiment, which ought to be the dominant motive of the picture. For example, the archaeologist has no objection to a great unrelieved space of blank wall, if it is an ancient wall, but the pictorial artist feels it to be an embarrassment whether it is a piece of antiquity or not. Again, the archaeologist is interested in ancient battlefields, but the pictorial artist inquires first of all whether they are good landscapes.

As the imagination carries us into the regions of the ideal, it seems to make our sympathies more general with regard to what we see in art than they are in the presence of the reality itself. Browning remarked long since in some well-known lines, that we see things when they are painted which we miss in the reality; and not only do we see beauties in pictures that escape us in nature, but we have livelier and warmer, and I may add, far *kinder* sympathies at the call of the imaginative artist than the real world usually awakens in us. The reason seems to be because the awakening of imagination in us by the artist both elevates and intensifies our feelings, and the reality does not stimulate our imagination as an imaginative picture stimulates it. Consider how carefully the sight of *real* poverty is excluded from the houses of the rich. The only poor people admitted in splendid rooms are the domestics who serve; and although they are often badly lodged in lightless holes and corners, care is always taken that they shall be well dressed so that their poverty may be hidden from the eye. The difference between imagination and reality may be understood by asking how the owner of some valuable beggar picture by Rembrandt or Murillo would like real beggars in his rooms. The imaginary sympathies are not only the most agreeable, but they are by far the most comprehensive. They descend into a thousand details. A painter represents for us some poor cottage garden, and we immediately appreciate all the humble attempts of the cottager to adorn his dwelling. The common flowers, the cheap shells, the bits of spar, the narrow walls, the tiny arbour where the children play in summer, all these things gain immediately a fictitious value in a picture simply because the painted representation is itself a fiction. When figure-painters represent interiors they well know the value of simplicity and poverty as pathetic elements, whereas in real life all men prefer the exact opposites of simplicity and poverty. I know that in a good painting there is always the refined taste in the artist himself which arranges materials harmoniously; and by a natural error that the artist intends us to commit we attribute this refinement to the inhabitant of the poor dwelling represented, but in real life most people respect vulgar interiors, if they show signs of wealth, more than the most tasteful arrangements of worthless things. Possibly the real refinement of good artists may ultimately contend with some effect against the false refinement of commonplace expenditure, but the result attained hitherto is simply to have encouraged an idealising state of mind in which we recognise the beauty of humble things *on canvas*.

WASHERWOMEN. RUYSDAEL.

It may seem, at first sight, as if these remarks concerned rather the painters of rustic interiors than landscape-painters, but many landscape-painters have frequently, and successfully, appealed to this fictitious interest in the humble efforts of the poor. Cottages and their gardens, rude and primitive little bridges, rustic paths and stiles, poor fishermen's boats, and figures busy in all the common occupations that can be pursued in the open air, are seized upon with avidity by the most prudent and ingenious landscape-painters who calculate upon the natural and constant tendencies of the public. It is pleasant to believe

that the interest taken by such painters in humble life is a real interest, and not feigned for the purposes of their art. It may have been real and genuine at first, to become purely artistic afterwards. The following suggestions may offer some explanation of its origin.

There is no human pursuit which gives such excellent opportunities for observing life quietly and silently as the occupation of a landscape-painter. He sits for hours together apparently absorbed in painting a cottage or a group of trees, yet in a purely accidental way he will see the life of the little place far better than the squire when he comes to pay his visit of patronage or kindness. In a very short time people entirely forget his presence, and go on with their life and talk exactly as if he were not there. Hour by hour he is a privileged spectator. He is supposed to be entirely occupied with his painting, which becomes a sort of screen for him, and behind it there is nothing that he may not see or hear. The spectacle of real life is not so concentrated as a theatrical performance, but the reality of it gives an unrivalled interest for one who cares about reality, and the very absence of concentration makes it easier to follow with half the mind. An artist could not, whilst painting, do anything requiring the close application of the intellect, but he can follow the reading of an easy book or quietly listen to conversation. He can observe in two ways at the same time; in his own artist way for shapes and colours, and in a more broadly human way for the labours and incidents of common life. Hence it may come to pass, after some years of sketching from nature, that a landscape-painter has quite an exceptionally large acquaintance with common out-of-door existence; and if he is imaginative he has a great store of reminiscences to draw upon for the invention of foreground incident. Constable and Turner are both remarkable for their perfect imaginative sympathy with common life and work. In Constable the range is narrow, but the knowledge is most intimate and familiar. He knew windmills and watermills like a miller, and thoroughly understood the life of farm-servants and boatmen on the banks of his well-beloved Stour. One of the finest incidents in his pictures, the 'leaping horse,' is due to his acquaintance with a strictly practical matter, namely, that the fields through which the Stour passes were enclosed by barriers to prevent the cattle from straying, and that the horses were taught to leap these barriers because there were no gates. So far the incident is a simple fact, and the reader may ask what it has to do with imagination. It was treated imaginatively by the artist, who was careful to display the nobility of the horse with the dignity of his harness, ornamented about the collar with crimson fringe. 'Constable,' says Leslie, 'by availing himself of these advantages and relieving the horse, which is of a dark colour, upon a bright sky, made him a very imposing object.'

In those expressions of love for nature that have been preserved in Constable's own words, it is curious how unfailingly he mentions the results of humble human labour. The materials of his art were to be found, he said, in every *lane* and under every *hedge*. 'But the sound of water escaping from mill-dams, willows, old rotten planks, slimy posts, and brickwork —I love such things. Shakespeare could make everything poetical; he tells us of poor Tom's haunts among "sheepcotes and mills." As long as I do paint I shall never cease to paint such places. They have always been my delight.' Leslie confirms this prediction, by adding that 'the last picture Constable painted, and on which he was engaged on the last day of his life, was a mill, with such accompaniments as are described in this letter.'

The range of Turner's sympathy with human labours is too well known to require any exposition here; but it may be observed that, although it includes magnificent labours like the building of Carthage, it includes in far greater quantity and frequency the most humble labours of ordinary English and French life. In many of Turner's foregrounds the human work, so far from being neglected, is undeniably over-done; there are too many ungainly figures, and their industry, if we observe it, detracts from the repose of the picture, whilst it withdraws attention from the landscape subject. In the views of St. Mawes, Cornwall, the landscape subject is noble, and requires that breadth of repose which Girtin would certainly have given it; but Turner's foregrounds are uncomfortably filled up with fisher people and innumerable fishes that must have sorely tried the patience of the engraver. The corrective of this uncomfortableness in Turner's more crowded foregrounds is usually some working man in temporary rest, sitting on the gunwale of a boat or the edge of a little jetty, with his arms folded and a pipe in his mouth. It is very characteristic of Turner that to illustrate the '*Datur hora quieti*,' he should have represented a plough left in the furrow and sailing craft moored to the bank of a sluggish river. He took an interest in petty commerce, showing us the dog-dealers in Paris, with the announcement, '*Chiene* (sic) *à vendre*,' and the flower markets near the Parisian Palace of Justice and the imposing front of the cathedral at Rouen. His river shores are almost invariably littered with common things relating to the commerce of the place—logs of wood, barrels, or packages. The ordinary means of locomotion interested him. He drew and painted diligences and steamboats; and in later life the railway, getting over the dreadful mechanical difficulties of rails and locomotives by the most judiciously sketchy treatment.

Unimaginative artists may, of course, illustrate human labours as frequently and abundantly as their more gifted brethren; but in their hands these labours will remain prosaic by the absence of ideal dignity. The sympathy of a great artist, being imaginative, ennobles prosaic details. This is the beneficent power of the Imagination—in the highest sense a most useful power—to reveal the essential dignity, or at least the possible dignity of the common things and works that seem vulgar to the spirit of gentility.

I need hardly do more than mention the name of Millet in connexion with this part of the subject.

No artist was ever more clearly conscious of the value of imagination in art than Samuel Palmer, who from the first made his choice between literal transcription and the imaginative treatment of reality; and it is remarkable in connexion with this subject that Palmer had as strong a sympathy with humble rustic life as Constable, though his love of beauty and his idyllic feeling made impossible for him the painfully sad sympathy of Millet. As Constable loved the common world, and said, 'I am not made for the great, nor the great for me,' so we are told of Palmer that he did not despise the society of the rural poor, but during his travels on foot for the

ST. MAWES, CORNWALL. TURNER.

The simple dignity of his figures is now universally known, and they are usually engaged in the most humble occupations. He did not flatter his peasant models on the score of physical beauty: but when he observed some unconscious nobility in the carriage or gesture, he never failed to make the most of it. And yet the bare truth as it is in nature, without the presence of imaginative power in the artist, would never have touched the world. One of the best proofs that this imaginative power was genuine is to be found in the perfect unity and simplicity of purpose in the unobtrusive landscapes which accompanied the figures of Millet; and in the courage (conscious or not) with which he so often made the landscapes expressive of the monotony and dreariness that accompanied the peasants' toil. A shallower painter would have said to himself, 'My figures look rather sad and melancholy, so I must charm the purchaser with delightful rural scenery.'

study of nature would contentedly 'take his place, after a hard day's work, in some old chimney-corner, joining, on equal terms, the village gossip.'

'He held,' says his son, 'and not unwisely, that intelligence is not quite denied to those who lead a quiet country life, to be lavished on those favoured ones who live a grimy one in the turmoil of cities. "Virgil," he wrote, "was simple enough to suppose that a country life had an influence on our common nature, nor was he aware that the cultivation of the earth was a stupefying employment, and the peasant, skilled in the varieties of rural labour, a log. No! *Non omnia possumus omnes*—that discovery was reserved for us. How could Virgil anticipate our progress, with whom the bucolic mind has become the synonym of fatuity? But those who are behind the age, and not very anxious to overtake it, will discern in their ancient friends—in the Ploughman who lives in Chaucer's verse, and his kindred, something better

than a barbaric foil to the intelligence of the modern artisan."'

It is worth remarking that the title-page of Samuel Palmer's Life consists of a sepia drawing of rural implements of the most primitive kind, with a broad-brimmed mower's hat. In an early part of the volume his son gives an interesting description of the village of Shoreham, where his father lived for some time, and received many lasting impressions of rural beauty. The inhabitants are not omitted: 'The soil was tilled, and the golden corn was reaped, by sturdy villagers whose dress was picturesquely beautiful, their implements archaic. Their strenuous flails resounded in spacious, lichen-covered barns, where the thick masses of dark-green moss half hid the deep, overhanging thatch. They lived in oak-beamed cottages with ample chimney-corners, in which, on tempestuous winter nights, many a strange legend and weird superstition lingered still.'

So far we have only been considering Palmer's interest in reality, but an extract from one of his letters shows the immense importance that he attached to imagination. The capitals are his own.

'Claude, Poussin, Bourdon, did not attempt to satisfy that curiosity of the eye which an intelligent tourist ever feeds and never sates, nor did they attempt to reproduce a scene; for they knew that every hedgerow contains more matter than could be crowded into a picture-gallery, and that, supposing they could deceive the eye, the real impression could not be completed but by touch and hearing, the gushes of air, and the singing of birds. They addressed not the perception chiefly, but the IMAGINATION, and here is the hinge and essence of the whole matter.'

Guided by our knowledge that Palmer had a real sympathetic interest in common rustic life, and also that what he most valued in art was imagination, we find this taste and this principle fully exemplified in his own works. His compositions may be broadly divided into two classes—illustrations of the poets, and designs suggested by nature, though never slavishly copied from actual scenes. In both classes of designs the references to rustic labour are very frequent. The figures in most cases have some definite rustic employment; they are not simply figures inserted to fill up a vacant space, and there is a beautiful sympathy with the life and functions of all of them, from the bellman who goes down the village street to the good farmer who stops his horse to bestow charity. How stimulating an imaginative motive was to Palmer may be proved by what he wrote to Mr. Valpy about the first of these two subjects:—

'You ask me to show you anything which specially affects my inner sympathies. Now only three days have passed since I did begin the meditation of a subject which for twenty years has affected my sympathies with sevenfold inwardness, though now for the first time I seem to feel, in some sort, the power of realising it. It is from one of the finest passages in what Edmund Burke thought the finest poem in the English language. The passage includes "the bellman's drowsy charm." I never artistically knew "such a sacred and homefelt delight" as when endeavouring, in all humility, to realise, after a sort, the imagery of Milton.'

It was a great advantage to Samuel Palmer that the connexion between his own art and poetry was always present to his mind, as it kept his art consciously imaginative, and would have prevented him, if there had been any danger of such a catastrophe, from falling into that commonplace literalism which is the sure destiny of manual skill when left to its own unaided resources. He believed that the habit of reading the great poets was the best fertiliser of a painter's brain; and in one of his letters to me I remember that he did not speak simply of poetry but of *old* poetry, as if old poetry were a better stimulus than new. I remember feeling instinctively that he was right, and no doubt the explanation is that the older the association with the experience and feelings of mankind the more poetical everything becomes. Even the newest verse, when it is intended to be poetry of the highest kind, is usually archaic in the choice of its materials, and often in forms of language. The agriculture described by poets is still that which was known to Virgil, and their heroes more frequently travel in sailing-boats or on horseback, like the paladins of Ariosto, than in steamers and railway trains. A poor traveller on foot, with a bundle at the end of a stick, is much better fitted for poetic art than a young man on a bicycle, and yet the bicycle (one would think) ought to be a poetic instrument, for swiftness is certainly poetical; but the want of old associations with the bicycle, and perhaps its too great mechanical perfection, are against it, besides the necessity for good macadamised roads. Turner's introduction of steamers is a case in point, and may at first sight appear contrary to my theory; yet it is evident that in this case there were other attractions for the artist, the volumes of escaping steam, and the fine contrast between the water churned into foam and waves and the calmer water around it.

With regard to the introduction of modern mechanical industry in art, I happened last winter to pass the great French metallurgic establishment of the Creuzot. It was at night, and as the train slowly passed out of the station, the place presented itself in an aspect which certainly brought it within the category of available suggestions for imaginative art. There was moonlight, and just under the moon the vast workshops and long chimneys happened at one moment to come into a sort of mountainous composition, with enormous clouds of smoke and steam. The lighting of the scene was not left entirely to the moon. Some of the workshops were lighted with gas, others with blinding stars of electric light that shone amongst the moving clouds and made some

masses of building look intensely black by contrast. The ghastly brilliance of the electric light, the yellow gaslight, and the pale moon far above, produced a complex play of effects that impressed me strongly; but, on analysing my impression afterwards, it seemed that the whole of it could not be conveyed in painting. It was partly due to the changes of composition produced by the motion of the train, and partly to the clang of the great steam-hammers and the confused noise of many labours, and also to my own previous knowledge that the four mighty blast-engines were called after the four winds, with the old Latin names inscribed upon them. Besides this, there came a recollection that I had read about some place where—

> 'Nigh on the plain, in many cells prepared,
> That underneath had veins of liquid fire
> Sluiced from the lake, a second multitude
> With wond'rous art founded the massy ore,
> Severing each kind, and scummed the bullion dross:
> A third as soon had form'd within the ground
> A various mould, and from the boiling cells,
> By strange conveyance, filled each hollow nook.'

Even the strange lights reminded me of that pile where—

> Many a row
> Of starry lamps and blazing vessels, fed
> With naphtha and asphaltus, yielded light
> As from a sky.'

So the reader perceives that if a scene of modern industry suggested a painting, it recalled poetry at the same time; and it happens that the poetry was *old* poetry, written by Palmer's own master, Milton.

P. G. Hamerton.

ART CHRONICLE.

The Royal Academy Exhibition presents no very salient points for record this season. The average standard of work on the lower levels of pictorial art annually rises, but there seems an end to 'epoch-making' pictures. The President, speaking at the opening banquet, deplored the paucity of ideal or beauty-seeking works, and was fain to find a counterbalancing compensation in the strength of portraiture and the variety and truth of landscape studies. The subject picture of the year which will probably be best remembered is Mr. Orchardson's *After*, a sequel to the domestic scene in his *Mariage de Convenance* of a previous season. The young wife has gone, probably with a sullied name, and the husband who bought her in the sacred name of marriage sits alone and miserable, perhaps remorseful, by his splendid but deserted hearth. The strength of expression concentrated into this single figure of the man of the world off guard, away from curious eyes, in his torture of regret, is remarkable. The whole picture abounds in reticent force and truly artistic management. In *The Magic Circle* Mr. J. Waterhouse has subordinated all questions of beauty in form or colour to the exigencies of dramatic purpose and suggestion of the supernatural. The colour is dusky, the figure of the strangely robed priestess at her mystic rites uncouth, but the picture has the rare merit of original conception carried out with deliberate strength. Mr. Calderon has taken a fresh departure in the direction of Eastern themes. His *Ruth and Naomi* is a singularly luminous arrangement, in which two dark-robed figures and one in white are thrown up like enamels upon the pale rosy ochreous background of mountains, after what seems to us the principle of some Oriental decorations. We note with interest the advance made by young Mr. Frank Calderon, son of the Academician, in the ambitious subject, *Dante in the Valley of Terrors*. The group of Venetian devotees, Mr. Logsdail, Mr. H. Woods, Mr. Van Haanen, Mr. Fildes, and last, but not least distinguished, Mr. de Blaas, are all brilliantly represented. Mr. F. Goodall takes a new turn, and paints domestic pictures of children and a chaste, softly modelled, nude *Susannah*. Mr. Alma Tadema epitomises completeness in a cool interior of a Roman *Apodyterium*. Among names of rising men who make increasing mark are Solomon J. Solomon, and clever John S. Sargent. The first paints on considerable scale *The Rape of Cassandra*, the second portraiture, notably the three *Misses Vickers*, a *tour de force* in deliberated sleight of hand, if the term may be allowed. These two artists appear in the group of young painters who have formed themselves into a so-called 'New English Art Club,' and opened a little exhibition all to themselves at the Marlborough Gallery, Pall Mall. The main principle which appears to link a string of unequal names is that of taking a system of 'values,' or right relative gradations of tone, as the crucial test of attainment in natural truth. Mr. Shannon, whose most skilful portrait study hangs in the Grosvenor Gallery, is in the circle, Mr. Hacker also, with other young artists present in the Academy and other exhibitions; also Mr. Alfred Parsons, the landscape-painter, whose most important work of the year as regards scale, *In a Cider Country*, has gone to Bond Street. At Burlington House we find the veteran Academician, Mr. Hook, fresh and vigorous as ever by coast and sea, hale among contemporaries failing with time. Mr. Brett paints an *Argyll Eden* of mountain and loch with unflinching search after a veracity which the clique of young artists mentioned above would refuse to acknowledge. Mr. Brett's principle is in diametric opposition. Among notable portraits of the season are *Mr. T. O. Barlow*, by Sir John Millais, a piece of admirable individuality; the *Right Hon. J. Chamberlain, M.P.*, by Mr. F. Holl, and a portrait group of well-known musicians, *Autour du Piano*, by M. Fantin, in his grave style.

The sculpture rooms present a rather less depressing aspect than sometimes. The President's statue of *The Sluggard* and little model of a nude girl, called *False Alarms*, deserve a *succès d'estime*. The exaggerated attenuation of the male figure and the lines of facile sinuosity rather than strength gain grace at the cost of compact composition and dignity. Mr. Alfred Gilbert's fantastic piece, *The Enchanted Chair*, is disappointing: there is plenty of plucky modelling and playful line, but the sleeping figure seems to us lumpy and inconsistent in relative proportions, and is not pronounced from the winged and overshadowed chair of dreams in which it sinks. The study of a nude boy flung backwards on the trunk of a tree, resting in the heats of *Summer*, by George Lawson, deserves note. Of course the heroic statue of *Major General Earle*, model of the bronze statue for Liverpool, by Mr. C. B. Birch, is vigorous, and shows command of scale and showy style. There is much excellent work among the busts, especially in terra-cotta. A realistic *Portrait* of an old lady by S. Fry, and a fancy head, *Reverie*, by Louisa Jacobs, are especially sensitive in modelling. Mr. Boehm has the marble of his bust of *Sir James Paget*, the distinguished surgeon. Mr. Woolner, R.A., is, almost for the first time, an absentee from the sculpture gallery.

The water-colour room and that given to black-and-white are well filled. In the last are fine proofs of recent etchings;

Mr. Macbeth's beautiful interpretations of George Mason, *The End of the Day* and *A Pastoral Symphony*, and a bold but successful experiment after Walker's *Mushroom Gatherers*, a study of murky tone throughout, in which only a kind of trembling glimmer reveals the figures. M. Brunet Debaines' etching after Leader's popular *At Evening Time there shall be Light*, one or two of Mr. Joseph Knight's mezzotint landscapes, and contributions by many members of the Society of Painter Etchers, add interest to this section. Among the black-and-white drawings the work of lady contributors is notably good. Elinor Hallé sends a clever study of *Cardinal Newman*, and Ethel Martyn, a head, *Evening*, in silver point, excellent in sensitive line and graduated tone.

THE Grosvenor Gallery contains much that is interesting and commendable. Mr. Burne-Jones (who, by the way, has not sent to the Academy the panel from the *Sleeping Beauty* Series, included in our Studio Notes of last month) has three pictures: *Flamina Vestalis*, the half-length of a girl in dark blue robes embroidered with a sacred symbol on the shoulder, displays the painter's noblest colour and tender modelling. Mr. Alma Tadema, besides a characteristic and beautiful little subject-picture, exhibits a *Portrait of a Lady*, nearly life scale, half-length, which in its bright flesh tones and general treatment of gay modern costume, is singularly unlike the artist's ordinary manner: recorded, therefore, as a curiosity rather than from admiration. *The Drawing Room:* a minutely realistic study of an interior by a very young pupil of her father, Miss Anna Alma-Tadema, taken in connexion with her equally patient water-colour study of *Eton Chapel* in the Royal Academy, indicates a notable inheritance of artistic faculty of a special kind. Mr. Weguelin has overtaken Mr. Tadema on his own ground in the little picture of a Roman girl reclining on a marble bench in *A Summer Afternoon.* As usual, Mr. W. B. Richmond shows at this gallery much of recent portrait work. As an example of stately old age tenderly and individually rendered, the *Portrait of Mrs. Warren De la Rue* is admirable; *Miss Burne-Jones* is a delightful study of fair girlhood, very happy in the soft twilight tones. Mr. Richmond sends, also, a Greek *Pastoral*, and a *Hermes* stooping to put on his winged shoes; the alert lines of the figure are squared out strongly into rhythmic composition. Mr. John Collier gives a pleasing version of *Henry Irving, Esq.*, in the easy aspect of a private gentleman. The painter has taken license and lifts a few years off the tale told in the actor's familiar face. Poetic transcripts of Italian landscape by Mr. Corbett and Mr. Benson generally find place in the Gallery, and this year Roman Signor Costa, also, is a more ample contributor than usual. The beautiful picture of sunrise over Monte Subasio, seen from Perugia, is conceived in the spirit of the *Cantico del Sole* of St. Francis of Assisi, whose figure with uplifted hands of worship, the painter places in the foreground. In the little Sculpture Gallery, and about the rooms, are to be found several good busts, and one or two fancy pieces of mark. Mr. Gilbert's *Bronze Statuette* of an Egyptian Girl is a brilliant bit of modelling. The group of *Ragamuffins*, by Signor Foccardi, provokes one against one's taste to admiration of the sculptor's skill in naturalistic low comedy. Mr. Boehm exhibits a successful bust of the *Abbé Liszt*, a quite unidealised version of the musician's grand head, as we see it now in old age.

A SMALL but interesting collection of illuminations from MSS. lent by Mr. C. Bromley Morley has been on view in the writing-room of the Burlington Fine Arts Club. They comprise initial letters, borders, and miniatures, chiefly Italian and French, of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, some of high quality, and a few cuttings from Venetian Ducale.

THE summer exhibition of the Institute of Water Colour Painters presents the usual aspect of a large open gathering in which the few works of high merit get swamped in the mass of indifferent art. In this respect the elder Society in Pall Mall, which presents an excellent front in the current exhibition, has advantage in its close system. It may be allowed, however, that what the restricted body gains in high standard of style and technical workmanship is to some extent counterbalanced by the greater variety of manner and reflection of artistic phases incident to an 'all comers'' gallery. The tendency to organize small individual exhibitions must in the end tell against societies whose members are solicited thus to isolate their work. Yet for the moment the public are the gainers, as, for example, in the gathering of drawings by Mr. Albert Goodwin, a distinguished member of the R.W.C.S., opened at the Fine Art Society's in May. The collection of some eighty studies and sketches, some mere 'flying notes,' represents, as Mr. Goodwin himself comments, 'a fair and tolerably hard year's work' over the cities, towns, and hamlets of England; and anybody who can appreciate the peculiar stamp of this artist's work, namely, perception of the most poetic aspect of the scene or object before him, and the expression of it in delicate truth of drawing and singularly beautiful quality of colour, has here enjoyed a rare pleasure.

At the same time and place with Mr. Goodwin's sketches were shown over forty of the drawings belonging to St. George's Guild, and made for it by commission of Mr. Ruskin. They included copies from pictures or parts of pictures by the Italian masters, done by Signor Alessandri and Mr. Fairfax Murray, and records of architectural buildings or detail, Italian and French, by Frank Randal and Thomas Rooke. Mr. Ruskin comments on these transcripts, as 'unweariedly finished representations of the pictures and buildings of which they are meant to preserve the memory;' and he concludes that, 'while for pure artistic delight an untouched sketch of Albert Goodwin's on the spot is better than any finished drawing, the antiquarian value of these resolutely complete works by Mr. Rooke and Mr. Alessandri cannot be too highly estimated for the future, nor at present received with even adequate honour and gratitude.'

'A CHEMIST' writes to us in reference to Mr. H. C. Standage's 'Artist's Manual of Pigments,' a brief notice of which appeared in our 'Art Chronicle' for May. He points out that several passages of the Manual are taken without acknowledgment from Salter's edition of Field's 'Chromatography,' and that many of Mr. Standage's chemical explanations are inaccurate.

THE Edinburgh folk are in the full tide of their International Exhibition. The first edition of the general 'official' catalogue seems especially calculated to bewilder the visitor so interleaved and overburdened with advertisements is it. Fortunately separate guides are provided for the Fine Art sections, and a popular handbook is also published for the multitude. The 'Old Edinburgh Street,' designed by Mr. Sydney Mitchel, in pursuance of the idea so successfully struck out in 'Old London' at Kensington, has been happily elucidated by a handy volume of historic and descriptive notes by J. C. and Alison H. Dunlop, profusely illustrated by Mr. William Hole, A.R.S.A., and compiled at request of the Executive Council of the Exhibition.

IMAGINATION IN LANDSCAPE PAINTING.

XVI.—*Passive Imagination, or Reverie.*

THIS is the condition of mind in which we are capable of following without effort the active imagination of others, but do not create anything by an imaginative effort ourselves. It is most familiar to us in listening to music, provided that we listen simply for the pleasure of the moment, and not for any purpose of criticism.

Passive Imagination finds its pleasures, so far as landscape is concerned, in looking at pictures simply for enjoyment, and especially in the changing beauty of nature. This delight in natural beauty is understood by those who do not share it to be what they call an idle pleasure, and they sometimes condemn it on this ground. We may accept the imputation of idleness in this case, whilst declining to accept the blame. The state of passive imagination is idle, assuredly, in this sense, that for the moment it produces nothing, but it may be receptive. The listener to music is not a composer, but he is a *recipient* of musical ideas. This is so far understood that it is not considered a waste of time to go to concerts; then why should it be a waste of time to allow our minds to be saturated with the beauty of that natural or painted landscape which is the music that the eyes desire? The state of active production, or even of conscious observation, is not, and ought not to be, permanent. We all of us need times of pure and simple receptivity, and if we are ourselves productive, the only difference is that we need such times far more imperiously than others.

As to passive imagination in the enjoyment of painted landscape, it appears necessary that it should be disengaged from ideas of criticism, and the same kind of imagination in the presence of nature needs to be disengaged from ideas of production.

The interference of the critical spirit is, I believe, invariably fatal to the imaginative enjoyment of art. The critical condition of mind might be friendly to imagination if it accompanied or followed it, but criticism never does that for long without interposing objections of some kind; and being itself much more intellectual than sympathetic, is always likely to interpose a discordant note of its own, or else to bring into disproportionate and unnecessary prominence some weakness in the imaginative artist, some deficiency of knowledge, some error of taste, which, had it only been left to itself, would never have attracted attention. I am able to remember three distinct phases in my own feelings with reference to Claude. If ever, in boyhood, I looked over a collection of engravings, the Claudes always stopped me and set me dreaming about lands where the trees were always grouped majestically or beautifully, and seas where the ships sailed into ports adorned with princely architecture, and the sunshine fell softly on the foreground or glittered on the harmless waves. I had a drawing-master, a man of the most gentle temperament, who never could mention Claude without infusing I know not what additional gentleness and tenderness into the tones of his voice, and in golden afternoons of summers past long ago, he would gaze on the light that reminded him of an ideal Italy, and talk to me of 'Claude Lorraine.'

It was in this perfectly uncritical state of youthful ignorance that I was able to enjoy Claude, in print and picture, with an innocent, dreamy enjoyment that I should now call a condition of passive imagination. At the same time Salvator seemed very grand and wild, and I had instinct enough to perceive that there was something imposing in the sombre masses of foliage in Gaspar Poussin. I can throw myself back into that youthful condition even now by an effort of memory, a condition in which it was possible simply to feel and imagine, by humbly following the imagination of the painter, without having to form any kind of definite opinion about him. But soon afterwards came three influences all at once, a closer and more literal study of nature, the criticisms of Ruskin, and photography. These influences made it impossible for many a year to dream with Claude in the old innocent, passive way. What was artificial in his works had become too obvious for his very real love of nature to overcome it, and what seemed to me the ostentation of his art had overshadowed the amenity of his sentiment. Long afterwards, when the critical effect of modern naturalism had spent its force, it became possible once more to sympathise, in imagination, with the serenity of Claude's spirit and to wander at idle times happily enough in the earthly paradise that he created, with a dreamy and not too critical admiration of its beauties. At the same time the tendency that comes upon us in full maturity to use the imagination more, and the critical faculty rather less, has certainly led me to see more grandeur in other old landscape masters of late years, and to appreciate much better their largeness, and dignity, and solemnity of conception. We all of us invariably believe that a change in our views is in the direction of progress, so it is but natural that this change should appear to myself in the guise of an advance; but whether it be an advance or not the result of it is to make passive imagination possible again, and

without it nobody can appreciate the imaginative powers of great artists.

It is probable that in the future the faculty of passive imagination will be less interfered with than it was in the middle of the nineteenth century by the matter-of-fact criticism of that time, and the sudden effect of photography. It is not conceivable that any future influence can be like the first effect of these scientific influences. The probability seems rather to be that as clearly detailed photography, and extremely accurate drawing, and very highly

BANDITS. SALVATOR ROSA.

finished woodcutting, have now become so common that they are as much a matter of course as the finish of a blank sheet of note-paper, they will in future scarcely attract more attention; and as people will be surfeited with prodigious quantities of facts, the tendency may be to seek a deliverance from facts in the fairyland of Imagination. It will then be understood that an artist is nothing if not imaginative, and that although his public may not need creative genius, it will need the genius of imaginative sympathy which is, happily, common enough in human nature left to its own instincts and not prevented by the acquired habit of analysis.

Before leaving this subject of receptive imagination, which in a larger work would deserve more prolonged study, I wish to add some expression of the belief that it is one of the best gifts we have, and one of the most conducive to human happiness. I have said that it is a common gift, and we may be thankful that it is common. Without it many an existence would be hopelessly and absolutely dreary, which is now brightened on the imaginative side by those influences of literature, art, and music, which are all really one and the same influence. The readers of the great imaginative writers, the admirers of the great painters, the listeners to the great musicians, may be unable, themselves, to create either poem, picture, or sonata, and some critic may coldly tell them that they are destitute of imagination, but they, in their hearts, know better. Is it nothing to be able to follow the lead of genius? It is the best deliverance from the monotony of common life; it is, to many, the only opening that looks out of a hard, mechanical, grinding, vulgar world. Imaginative art of all kinds is best appreciated in those deserts of brick and stone where multitudes are deprived of nature, and here it comes as a relief and a repose to the spirit, disconnected from any personal ambition. It is to the citizen what the fields are to the rustic, the mountains to the mountaineer. And there is no kind of art which gives this relief more completely than imaginative landscape.

The perfectly passive enjoyment of natural scenery is perhaps difficult for artists who think too much of their work, and that is one of the drawbacks attendant upon high professional culture, but for many others it is the healthiest of indolent pleasures. It has been called 'the opium-eating of the intellect,' which is an unfair comparison. It is much rather the repose of the intellect and the enriching of other faculties by a process that involves no labour, a natural education that nothing can replace.

It is at the same time, for those who are destined to work afterwards in the fine arts, an invaluable and indispensable preparation. We must begin by observing without any sense of effort before we are able to apply the mind to observation as a business. All artists have been amateurs in the real beginning, however early in life were the first serious studies, and all amateurs have begun by watching things as idle people watch them. We are first enticed by the pleasures of indolent imagination, and afterwards led into work by a sort of accident. Between the ease of indolence and the ease of mastery there lies a difficult passage, that season of apparent failure when the imaginative faculty is impeded by the straining of the attention.

XVII.—*Working Imagination, or Invention, as applied specially to Landscape.*

After examining the question of invention to the best of my ability, with the help of those writers who have given it the most careful study, and

especially with the help of M. Paul Sourian, whose *Théorie de l'Invention* is a perfect model of close reasoning and original observation, I have come to a conclusion somewhat different from his, that is to say, I believe now that invention is simply imagination that the possessor can set to work on a given task. In my view, the distinction between the inventive imagination and the common faculty lies simply in this capability of discipline.

To this it may be answered that the idea which would be considered the real invention usually comes to us involuntarily, as, for example, when a novelist hits upon a new and original plot at a time when his mind is occupied with something entirely different. I am aware of this, but do not consider that the real display of inventive power is to be sought for in the original idea, which is often of the most extreme simplicity, and is not unfrequently borrowed from another source without any kind of acknowledgment. Notes of first ideas, both by artists and writers, are frequently so crude that they give no conception of the future work, nor has the inventor himself any clear conception of it; he only sees his way as he proceeds. What he does is to take a motive and see what he can make of it by the application of his inventive powers. Then comes the real test, which is the working out of the idea so as to present it in the most striking form, and with the most vivid appearance of reality. To accomplish this, the inventor, in common language, 'sets his wits to work,' that is to say, he possesses a kind of imagination that is obedient to the will. The common person seems to have no imagination because he is unable to apply his disconnected dreamings to a purpose.

INVERARY CASTLE. TURNER.

When the real inventor has got hold of a good motive, he applies his mind to the business of invention in this way. He is not able to invent at a moment's notice, but he knows that in a space of time, which is almost definite in his own mind, he will certainly be able to work out the requisite amount of detail. An arrangement is made between a publisher and a clever novelist by which the novelist promises to deliver a manuscript at a certain date. At the time when the promise is made he is in ignorance as to details, but he knows that by the application of his imaginative faculty he will be able to shape them. An uninventive person might see almost as much of the subject at a first glance, but the difference is that he would never see anything more.

Now, if we accept my theory that Invention is Imagination that can be made to work, it must follow that the real inventors will work at invention just as they would at anything else, and that those who 'wait for inspiration' are just the people to whom inspiration is least likely to be given. Does not experience generally confirm this? Setting aside the vulgar error that men of genius are idle fellows (an error that can only arise from ignorance of the toil involved in that which seems so easy), and looking to the real facts of the case, do we not find, when we know them personally, that they work just like other professional men? We may even go further, and say that if there is a difference, it is in favour of the men of genius, who work *more* than common men, because they have finer powers of work, and take a pleasure in exercising them. Consider the amount of work done by Shakespeare, Cervantes, Scott, Balzac, Victor Hugo, and amongst painters, by Rubens, Titian, Claude, and Turner! In some cases it is true that the great labours of men of genius have been performed under the stimulus of necessity, but we do not find that wealth leads to indolence in their case. Victor Hugo and Turner continued to work long after they had become rich men.

Invention in landscape, as in every other art, requires a certain liberty, but in landscapes especially this liberty involves a condition of a peculiar kind, which has led to the belief that landscape painters are an especially careless race. Bound down to rigid conditions of truthful portraiture, the landscape painter would be unable to compose. The painter of the figure can group his personages without destroying the likeness, and alter their shapes on the canvas by simply altering their attitudes, but the faithful portraiture of mountains would take away the possibility of composition. It follows from this that all inventive landscape painters prefer material of a kind that is easily arrangeable, and that if the material is not arrangeable by nature, they arrange it in spite of itself. It is a part of their art to do this, the strong men have always done it, and

their strong successors are likely to continue the practice.

The reader probably remembers the distinction in the French language between a *meuble* and an *immeuble;* a piece of furniture is called a moveable, and a house is called an immoveable. In landscape painting we may establish the same distinction, though not exactly in the same way. I should not call a peasant's cottage an immoveable from the landscape painter's point of view, because he can do what he likes with it, alter its form, or change its position, but I should call Somerset House and Waterloo Bridge immoveables from the painter's point of view. Such things are the greatest of all embarrassments for the inventive artist. He can hardly exercise his genius upon them, except in the choice of an effect of light. Mountains are difficult to deal with for the same reason, but not in the same degree, as they may be treated with some liberty. Still, a mountain is a permanent feature in a country, and no painter would give to Mont Blanc the outline of the Matterhorn. The most tractable materials for the inventive artist are trees (that may be supposed to grow in any favourable situation), clouds that may be grouped in any manner consistent with their character, ships and boats that may be supposed to have floated accidentally into the most charming arrangements, cottages that may be built over again cleverly with the brush with the most anti-Philistine improvements, and all the multitude of foreground things that may be shifted here and there at pleasure.

THE TRAVELLERS. BERGHEM.

XVIII.—*Composition and Imagination.*

I take the difference between composition and imagination to be that Composition is simply the art of putting materials tastefully together, whereas Imagination provides the materials themselves in the shape of images clear enough to be painted.

It may be objected to this account of the matter, that it is too simple, and that Imagination of the highest kind would provide the images and the composition at the same time, by a complete synthesis. To know all about a matter of such difficulty we ought to be able to ask questions of imaginative artists, but they might be as little inclined to talk as Frederick Walker, or as little able to express themselves as Turner. We have, however, distinct and undeniable evidence, in the notes written by Turner for his engravers, that composition was with him a perfectly conscious mental process, and really a labour; and we have evidence in the sketches of many masters that they composed laboriously and tried many experiments in composition, just as an

architect makes various sketches for a projected building before he selects the one that is to be elaborated in detail. I myself have seen painters of firmly established reputation trying experiments in composition as painfully as any student, yet they were reputed to be masters of that department of the art, and there is indeed no reason why a task should not be laborious and yet well performed; at the same time the most complete statement of the case would appear to be that although Imagination is the faculty of seeing images, and Composition is the art of putting images well together, a practical composer may from the first see his mental images in an artistic order, though he would probably improve upon it afterwards.

I find it impossible to resist the conclusion that composition is far more an art of taste, culture, and the knowledge of what has been already done, than an act of imaginative genius. Nothing is more common, even amongst artists of ability, than the adoption of old forms of composition, slightly disguised, as for example, in classical landscape the great clump of trees on one side, a smaller clump on the other, and a distance with hills of moderate height in the open space between them. This composition remains exactly the same in principle when the columns of a temple or palace are substituted for the clumps of trees, and it is not greatly varied in modern landscapes of lake scenery when rocky promontories are the *coulisses* and the ground is a watery plain with a mountainous vista in the middle. A little familiarity with the common receipts of composition enables us to detect old arrangements under what may at first seem quite impenetrable disguises, even, for example, the adaptation of a figure composition to the purposes of the landscape painter. The same composition, that is, the same arrangement of masses, may serve indifferently for a group of figures, a group of trees, shipping, or architecture. Burnet understood composition as an art of universal applicability in pictures, and he called it 'angular composition,' or 'circular composition,' the first including arrangements dominated by a diagonal line, or with points like a diamond, the second, those curved arrangements that bear some resemblance to circles seen in perspective.

The practical value of composition can hardly be overrated as an addition to the charm of landscape subjects, they need it even more than figure-pictures as they have not the attraction of simulated life; but the reader will not expect in this place any attempt to investigate the art of landscape composition in detail, especially as I am but little disposed to confound it with Imagination. It is a special gift which, when it exists at all, may be further cultivated by education, and in the absence of the real gift a tolerably effective substitute for it is to be had in the stock receipts of painters which have helped many an ordinary artist through difficulties otherwise insurmountable. There are certain well-known solecisms in composition that no educated artist would ever fall into, and the common mistakes of the uneducated are not thought excusable on the ground of a lack of genius. It is well to learn what is ascertained, and well to practise the methods that have been confirmed by the experience of centuries, but it is a mistake to confound this kind of educated ingenuity with imagination. The real gift of composition is but the gift of order in its highest and most beautiful manifestation, of order controlled by taste, but beyond this it does not appear to imply extraordinary mental powers.

P. G. Hamerton.

MODERN ART NEEDLEWORK.

THE use of hand embroidery for the decoration of ecclesiastical furniture, household objects, and personal attire, has been one of the most welcome among artistic revivals of recent years; and one also which has, on the whole, been least spoilt by the unreasoning vagaries and affectations which mar the good and hinder the permanence of much modern enterprise on artistic lines. Art needlework has struggled through the enfeebling patronage of the would-be aesthetic clique, under whom crewel-worked chair-backs became a burden, and the image of the sunflower a haunting nightmare. Under guidance of

instructed taste in the special training schools, and in the workshops of certain manufacturing firms, and under the influence of the beautiful hand-embroidered textiles from Eastern markets freely imported of late years, and at the moment exemplified in the Indian courts at the Colonial Exhibition, decorative needlework, for which England in the Middle Ages held high estimation, promises again to take distinct position as an art industry.

In the matter of ecclesiastical furniture and vestments, the art of embroidery in this country, although

it languished under the protection laws framed for its preservation, has never quite died out. But here also taste and executive skill have of late undergone remarkable and rapid improvement; partly from the general revival in artistic design, partly from the increased taste for archaeological study, and partly from the impetus given by the spread of ritualistic service in the Anglican Church. Much of the Church needlework is done by members of sisterhoods, or supplied by the ecclesiastical upholsterer; but the demand for altar frontals, hangings, priests' vestments, and so forth, also brings commissions to the professed schools of needlework, where access to the finest mediaeval or later designs, and especially trained handiwork, produce a more assured artistic result.

The Royal School of Art Needlework in South Kensington made a marked feature of ecclesiastical furniture in the annual exhibition held in April last, borrowing for the purpose a number of altar-cloths worked from time to time for various churches, and showing also recent designs for similar or kindred purposes. The colouring of these altar-cloths was for the most part safe, if not distinctly beautiful. The rich stuffs in soft crimson or diapered white form a ground whereon gold, white, and olives fall readily into harmony. The chief effort at jewel-like splendour, in the altar-cloth from St. Wolfram's, Grantham, worked with bright silks and gold twist in a floriated design on a white embossed ground, with crimson orfreys, though brilliant in effect, was not wholly to be commended. In justice to the School it must, however, be noted that the loan of the best examples in more elaborated altar furniture, wrought on commission, could not be obtained for this exhibition. A common fault was committed in the St. Wolfram cloth in treating a patterned stuff with a design that thwarted the lines. It is obvious, and observable in good antique work, that only a small or unassertive diaper in the ground stuff can be ignored in an open design embroidered upon it. The employment of a sentence in decorative but legible English was to be noted on one cloth of white and gold tissue where, as border to the super frontal, ran the words, 'In Christ shall all be made one,' worked in rich stitching, the outlines laid down in gold twist throughout. For ornament of altar-cloths in village churches the application of easily read sentences seems much to be commended; but the lettering must, however legible, be really rich and decorative, and not worked in the style of a child's sampler or a trade advertisement.

This, and several other altar-cloths, were especially designed to meet the necessity for moderate cost, by limitation of the inevitably expensive handwork to simple but good ornament, as border to super-frontal and slight decoration of the orfreys or the centre panel. Considering the number of fruit and flower-bearing plants allowed as emblematic by ritualistic use, and the splendid examples of conventionalised floral ornament in existence, it struck one that throughout the ecclesiastical furniture, of variety in really sound and beautiful design the supply was scant. Between absolute originality and literal copyism are many degrees of artistic adaptation and compilation; and whether it is a question of meeting the needs of limited purses or otherwise, the wisest compromise is to go to the safest and best exemplars in antique design, and intelligently to adopt, and, if necessary, to simplify without depriving the pattern of its significance.

Lady Alford brightly remarks ('Needlework as Art'): 'If any one has in his lifetime invented a

pattern, he has done something truly remarkable, and as rare as is a really original thought on any subject. Patterns are like men—the result of long descent from ancestors of remote antiquity.' For herself, the accomplished lady says: 'I have been repeatedly asked to invent a new pattern. Such is my respect for the decorative achievement called a pattern, that I cannot hope for the moment of inspiration in which I might create such a thing.' Some patterns have in course of use been curiously degraded from their first meaning into mere pretty ornament, as for instance, the palm-leaf or cone in the Paisley shawl, which figured in its Persian original as the Tree of Life. The nearest approach to creative design to be expected or even wished for in our needlework schools, is a high kind of compilation. To this order, despite its modern look, belongs the distinctly praiseworthy design for an altar frontal furnished by the Rev. Selwyn Image, an able artist in ecclesiastical ornament. The three archangels, Raphael, Michael, and Gabriel, stand in the centre with their attributes, on either side supported by an angelic figure bearing, the one a scroll, the other an organ. The heavy drapery is boldly outlined on the white ground with deep sage greens and browns, the full-fledged wings, which meet point to point, and form a background, are outlined with dead gold. Below and between the figures the Tree of Life fills in, with closely overlaid leaves and golden fruit; then below again are the grey-blue wave-lines of the Water of Life, and as support to the angelic feet, a ground of leafy plants. On the super-frontal runs the sentence, 'Tibi Angeli incessabili voce clamant.' The whole design is worked in outline, yet the effect is of surface well covered. Here is really a case of modern reading into old patterns, and were the angelic forms but a trifle more weighted with dignity, little fault could be found. There seems every reason for using, as here, types which are accepted as beautiful by the modern mind, rather than insisting on traditional exemplars, and for drawing the figure in accord with knowledge rather than with conventionalised ignorance. Mr. Image must be congratulated upon having suggested such rational treatment of a pictorial design admirably brought within the exigencies of decorative purpose and of the needlework art. In all the designs from the same artist is observable this application of modern as distinct from exclusively archaeologic taste, in combination with sound perception of the principles of design, and the appropriate use of material and process.

Much good work has been done at the Kensington School in the way of hangings, suitable for either ecclesiastical or domestic purposes; the 'powderings' being admirably placed and coloured, and the borders, whether in *opus consutum—appliqué*—or in outline or solid stitchery, worked on a varied ground well chosen for effect and harmonious *ensemble*. The revival of the practice of embroidering the upper portion of *portières* and window curtains rather than the bottom is much to be commended; yet choice should always be made of a design not too stiff and angular, but such an one as admits of being broken by folds. The beautiful effect produced by hanging the walls of a room with hand-figured stuffs, or 'hallings,' as they were formerly called, makes one regret that the foul and dust-laden atmosphere of our modern cities makes such decorative furniture almost impossible. Doctors and architects alike have learnt to uplift voice against draperies as 'dust-traps' and 'fever-holds.' If properly and constantly shaken out, however, surely little harm could be dreaded from the use of hallings suspended as curtains against flat painted walls and easily removeable. As in other matters, advanced hygienic notions, and inefficient soft-handed, domestic service, combine to shut off many beautiful decorative appliances from dwellers

in towns. The use, however, of large pieces of stuff for throwing over couches and on floors, or fixing on to pianoforte-backs, book-cases, and so forth, gives occasion for effective employment of embroideries; and great taste is shown at the Kensington School in working out designs, especially the rich and ingenious devices of Mr. Fairfax Wade, in shadows of one colour upon a darker or lighter ground of the same, sometimes relieved by touches of gold. The principle of shading each distinct portion or figure in a complicated design, in graduated tints of one colour, has been applied with excellent result in some of the elaborate foliated patterns of Mr. William Morris. Certain large pieces of embroidered stuff recently shown at Messrs. Lichfield's, in Bruton Street, by Miss Tuckett, of Shirehampton, were admirable in colour and choice of material. Colour, indeed, is this lady's strong point, whether in application of her not specially good stitchery, or in her painting upon velvet and plush to imitate tapestry. The splendour produced by the skilful colouring and harmonious mounting of these painted stuffs is a dangerously strong excuse for a pseudo art-work, otherwise much to be deprecated. It may be remarked, in passing, that the question of material for the open embroidery designs chiefly in vogue is important from every point of view. And it were to be wished that the ensnaring

beauty of plush, into which thick-laid stitching sinks with so richly embossed an appearance, could be resisted. Lady Alford wisely points out how unsuitable is so ill-wearing a ground to receive the enduring ornament of embroidery.

In the direction of pictorial designs into which the figure enters, embroidered on screens and other flat upright surfaces, there is scope for much improvement, the tendency being to use the lines of the draped or undraped human form to weak and broken-kneed purpose instead of in their natural place as the resisting points in the composition. Some of the designs of Mr. Walter Crane, which are favourites with embroiderers from the artists' pleasing taste and knowledge of the executive possibilities of needlework, err in this matter.

Experts tell us that there has been nothing new

save the lace stitch in the treatment of solid embroidery over four hundred years, and scarcely any in material. Nevertheless, the modern worker has a choice of examples of which comparatively little use seems made. The ingenious variety and happy combination of stitches which characterised art needlework of old still puts the modern worker to shame. But that everything that has been done can be done again is an axiom testified by facsimile copies from elaborately filled figures of fourteenth century vestments and the illusive renovation of old embroideries of every kind. Yet on the whole, and despite honourable exceptions, embroidery of the modern revival is somewhat monotonous in stitching. The reason of this in the case of productions in the market is probably no further to seek than the prosaic hindrance of excessive cost. The more elaborate art-needlework is necessarily costly. It is impossible to cheapen hand industry of this kind; even as it is, the wages earned by women, often of gentle birth, who undertake the higher kind of embroideries, is low for the labour involved, while the charges to the public include often a fancy tax to recoup the cost paid for the design. It is, therefore, only the privileged wealthy who can afford to pay for delicate and intricate embroidering, whether of apparel or furniture. The beautiful hangings and screen-work executed for the customers of Mr. William Morris, and the richer pieces turned out from the different schools of art handiwork, go to decorate the houses of the luxuriously opulent. The limitation of the patronage therefore limits the development of high-class art needlework as a fine industry. Moreover, the fickleness of fashion presents another hindrance. In the palmy days of needlework in England costly apparel was worn years where it is now worn months. A lady who possessed a garment celebrated for costly beauty aired its magnificence before envious eyes as often as she could, and probably cut it up into priests' vestments at last. Now the tyranny of caste and fashion obliges her to lay it aside when the first flutter of admiring tongues has subsided. The same fickleness applies to furniture in the mansions of the wealthy. The love of change that marks the day may be favourable to mechanical invention, but it is destructive to the development of an artistic handicraft, one virtue of which is its lasting quality. To supplement the inadequate patronage of high-class embroidery, therefore, the managers of needlework schools and trade purveyors of hand-worked fabrics are tempted to attract a larger buying public by the production of a common class of work, or of knick-knackeries only fit for a Palais Royal Bazaar.

We give a few sketches of designs in use at the South Kensington School, of which it claims the copyright. There has been a striking advance in the standard since the first establishment of the school by Lady Welby and Miss Dolby in 1872, and one lesson learnt is discrimination of fitness of design among both modern adaptations and old models. The art of needlework has gone through all the changes of style which have ruled in the higher arts, and there are specimens of antique English work venerable only in years. As, for instance, the childish stamp work of the Stuart period, or the incongruous designs and applications of a later time, only redeemed by the service of good Mrs. Pawsey's school at Aylesbury in Queen Charlotte's days and the glories of the Hampton Court quilt.

In conclusion, the reader who has never visited the Royal School of Art needlework may be recommended to supply that missing link in pleasant experiences: the sight of many beautiful things will prove reward. Moreover, under due permission, the workrooms may be visited, where deft fingers seem to ply on all sides a Psyche's task—here restoring or remounting with curious skill some piece of ancient stitchery, there emblazoning endless rolls of curtain

with corn, and Juno, are represented on her left; in the other, she rises through the air, standing in her golden chariot, which the white doves, traced to it with silken cords, draw upward with open, fluttering wings.

In this latter subject the artist has closely followed the text of Apuleius, which is here of great beauty:—

'Four snow-white doves,' he tells us, 'step forth from the many who nest around the chamber of their mistress, and, twisting their coloured necks, with glad approach they submit to the jewel-studded yoke, and receiving their mistress they gladly fly beneath her.

'The sparrows, too, accompanying the chariot of the goddess, sport around with noisy chirping; and the other birds who sing sweetly, warbling smoothly with dulcet measures, announce the coming of the goddess.

'The clouds yield, and heaven opens to her daughter; and the highest aether receives the goddess with rejoicing.'

And having obtained from Jove the assistance of Mercury, the vocal god, 'at the same time she hands him a book, wherein the name of Psyche and the rest of her description is contained. And having so done, she forthwith returned homewards.'

Then Mercury, running hither and thither amongst all peoples, proclaimed as follows: 'If any one shall be able to retain from flight or to show where is hidden a fugitive daughter of a king, the handmaid of Venus, by name Psyche, let him meet the crier, Mercury, behind the Murtian goals, where he shall receive, in return for his information, seven sweet kisses from Venus herself.'

'And as he thus proclaimed,' says our author, 'the desire of so great a reward attracted the envious zeal of all mortals.'

In the next fresco, then, winged Mercury, herald of gods and men, descends to proclaim aloud the name and tokens of her who has incurred the wrath of Venus: his mantle flutters in the wind, and far beneath him are the white clouds.

But, meanwhile, poor Psyche has been seeking far and wide the Love whom her mistrust has driven away: in vain she appeals for help to Ceres and to Juno—'the saving goddess;' both, though willing to help, fear the enmity of Venus, so that Psyche in despair resolves to abandon the quest, and to give herself up to her fury.

'Who knows,' she cries, 'whether I may even yet find him whom I seek, there in his mother's chamber?'

And while she is approaching the doors of her mistress she is met by one of the household of Venus named 'Custom' (*Consuetudo*), who, after many reproaches, seizing her by the hair, drags her into the presence of the angry goddess. It is now that the trials of Psyche commence; she is handed over by Venus to 'Sadness' and 'Care,' her handmaids, to be punished, by whom she is beaten and tortured; then, when she has assailed her with fresh reproaches, the goddess throws her different ears of barley, wheat, peas, beans, and other crops, all mixed together in one confused heap, and bids her to select and arrange them.

As poor Psyche contemplates the confused mass in silent despair,—

'The little ant, small and rustic though he was, yet assured of the difficulty of her task, and pitying the toil of the mistress of the mighty god, and execrating the cruelty of her mother-in-law, running zealously hither and thither, calls together and entreats all the troop of neighbouring ants: "Take pity, ye active children of all-mother Earth—take pity on, and aid with prompt succour, the wife of Love, a charming girl, who is in trouble."'

MERCURY DESCENDING. RAFFAELLE.

So, by this welcome aid, the grain is divided and arranged.

'But at commencement of night Venus returns from the nuptial banquet, steeped with wine and fragrant with balsam, her whole body wreathed about with gleaming roses, and, having seen the carefulness of the wondrous work. "Not thine," she says, "O basest of women, nor of thy hands is that work, but of his, whom for thine hurt—nay, and for his own, too—thou hast charmed." And having cast her a crust of bread, she retires to rest.'

But the trials of Psyche are not yet over: she is commanded to bring her mistress a flock of wool from the golden-fleeced sheep, whose fury in the blazing heats of noon no mortal dared to face; and then—a still more difficult task—to fill a vase at the awful spring, guarded by dragons and feared even by the immortals, which fed the Stygian marshes and nourished the hoarse stream of Cocytus. These tasks she successfully performs, aided by the minis-

tering powers of Nature, by the rustling reed, and the royal bird of Jove.

But her greatest trial remains to come. She is bidden by her yet unappeased mistress to carry a box to Proserpina, queen of the dead, and delivering it to her,—

'"Venus seeks from thee," she must say, "that thou send her a small portion from thy beauty, even enough to suffice for one short day; for all that she had she has quite exhausted in watching her son while he is ill."

'Then Psyche abandons herself to despair, and, delaying no longer, hastens to a lofty tower, that she might forthwith throw herself headlong from thence; for so she thought that she could descend most straight and fairly to the depths of Hades. But the tower broke forth into a sudden cry, and, "Why seekest thou," it said, "unhappy girl, to kill thyself by falling headlong? And why now rashly succumb to this last peril and toil? For if thy spirit be once freed from thy body, thou wilt go indeed forthwith to the lowest Tartarus; but thence by no manner of means shalt thou be able to return."'

Then it bids her seek Taenarus, where, through the gaping portals of the cavern of Dis, lay the pathless way to the very palace of Orcus: but she is to carefully avoid the strange fellow-travellers whom she may meet; to Cerberus she must give his sop, to Charon his accustomed fee. 'Thus, then, does avarice yet live among the dead; nor even does Charon himself, that mighty god and father of Dis, do aught without pay.'

Psyche carries out these instructions faithfully; she crosses the fell Styx, ferried by 'that demon with the eyes of living coal,' as the Italian poet describes its ferryman; she disregards the entreaties of the phantoms that rise from the murky stream, or tempt her upon her solitary path; she quiets the yelling Cerberus by the honeyed meats she has brought, and, having safely reached the abodes of Dis, she rejects the seat of honour and the banquet that are offered her, and, sitting at the feet of the goddess of the dead with but a crust of bread in her hands, she recounts the mission of Venus. So, having received the box and safely accomplished her journey, she adores once more the bright light of day.

But at this moment—alas for human, or shall we say feminine weakness?—she is seized with a violent curiosity to know the contents of the box which she carries.

'How foolish I,' she cries, 'who, carrying the divinest beauty, take not thence just a little bit for myself, so to please him, even my beautiful lover!' And with the words she opens the box; but thence came no loveliness, nor any such thing, but a sleep 'infernal, and truly Stygian.' It overpowers her bewildered senses, and, sinking to the ground, she lies as one dead.

Happily, however, Cupid, now recovered from his wound, and bearing her absence no longer, escapes through the narrow windows of his chamber, and flies to the rescue of his Psyche. He recalls her to life, and bidding her pursue her way to Venus, mounts upward himself into the deep vault of heaven, and kneels at the feet of Jove.

What exquisite feeling has the artist thrown into this scene!

If it is the awful King of gods and men whom we behold unbending from his grand severity, touched by the prayers of Love; then it is the very form of Love himself—Love as we have pictured him in our happiest dreams, Love whose golden curls cluster on a forehead of snow, Love in whose blue eyes sparkles the latent fire—yes, Love himself who puts up his pouting mouth to meet the kiss of his great sire, like a naughty boy who has been just forgiven.

Surely it was Raffaelle's hand that designed that figure. What other save he, who joined within himself the grace of Umbria to the sterner grandeur of the old classic past, could have imagined and completed it?

Yet, if in this fresco the artist has closely followed his text, in those preceding it he has not only not followed it, but one might almost say wantonly violated it, by creating motives which do not exist there.

As before he had not touched on the loves of Cupid and Psyche, so here, too, there is no notice taken of her journey to the Shades, which occupies so large a portion of the text, nor yet of her other labours. Instead, we have scenes depicted which Apuleius never touched on, as when she is carried aloft by cupids to the chamber of Venus.

It is, perhaps, in the text itself that we may find the reason for this treatment: in his handling of the Old and New Testament, Raffaelle had shown that he was capable of combining originality and grandeur of conception with the strictest adherence to the details of the text.

To the men of the mid-Renaissance, with their newly-awakened enthusiasm for antiquity, the gods of Paganism, the myths of Hellas, would have appeared entitled to just as much deferential respect and consideration in their handling.

But, in the story of Apuleius, Raffaelle found something different: a Venus revoltingly cruel, vulgarly noisy, and quarrelsome; a Jove whose failings are held up to ridicule, a burlesque in the place of a religious mythos.

'The fable of Psyche,' says M. Collignon, 'in the Latin author has no mythological character. It does not offer any of the features of a legend which has naturally developed in the religious imagination of a people. The turn that Apuleius gives to his account is entirely personal.'

Before these sacrilegious insults to antiquity the

spirit of the creator of *Parnassus* might well rise in revolt.

'To make of Venus a brawling scold, to abandon Jupiter to the laughter of the public, these were profanations that the ancients might permit themselves, but which must clash with the feelings of the men of the Renaissance. It is thus, at least,' adds Mr. Muntz, 'that I explain to myself the attitude taken by Raffaelle towards Apuleius.

'Wounded in his most cherished convictions, despairing of drawing from this diffuse and contradictory account the material for a really interesting set of paintings, the painter only thinks of creating the most beautiful figures possible, without inquiring whether his creations are in harmony with the text of the "Metamorphoses," whether his recital is clear and complete.

'Thus he comes to intentionally deviate from the ideas furnished by the old romancist, to invent scenes of which he has made no mention, to double the rendering of others.

'For instance, in the scene in which Apuleius shows us Venus furious and shrieking aloud, "Gemens ac fremens indignatione," Raffaelle has represented her calm and serene.

'The second picture, Cupid showing Psyche to the Graces, has been added by the artist; Apuleius does not make the least allusion to it.

'It is the same with the picture of Psyche traversing the air, sustained by three winged genii, to carry to Venus the waters of the Styx, and with Psyche giving to Venus the phial containing the magic water.

'Apuleius limits himself to saying that Psyche, taking the phial with joy, hastens to carry it to Venus, but that even this time she cannot disarm the fury of the implacable goddess. Of this single scene Raffaelle has made two distinct paintings.'

But, in thus diverging from the literal text of Apuleius, the great artist had not merely followed out the dictates of his own fancy, had not engrafted purely extraneous matter on the legend with which he had to deal, but had, we might rather say, gone back to its truer and deeper meaning.

The name of Psyche, which in the Greek has a double sense, that of the soul of man and of a species of moth, may give us an insight into this meaning, whether it followed as a consequence on the play of words or was itself their cause.

In this double meaning philosophy found a fitting means of conveying those ideas of renovation and of a future state of existence, which, especially in the later empire, had begun to take possession of men's minds along with the awakening power of Christianity, and in this meaning the trials of Psyche and her eventual happiness became symbolic of the spiritual warfare and the heavenly crown which awaits the conqueror.

'The great poet of the middle ages,' says the author quoted above, 'has not failed to lay hold of so delicate an image. For him, as for the Greeks, the soul is the divine butterfly shut in the earthly chrysalis until the hour of her deliverance.

'"Non v' accorgete voi, che noi siam vermi
Nati a formar l' angelica farfalla."

'Raffaelle, who has treated Apuleius so freely, seems to have remembered the verses of Dante in the last scene of Psyche rising to heaven. The rapture with which she presses her arms against her bosom, the joy which lights up her countenance, the eloquence of her gaze fixed on heaven, recall the doctrines of Christianity rather than the graceful fictions of mythology. Our thoughts are turned rather to a Christian martyr than to the inquisitive mistress of Eros.'

The fresco here described completes the series of side panels or pendants, and brings us to the two large central frescoes, representing the *Council of the Gods* and the *Marriage of Cupid and Psyche.* If in the pendants and lunettes grace and fancy

MERCURY CONDUCTING PSYCHE TO OLYMPUS. RAFFAELLE.

are predominant over splendour and majesty, the latter qualities reclaim their dues in the great frescoes which adorn the ceiling and complete this vast cycle, the *Assembly of the Gods* and the *Marriage.* After its long eclipse Olympus reappears to our eyes as radiant as in the time of Zeuxis and Apelles.

'In the first-named fresco Jupiter gives his decision that Psyche's wanderings shall be ended, and that by the draught of ambrosia she shall become immortal, and live for ever with the gods. "Take the cup," he cries, "O Psyche, and be immortal, for never henceforth shall Cupid be severed from thy embraces, and this your wedlock shall be eternal!" And forthwith the nuptial banquet was displayed in all abundance. The bridegroom occupied the highest seat, embracing Psyche in his arms. Then Jupiter, with Juno his spouse, and then, in their order, all the gods. Then the goblet of nectar, which is the wine of the gods—to Jove, indeed, that rustic boy his cup-bearer, but to the rest Liber ministered. Vulcan prepared the feast, the Hours encrimsoned everything with roses and other flowers,

the Graces scattered balsams, fair Venus danced to the smooth music with even step, the while the scene was so arranged that the Muses should sing in chorus, and that Satyrus should accompany on the pipe, Paniscus on the flute.

'So Psyche is married duly to Cupid, and there is born to them in due time a daughter, whom we name Pleasure (*Voluptas*).'

This account of the Latin writer has been faithfully, almost minutely, followed by Francesco Penni in the great central fresco. We see all the deities of Olympus appear in the order described: here Neptune with the trident, and Pluto with his two-pronged spear; here helmeted Mars and Venus, now reconciled; while the youthful Liber—a figure of great beauty—fills the goblets that are handed by little Loves, and the Graces scatter precious unguents on the happy pair. Yet Cupid and Psyche, now elected to the ranks of the immortals, look not at the brilliant throng around them, nor heed the sounds of revelry and joy, but, like true lovers, only gaze into one another's happy eyes.

Thus do the frescoes of this room tell the beautiful old story, in which the Platonist symbolised the first union of the soul with 'heavenly love,' or pure desire—which union having become dissolved, because earthly passion had come to share it, the unhappy Soul—that 'Psyche misella, et animi tenella'—wanders long on earth, seeking in vain for the Love she once possessed, yet in her sadness consoled and guided by the birds, and creeping things, and rustic gods, by the loving and ministering powers of Nature.

Through hard trials, through insults and scorn, and even into the grave and gate of Death, her quest must lead her. But thence she is borne upward to heaven, and having become at length purified through suffering, she is once more united with Love, and, becoming divine herself, lives with him henceforth in everlasting joy.

SELWYN BRINTON.

IN THE CAMPAGNA.

I.—TIVOLI.

THE name of Campania was first given in the days of Constantine to the old land of Latium, a province divided on one side from Tuscany by the Tiber, on the other from Naples by the river Liris. But that portion of the district to which the name of Campagna is commonly applied in modern times, is the plain which lies immediately without the walls of Rome and is bounded by the Alban and Sabine mountains, the Ciminian hills above Ronciglione, and the Mediterranean Sea.

The Campagna, taken in this narrower sense, is a region of rare beauty and historic interest, which affords poet and artist, scholar and antiquarian alike, an almost endless variety of unfailing delight. The beautiful outline of the surrounding hills, the grandeur of this far-reaching expanse of level country melting at last into the blue line of distant waters, the matchless wealth of colour in these plains where aqueducts and bridges, tomb and arch, lie buried in a wild growth of luxuriant vegetation, and lonely tower and solemn cypress stand out against a background of purple mountain, have a charm which it is hard to describe, a fascination impossible to resist. The air is laden with memories of bygone ages, the ghosts of other days flit by, and leave a tender sadness on the fair world about us. Rome—the Rome which is no more—throws her glamour over the scene, and reminds us that we move under the shadow of her past.

The greatest novelists, the most poetic of painters, Georges Sand and Nathaniel Hawthorne, Claude and Wilson, Turner and Costa, have felt this magic influence in turn, and we see by their works how profoundly their imaginations have been impressed by the strange beauty of the place.

The farther we penetrate into the hills on either side, the more we shall find to charm our eyes and captivate our fancy; but even the most common excursions are rich in exquisite pictures and soul-stirring recollections. Take, for instance, the easiest and commonest of all, the one spot which no visitor to Rome ever leaves unvisited—Tivoli, which after all that has been said and written, still takes us by surprise with its enchanting loveliness. It is one of these places which has retained its hold on successive generations in all ages, and was just as much admired by travellers seventy and eighty years ago as it is in the present day. Maecenas and Horace, Hadrian, and Cardinal d'Este, loved it with the same love, and the lines in which the Roman lyrist sang the beauty of its cool shades and dewy orchards are as true to-day as they were two thousand years ago.

Tivoli, indeed, has not escaped the bane of modern improvements; a steam tramway winds its way through the classic olive-groves, and the chimneys of Lucien Bonaparte's foundry rise above the portico of the villa of Maecenas. But in spite of these Vandal acts, the place has not lost its sylvan beauty, still the beloved haunts of the poet retain much of the old charm,—

'Tibur is beautiful too, and the orchard slopes and the Anio,
Falling, falling yet, to the ancient lyrical cadence; . .

So not seeing I sang; so seeing and listening say I,
Here as I sit by the stream, as I gaze at the cell of the Sibyl,
Here with Albunea's home, and the grove of Tiburnus beside me;
Tivoli beautiful is and musical, O Teverone,
Dashing from mountain to plain thy parted impetuous waters.'

The name of Tivoli was first used in the eighth century after Totila and his savage hordes had destroyed the greater part of the ancient city, but the municipality still bears on its arms the proud motto of Virgil—*Superbum Tibur.*

THE TEMPLE OF THE SIBYL.

Like most of the cities of Latium, the history of Tibur loses itself in the night of the ages. Originally, Dionysius tells us, a colony of the Siculi, its first citizens were expelled by the Argive prince Tiburtus and his brothers, grandsons of Amphiaraus, the prophet warrior of Thebes, five hundred years before the days of Romulus.

In the early wars of the republic, Tibur played an important part, and proved a formidable foe when allied with the Gauls, until finally subdued by the arms of Camillus, three hundred years before Christ. After this Tibur still remained an important city; and many were the fugitives from Rome who found shelter, at one time or another, within her walls. Here Brutus and Cassius fled when they saw the tide of popular favour was turning against the assassins who 'struck the foremost man of all this world;' here Mark Antony had a sumptuous villa and first raised the standard of civil war on the heights; here young Octavius hid his treasure within the cella of the renowned Heracleum, which, next to the waterfalls of Anio, Strabo tells us, was Tibur's chief title to fame.

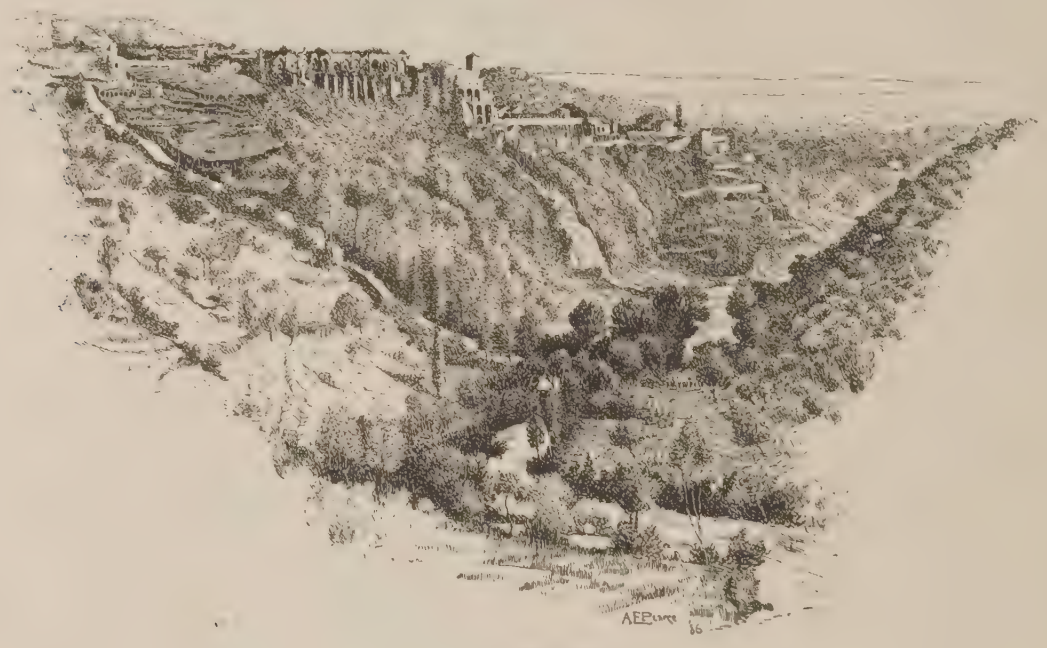
All his life long Augustus retained his love for the place which, in his days, became a favourite summer retreat for wealthy Romans, and often administered justice in the porticoes of the Temple of Hercules. Here, too, royal exiles, who had been brought to Rome to grace their victors' triumph, came to end their days. Syphax, king of Numidia, died here in the year 201 B.C. before the triumph of Scipio had ever taken place; and in Aurelian's reign, Zenobia, queen of Palmyra, spent many years in a villa given her by her conqueror; and, in the words of Gibbon, 'the Syrian Queen sank, insensibly sank, into a Roman matron.'

In the middle ages, Tivoli became again a large and flourishing city, which had its share of sieges and invasions, and was in turn the abode of German emperors who waged war on the Popes, and the asylum of pontiffs who fled before their turbulent subjects. Frederick Barbarossa rebuilt the city walls when he and Pope Hadrian IV. retreated here after his coronation; and Rienzi made Tivoli his headquarters for a time, and harangued the Romans in her little Forum. Dante's ideal Emperor, Henry VII., was advised by his physicians to spend the summer in the pure air of Tivoli, which retained its reputation for salubrity until the effeminate Romans of later days chose to find fault with a climate where they said the rain was always falling, and the wind always blowing; and the Tibur of Horace was stigmatised as,—

'Tivoli di mal conforto
O piove, o tira vento o suona a morte.'

The road to Tivoli leaves Rome by the gate of S. Lorenzo, and follows the track of the ancient Via Tiburtina, still paved in places with the blocks of lava laid down two thousand years ago. We pass the great Laurentian basilica and descend into the valley, where the Anio or Teverone winds along

between deep banks fringed by green willows on its way to join the Tiber. We leave the sulphur lakes of Albula on our left, and see on either side of the Anio traces of the great beds of travertine which supplied the stones for the building of the Colosseum and of St. Peter's. Before us, growing clearer and greener as we advance, are the mountains of Sabina, with the snow-tipped peaks of Soracte beyond, and in the foreground, rising out of the Campagna, the three picturesque little hills, each with their pyramid of ruined towers, known as the Montes Corniculani. The country about us is wild and desolate, with nothing but a mediaeval tower or group of wretched farm-houses here and there, till we reach Ponte



TIVOLI, THE CASCATELLE.

Lucano, a Roman bridge over the Anio, rebuilt by Narses, and the subject of Gaspard Poussin's well-known picture in the Doria gallery. The spot is still a favourite one with artists. Ilex and olive grow thickly round the bridge, and on the ridge beyond is the castellated tomb of the gens Plautia, transformed into a fortress by Pius II., but still bearing on the Ionic columns of its portico an inscription which records the great deeds of Plautius Silvanus, consul with Augustus in the year 2 B.C.

Here the roads diverge, and a path leads to Hadrian's Tiburtine villa, that strange monument of the great Emperor who, having travelled from one end of his vast dominions to the other, tried to make himself a little world of his own at the foot of the hill of Tibur, and surrounded himself with images of the wonders which he had seen in foreign lands. The ruins of this immense villa, that was more like a town than a palace, still cover miles of ground; and the site of the principal localities can be tolerably well ascertained. We may wander at will in the valley of Tempe, or through the gloomier shades of Tartarus, taste of the waters of Canopus, or contemplate fragments of the stuccoed halls and porticoes of the Poecile and Prytaneum of Athens, which still remain to give us an idea of the founder's many-sided genius. Within this sumptuous palace, which he had adorned with priceless marbles from all parts of the world, Hadrian spent the last three years of his life, consoling himself with philosophy in the intervals of the sickness which consumed him, and, it may be, uttered the half-playful, half-pathetic appeal to his departing spirit which has puzzled so many critics and translators:—

> 'Animula vagula, blandula,
> Hospes comesque corporis,
> Quae nunc abibis in loca,
> Pallidula, rigida, nudula,
> Nec, ut soles, dabis jocos?'

A few hundred years, and the barbarians descended upon Rome, and Totila the Goth and Astulf the Lombard in turn established themselves within these once magnificent halls; while the work of destruction was completed by the Cardinal princes and lovers of antiquity who in the sixteenth and seventeenth century ransacked Hadrian's Tiburtinum for marbles to decorate their own villas. The famous mosaic of Pliny's Doves at the Capitol, the colossal Antinous of the Vatican, the great marble vase at Warwick Castle, and probably the Venus of Medici, were all found here.

Leaving Hadrian's Villa on our right, we ascend

the steep hill of Tivoli, through groves of giant olive-trees, and gain our first view of the wonderfully picturesque town, with its towers and roofs clinging to the mountain side at the point where Anio issues from the Sabine hills, and, forcing its way through the limestone rocks, descends by a succession of waterfalls into the plains of Rome.

Close to the gates of the town are the ruins of another vast villa, which belonged to Caius Cassius, and where the Apollo Citharoedus, the Muses and Seven Sages of the Vatican, and many other well-known works of art, were first brought to light. The streets of the old town offer a strange mixture of mediaeval and classical remains in character. There is a grim old citadel built by Pius II., Aeneas Sylvius Piccolimini, and a cathedral which has a fine rose window, and a Roman temple built into its walls. The little Forum close by has several antique columns and inscriptions; and the handsome, dark-eyed maidens who stand on the piazza drawing water from sarcophagus-shaped wells and walk down the hill bearing their great copper vases poised on their stately heads, might be the nymphs of the Roman poet's song. A few steps farther on we reach the highest point of the rock, the Arx of old Tibur, where on the very edge of the wild ravine, through which Anio dashes on its headlong course, the temple of the Sibyl stands.

> 'Domus Albuneae resonantis
> Et praeceps Anio.'

Nothing can be grander or more romantic than the situation of this beautiful little building, which, older than the days of Augustus, has survived the Empire which he founded and still retains ten of the eighteen fluted columns which originally supported its sculptured frieze. If, as its round form seems to indicate, as well as certain inscriptions found on the spot, this was the temple of Vesta, it is probable that the second temple with Ionic columns now used as a church may have been the shrine of the Sibyl of Tivoli mentioned by Horace and Tibullus, by Lactantius and Statius. But the old tradition still holds its sway, and the round temple on the verge of the precipitous cliffs will always retain its original name, and be worshipped as the Temple of the Sibyl by modern pilgrims. We go down between rocks overgrown with a tangled mass of maidenhair and ivy into the cool dell below to visit the noble waterfall and the Siren's grotto; and through the fresh spray dashing in our faces, and rainbows dancing in the foam at our feet, we look up and see the little temple lifting its orange-coloured columns against the green hillside and the deep blue sky above, while Anio roars in the chasm below with what Georges Sand called 'un bruit magnifique.' This is the subject of the charming vignette which Turner painted for Rogers' 'Italy,' and which gives temple and waterfall and the shadowy forms of churches and towers beyond with so much delicate grace.

But beautiful and picturesque as this renowned and often-painted spot, it is only a small part of a place which is in reality 'all over picture.' The real charm of Tivoli lies in the walls and views along the valley, closed in by the Sabine mountains behind us and watered by the rushing stream,—

> 'The green steep whence Anio leaps
> In floods of snow-white foam.'

For besides the great cascade there are the *Cascatelle*, formed by a branch of the river, which, diverted from its course by ancient canals, passes through the actual town, and, after being used by the inhabitants for their mills and factories, breaks into a thousand smaller waterfalls, which falling over the edge of the wooded cliffs flow down the western hillside on their way to join the main current.

Better than even that visit of the home of the Naiad and the Siren's grotto is it to follow the winding path which leads along the base of Monte Catillo—the name is as old as the time of Servius—and escaping from the guides and donkey boys who beset us in the neighbourhood of inn and temples, wander alone through these scenes beloved of Horace. All about us we see memories of Tibur's golden age, ruined arches and columns, fragments of tesselated pavement which belonged to Roman villas and which still bear the names of Catullus and Propertius, Munatius, Plancus, and Vopiscus. The imposing pile of arches and porticoes rising in terraces on the brow of the hill goes by the name of the Villa of Maecenas, and is pointed out as the home where the minister of Augustus so often came to forget cares of state and rest in peace, lulled to sleep by the waters of Anio, far from the smoke and noise of imperial Rome. Unfortunately these vast remains only received the name from Pirro Ligorio, a native architect, who in the sixteenth century devoted a great part of his life to the study of classical antiquity; and modern scholars are inclined to regard them as belonging to the temple of Hercules, while the so-called villa of Horace on the slopes of Monte Catillo, where the chapel of S. Antonia now stands, was more likely the site of his patron's country-house. A little farther on, at the foot of Monte Peschiavatore, was another splendid villa which is said to be that of Quinctilius Varus, the friend whose early call to the endless slumber was so deeply lamented by Horace and Virgil.

> 'Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
> Tam cari capitis?'

And the white-walled chapel at this point still bears the name of the Madonna di Quintiliolo.

But it matters little if local tradition in these respects is right or wrong. The whole air breathes of Horace; the whole place is alive with his verse. Not a step, not a turn in the path we tread but recalls some immortal line. Above us are the hills of his Sabina, the forest shades, the olives of silvery verdure, the oak and ilex overhanging cave and rocky grotto with their spreading branches. We see the vines trained as he saw them to boughs and trunks, the tiny rills gushing out of hillside, the gardens and orchards dewy with rivulets. Along the red tufa rocks the goats clamber as of old, browsing thyme and arbutus. All about us we hear the musical murmur of bees, gathering honey sweet as that of Hymettus. The air swarms with myriads of insects, gay-coloured butterflies flutter from flower to flower, and the sound of running waters falls pleasantly on the ear. These are the favoured haunts where Horace loved to wander, beloved of the Muses, and busy as the bees about him with his art,—these the shady groves and murmuring streams which owned him 'master of Aeolian song,'—this his Tibur, that one spot dearer to him than all the world besides, where, tired of roving over sea and land, he prayed that he might end his days in peace.

All along the valley we have the same succession of lovely views. Perhaps the best of all is to be obtained from the point opposite the Cascatelle, a few steps beyond the chapel of Quintiliolo. Turner has painted Tivoli from this point of view also; and in two superb water-colour studies, now in the National Gallery, has given us the waterfalls breaking out below the ruined arches and porticoes of the villa of Maecenas, the tall cypresses of Villa d'Este on the brow of the hill, and the dusky forms of temples and churches crowning the heights above. In both he has shown us the broad plains of the far-reaching Campagna—a deep rich blue in the one in the other streaked with burning hues of crimson and gold under the clear primrose of the sunset sky. But not even Turner could paint the wonderful glory of colour in the scene—the gleam and sparkle of the waterfalls flinging their snow-wreaths over the radiant verdure of the woods, the silver of the olives, and the rich golden-green of the vines spread in terraces along the hillside; and beyond all these the glorious hues of the many-coloured plains stretching far away to the horizon and fading into palest blue where the sun shines on the white walls of *regia Roma*, and a faint gleam of light marks the presence of the distant Mediterranean waters.

There we can linger all through the long summer day, and, like the poet, slumber on a grassy knoll by the side of some babbling stream, or, taking a path through the olive-woods, find our way through beds of cyclamen and thickets of myrtle, of wild jessamine and roses to the Ponte Acquoria, the bridge of the golden water, a single arch of travertine which spans the Anio deep down in the valley, and across which the ancient Via Corniculana leads up from the plains to Tivoli.

The little inn of the Sibilla, that favourite haunt of artists, hard by the temples and cascades, invites us to rest under its roof, where we can sleep within sound of the waterfall, dine in a room covered with marvellous legends of love and war, of Venus and Bacchus—a strange medley of dramatic representation, painted by successive generations who have visited the home of Albunea—and start to-morrow, if so minded, on a farther pilgrimage into the recesses of the Sabine mountains. There we can follow the poet to his farm on the gently swelling slopes of Monte Gennaro, his own Lucretilis.

> 'Haunt even yet, I must think as I wander and gaze, of the shadows
> Faded and pale, yet immortal, of Faunus, the nymphs and the Graces,
> Fair in itself, and yet fairer with human completing creations.'

There we can seek out the green nook sheltered from the dog-star, where we may drink of the ice-cold waters of Digentia, and see the women go up to Varia-Vicovaro, it is called now, to market, as they went in the days when the fashionable Roman poet played at country life and sang of sweetly smiling Lalage as he walked through the heart of the forest. But if time fails us, and the Sabine farm is beyond our reach, we may still visit the gardens of Villa d'Este on the hill near the Porta Santa Croce—a thing indeed not to be left undone, since there is no other like it in the world. This villa, the finest of all those laid out by the splendour-loving Cardinals of the Renaissance, was founded by Cardinal Ippolito d'Este, a scion of the illustrious house of Ferrara, in the middle of the sixteenth century. Like all the members of his race, Cardinal Ippolito was a man of the highest culture, deeply versed in classical learning; and when in 1551 the Pope made him Governor of Tivoli, he indulged his fancy in the creation of this villa on the same slopes which the old Romans had chosen for their summer retreats. He it was who with Pirro Ligonio, the native architect of Tivoli, to help him, planned the loggias and porticoes, the broad terraces and spiral staircases, the stuccoed grottoes and colossal fountains, in which the men of that luxurious age delighted. He it was, too, who planted the orange and ilex groves, where violets and anemones grew in profusion through the spring months, and the long avenues of pines and cypresses, which have stood for three hundred years and more.

Nor is Villa d'Este without its classical associ-

ations, if they are not those of the Augustan age. Famianus Strada, the accomplished Jesuit, chose these delicious gardens for the site of his 'Prolusiones Academicae,' when he strove to kindle the love of antiquity in the breasts of his scholars by the recitation of passages written in imitation of the Latin poets. And as we listen on summer evenings to the voices of the nightingales in the cypress and orange groves of Villa d'Este, we can imagine how well Strada may have here conceived his pretty fancy of the rivalry between the musician and the nightingale, called 'Music's Duel,' and best known to English readers by Crashaw's paraphrase in his 'Delight of the Muses.' A greater still than Strada, Torquato Tasso, lived at Villa d'Este as the guest of Cardinal Ippolito when he came to Rome with his still unfinished 'Gerusalemme;' and it was the sight of these gardens, then in all their freshness and beauty, which first inspired him with his dream of Armida's enchanted bowers.

THE GARDEN OF VILLA D'ESTE.

Cardinals and poets, Jesuit Latinist and his scholars, Tasso and his loves and sorrows, have all passed away. The stately fountain, which Michael Angelo called the Queen of Fountains, lies buried under a wild mass of weeds and ivy; the water trickles slowly over the mossy stones, and roses and oleanders are left to wander at their own free will. But a faery charm still haunts the lovely spot, and makes it hard to tear ourselves away. We linger on the topmost terrace, and look out through Cardinal Ippolito's noble archway on the changing colours of the wonderful Campagna as it glows with every hue of the evening skies till the glory dies away at last behind St. Peter's, and leaves the great dome hanging there dim and grey in the twilight air.

Then at length we turn away from Villa d'Este and take one more look at the Temple of the Sibyl, for the full moon has risen in the eastern heavens, and the waterfall gleams and flashes with snowy whiteness against the black rocks, and every outline of ruined arch and mediaeval battlement is softened into new fairness. The moonlight sheds its pure calm rays on the gnarled trunks and twisted boughs of the ancient olive-trees while we descend the steep hillside, and the road to Rome is light as day as we bid farewell to Tibur, and bear away with us a vision of eternal loveliness which no length of time can dim, no distance ever efface.

JULIA CARTWRIGHT.

ART CHRONICLE.

THE annual report of the Arundel Society for 1885 shows on the whole an encouraging condition of things, the chief decline of receipts being in entrance donations to the Copying Fund, which depends upon fluctuations in public enthusiasm to a much greater extent than the rest of the Society's work. The Arundel Society has changed its premises from an inconspicuous position in Bond Street to a situation in St. James' Street which attracts notice more readily; the transfer, of course, has entailed expense, together with an increased rental. The greater rate of expenditure in 1885 over the previous year is fully accounted for by this and minor causes. The new rooms are well suited to their purpose, and the valuable collection of unpublished drawings, numbering nearly two hundred, is admirably arranged, according to epochs and schools, in a well-lit gallery, and thrown open to the public. Commissions have in many instances been given by the Society to their artists to copy a whole or a portion of a series of wall-paintings, out of which only one or two may be reproduced and published in chromolithography. The drawings are added to the general collection, and by degrees a record has thus been formed of precious Italian art which is passing away, and will some day only exist in these faithful transcripts of the Arundel Society,

and a chance copy here and there. Among the most interesting sets of drawings now hung in the gallery are the frescoes by Cimabue and Giotto in the upper church of Assisi, those by Benozzo Gozzoli in the Riccardi Palace in Florence, copied by Herr Kaiser, the series copied by Signor Dêsideri from Carpaccio in the church of S. Giorgio dei Schiavoni at Venice; the curious set of wall-paintings by Romanino in the Castle of Malpaga, near Bergamo, copied by Herr Kaiser; four of Veronese's frescoes in the Villa Maser; and many others. Of these some examples have already been published or will be in due time. Two of the Villa Maser frescoes are in hand for issue in 1887, and one of the Gozzoli series, two groups from which are already out; also Carpaccio's *St. Jerome in his Study*, as an occasional publication. The copying commissions given this year have been wisely limited to a drawing from Luini's small fresco, *The Holy Family*, in S. Maria degli Angeli, at Lugano, and a copy of the noble picture of *The Virgin and Child, with S. George and S. Lucy*, by Palma Vecchio, in S. Stefano at Vicenza. We gladly take the opportunity again to call attention to the work done by the Arundel Society. The quality of their reproductions has varied in worth, some mistakes have been made, and at the best a chromolithograph can be but a compromise. But the average transcripts are of fair quality, they are faithfully true in drawing, and some, as colour reproductions, are beautiful; for example, the glorious altar-piece by Giorgione, at Castelfranco. The first publication for the current year is from Pinturicchio's *Disputation of St. Catherine*, in the Appartamenti Borgia, from the series in these seldom opened or seen rooms in the Vatican Palace. A copy from the altar-piece by Niccolo da Foligno at Gualdo Tadino will be published in the autumn. The council has wisely sanctioned the issue by Douglas Gordon, Esq., the Secretary of the Society, of a volume of notices and illustrations of the works published from 1874 to 1885 inclusive, which, though in itself complete, will form a continuation of the similar record issued by Mr. Maynard, the previous Secretary. This volume promises to be brought out in good style throughout, and the letterpress will have the advantage of coming from a writer who is personally acquainted with the original works of which he treats.

Signor Amendola has modelled for the Fine Art Society a statuette group after the embracing couple of Sir F. Leighton's picture *Wedded*. This is the second instance of the interpretation into plastic art of a motive created by a painter, Mr. Nelson Maclean having paid like tribute to Mr. Alma Tadema's *Spring*.

Some recent work by Mr. Tinworth has been on view at Messrs. Doulton's pottery works. Four panels for the Bromley Davenport Memorial show advance in the treatment of various planes of relief. The panels are uprights, and illustrate severally the *Powers of Temptation*, of *Faith*, of *Darkness*, of *Light*, by respectively the Old Testament subjects, Eve plucking the forbidden fruit for the refreshment of Adam, weary with toil in the garden of Eden; and Moses uplifting the Brazen Serpent; and of New Testament subjects, the Crucifixion of Christ, and the Ascension of Christ. The background in the garden of Eden is filled with tropical vegetation and strange beasts, the nude figures of our first parents are negatively excellent. The groups of dying Israelites in the second panel show dramatic vigour, and the Moses is really an impressive figure. Of the other panels, *The Ascension* is the most original in treatment; the form of Christ, though a little stiff, seems to soar upwards with mystic lightness, which effect a swirl of birds rising with the figure serves to heighten. As usual, these panels show that curious admixture of poetic originality with a quality of commonness that marks this sculptor's work. The terra-cotta varies in colour from rosy ochre to buff in almost pictorial distribution. Mr. Tinworth's last work, an oblong panel of *Christ before Herod*, is more after his early style, and contains a number of small figures all in dramatic action, save the Christ, who sits near Herod, in immobile, almost rigid attitude, with eyes cast down.

The collection of pictures by Mr. Holman Hunt at the Fine Art Society is made more complete by the addition of an early work, *Rienzi*, which the painter has recently worked upon for this end, and further, by the presence of *The Triumph of the Innocents*, Mr. Hunt's last and chief work. Three papers from the pen of the artist on 'The Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood,' which have appeared in the 'Contemporary Review,' furnish a unique autobiographic commentary on this exhibition.

The series of *Pictures of Parisian Life*, by M. Tissot, which had its success in Paris, has drawn interest in the gallery of Messrs. Tooth, in the Haymarket. M. Tissot has a brilliant way of telling a story, as it appears from the outside; his art dramas are easy reading like a clever, not too profound, modern novel. He knows the aspects of fashionable Parisian society, even into such abnormal phases as the *Cirque du High Life*, where aristocrats practised the feats of the circus; he knows the ways of the Bourgeoisie and the moods of artistic Bohemianism. In technique his pictures have an effective assurance, in colour they are notable for a certain original skill in assortment of values. In the use of black especially M. Tissot is a master, sometimes seemingly hinging the whole colour scheme upon it.

Several important collections have come to the hammer at Messrs. Christie's during the last two months. The famous Hope jewels and the pictures of the Hon. Beresford-Hope, M.P.; the valuable porcelain of the late Earl of Dudley; and the water-colour drawings and pictures belonging to Mr. S. Addington, also his *objets d'art* and plate. At the sale of Mr. Addington's pictures the drawing of *Cookham*, by Frederick Walker, A.R.A., realised 903*l.*, nearly double the price given by the late owner from the Leaf Collection. A fine Nasmyth of *Turner's Hill, East Grinstead*, which went for 191*l.* 2*s.* at the Novar Sale, was now knocked down to Messrs. Colnaghi at 987*l.* The drawings left by Mr. Thomas Danby, of the British Water Colour Society, and those of the late Mr. Randolph Caldecott, of the Institute, also came to the hammer at Messrs. Christie's in June, and excited great interest.

Messrs. Winch Brothers, Fine Art Publishers of Colchester, have opened at 24 Old Bond Street a depôt of engravings, etchings, and other reproductions. We have pleasure in calling attention to this complete collection of photographs. Mr. Ruskin has expressed his warm admiration of the large Venetian photographs which the firm presented to him, and we can add that during a recent sojourn in Venice we found in the shops none to equal them. Messrs. Winch are bringing out a notably fine series of large photographs of the sculptures in the British Museum in two tints and two sizes. Certain instantaneous plates of sea-waves, and others of trees taken during a frost, are also among the most signal successes in photography. Altogether the collection is admirable and specially worthy the attention of artists.

Among foreign artists of note who have passed out of the ranks of living workers few have won so strong a hold on English sympathy as M. Edouard Frère. The pictures of rustic life, of cottage children, which drew such glowing words of acceptance from Mr. Ruskin in 1857, attracted the notice of English people to an art otherwise, perhaps, too unambitious to have effected strong appeal. But since then the painter has taken into his own keeping the reverence and delight of English picture-lovers in his power of portraying 'the solemn pathos there is in the crowned sorrows of poverty and calm submissions of toil.'

THE COTTER'S FAMILY.

ETCHED BY W. STRANG.

IN the lower ranks of life young children are certainly more to their parents than they are in the higher. There are no governesses and servants to take care of them, no separate rooms for them, perhaps in the distant parts of a large house, and the poor family receives no staying guests to occupy its attention and make the presence of the children, except on rare occasions, undesirable. Again, the mental level of the parents, in the uneducated class, is much nearer to that of the children, so that they are less easily wearied by their simple talk and ways. Mr. Strang, in his own rather old-fashioned way — sincerely his own, though founded on the study of the old masters of original engraving — has set before us a pleasant, homely incident of monotonous, rustic life. *Datur hora quieti;* the parents rest, the children amuse themselves after their fashion, the boy carrying his lame sister on his back. In the distance are the humble farm-buildings, to which Mr. Strang has been careful not to give too great a degree of picturesque interest.

HATFIELD HOUSE.

'YOU have here a goodly dwelling and a rich,' says Falstaff to Justice Shallow in the garden of the latter's Gloucestershire house. Very similar comment fell from the lips of James I. when Sir Robert Cecil, the little humpbacked Secretary of State, welcomed his sovereign to Theobalds, his residence at Cheshunt, in Hertfordshire, on Tuesday, May 3rd, 1603. James was on his journey from Scotland to London to take possession of the English crown. Yet he was in no hurry to quit Theobalds, that 'most stately house' in whose adornment the great Lord Burghley had found recreation for twenty years. The pleasant 'conceits within and without' exerted as powerful a charm on the new sovereign as they had on Elizabeth, his royal predecessor. And besides the attractions of curious buildings, rich furniture, gardens, fountains, and walks, there lay close at hand Epping Forest and Enfield Chase, the paradises of urban huntsmen, and James was too ardent a sportsman to under-estimate the advantage of such an environment. Reluctantly he left the 'princely seat' after a four days' sojourn, but he soon made it convenient to pay it a second visit, and he then determined to make the place his own. After much negotiation terms were finally arranged with its owner early in 1607. A few miles distant from Theobalds lay Hatfield, a royal manor of far greater value, and upon it stood a house in which princes had often made their home. Sir Robert Cecil was invited to exchange his father's splendid mansion for this neighbouring estate, and in duty bound he readily accepted the invitation. On 15th April, 1607, he writes with the slightest suspicion of regret to Sir Thomas Lake, the King's secretary, that he had been to take his last farewell of Theobalds. On 27th May he received the formal grant in fee-farm of the lordship and manor of Hatfield, co. Herts.

Elizabethan noblemen 'refreshed their spirits' with costly pleasures. In no age has dress developed such magnificence as the satirists of the day were never weary of asserting, and the richness of the Elizabethan nobleman's attire was closely rivalled by the splendour of his house and furniture. The designing of mansions was the choicest of all his recreations. Professional architects received from him comparatively small encouragement; architecture was his own hobby. Personally, or through his agents, he ransacked the workshops of the world to make his house beautiful; he brought artists and workmen from Italy and Germany to carry out his own plans; and, although he was thankful for suggestions, he reserved to himself the effective control of the external and internal building operations. Dilettanteism was the negation of the spirit of the time, and the Elizabethan nobleman was no dilettante even in his *rôle* of amateur architect. Lover though he showed himself of elaborate schemes of decoration, he did not sacrifice 'use' to 'uniformity;' he did not display the artistry of his means at the expense of domestic comfort. As a result he produced substantial fabrics — houses that were built as though they were meant to be lived in and not only to be looked at — but none the less when judged as merely artistic structures these palaces did not fail to satisfy a critical judgment. Sir Thomas Lucy at Charlecote, the Earl of Leicester in the new buildings at Kenilworth, Sir John Thynne at Longleat, Thomas Howard, Earl of Suffolk, at Audley End, were only a few of the enthusiasts whose amateur architecture brought buildings into being whose interiors and exteriors still rank high among the achievements of English domestic architecture. And among all the great builders of the age none displayed steadier purpose than Lord Burghley, whose zealous devotion to affairs of state was popularly but erroneously assumed to leave him little leisure for any lighter occupation. During the twelve

busiest years of his political life (1575–87) he was superintending the erection of 'Burleigh House by Stamford Town,' and throughout his public career he was altering and embellishing Theobalds. Sir Robert Cecil, the second son, inherited his father's building proclivities as well as his political acumen, and he doubtless parted the more readily with Theobalds because the loss of it gave him a welcome excuse for indulging anew his architectural ambitions. On the same day that he took farewell of Theobalds, he carried a party of friends with him to Hatfield to discuss the choice of a site for a new palace.

Had historical associations exerted much influence on Sir Robert, who was in 1605 created Earl of Salisbury, he would have hesitated to give rein to his architectural passion at Hatfield in 1607. A large house of no great age was already in existence there, and it had been the scene of an episode in the previous century the memory of which still roused pleasurable emotions among patriotic Englishmen. 'Hatfield House will be for ever famous,' wrote John Norden, the earliest of Hertfordshire topographers, in 1598, with no very strict respect for grammatical constructions, 'for that it first offered forth our most worthy Elizabeth to the regal diadem, and to receive the triumphant sceptre of the realm, happy in her royal majesty. And therefore let Hatfield be for ever famous!' To become master of the residence occupied by Queen Elizabeth, when she received news of her accession to the English throne, and where she held her first privy council, would have been to many men a coveted distinction even in 1607, when the event was nearly fifty years old. While princess, moreover, the late queen had lived nearly all her life at Hatfield, and in the minds of all middle-aged men every room was still associated with one or other of the stirring incidents of her youthful career.

Nor was the house, from an architectural point of view, unattractive. It ran round the four sides of a quadrangle, like a college at Oxford or Cambridge, and stood near the crest of a little hill overlooking the village and road to London. The manor had been attached to the See of Ely since 1108, and before it became a royal residence had been the site of an episcopal palace for six centuries. Henry VII.'s energetic Lord Chancellor, Morton, Archbishop of Canterbury, had built the existing building while he was Bishop of Ely (1478–1486). Like the Elizabethan nobleman, Bishop Morton was a mighty builder, and the palaces at Canterbury and Addington Park are among the surviving examples of his architectural skill. His new Hatfield Palace marked an interesting development in domestic architecture. It was built entirely of red brick; neither stone nor timber was employed on its exterior; even the decoration was constructed of glazed bricks. Its form and substance were among the earliest proofs of the fact, afterwards sufficiently obvious, that great dwelling-houses needed neither stone battlements nor fortifications, and that it was practicable to give them more stability and style than was permitted by the timber and plaster of which small dwelling-houses in the middle ages had been exclusively constructed. The spirit of the mediaeval castle still lingered in the towers and buttresses of the Hatfield building, but these features served only ornamental purposes.

From the date of its erection till the time of its transfer to Sir Robert Cecil, Morton's Hatfield Palace had been almost continuously occupied. At first the Bishops of Ely had inhabited it. But soon after the Princess Elizabeth's birth in 1532 Henry VIII. deemed it a fitting residence for his infant daughter. West, Bishop of Ely, was just dead. Goodrich, the new bishop, was ready to conciliate his sovereign by making an illusory exchange of the manor of Hatfield for some crown lands of no great value in the north. Hatfield, hitherto known from its ecclesiastical connexions as Bishop's Hatfield, was re-christened King's Hatfield, but the new name was never widely adopted. At Hatfield Elizabeth grew from infancy to youth. Her sister Mary, whose usual place of residence was Hunsdon, in the same county, and her brother Edward, paid her as children frequent visits there, and the King himself occasionally spent a few days with his second daughter.

But Elizabeth's only constant companions were her governesses and tutors. Roger Ascham, among the latter, lived for many years at Hatfield teaching his royal pupil Latin, French, and Italian, and her progress in her studies was remarkably rapid. In 1547, while Prince Edward was staying at Hatfield, news of their father's death reached him and the Princess, and, according to one account, a crowd of privy councillors hurried hither to bring the new King to the Tower of London. Elizabeth temporarily left Hatfield during the first year of her brother's reign. But in 1549 she was again quietly pursuing her studies there with Ascham ; and in 1550 Edward VI. granted her full possession of the manor. The accounts of her household expenses show that she lived in no little state now that the property had become her own. One

hundred and twenty persons were in her service. The kitchens, cellars, and buttery, were always well stocked with rich meats, French wines, and good spicery. Her wardrobe began to develope very extravagant characteristics; expensive music instruments and books lay in abundance about the house.

The death of her brother Edward placed Elizabeth in great peril. Mary, his successor, was jealous of her younger sister's growing popularity. The Princess's steady adherence to the Protestant faith was made the pretext for removing her from Hatfield, first to the Tower of London, and subsequently to royal palaces at Richmond and Woodstock, where she was placed under effective surveillance. In June 1555, however, Elizabeth was allowed to take up her residence at Hatfield once again; and an amiable guardian, Sir Thomas Pope, known at Oxford as the founder of Trinity College, shared the palace with her. At the end of the next year she diversified her quiet life by a week's visit to London. She rode to and from the metropolis, to the delight of the villagers whom she passed on the road, 'with a great company of velvet coats and chains, her Grace's gentlemen, and after a great company of her own all in red coats guarded with a broad guard of black velvets and cuts.'

At Shrovetide Sir Thomas Pope tried to amuse his ward with 'a great and rich masquing' at Hatfield, which he provided at his own expense.

'There were there twelve minstrels antiquely disguised with forty-six or more gentlemen and ladies, many of them knights or nobles, and ladies of honour, apparelled in crimson satin, embroidered upon with wreaths of gold and garnished with borders of hanging pearl. And the device of a castle of cloth of gold, set with pomegranates about the battlements, with shields of knights hanging therefrom, and six knights in rich harness turned. At night the cupboard in the hall was of twelve stages, mainly furnished with garnish of gold and silver vessel, and a banquet of seventy dishes, and after . . . spices and subtleties with thirty spice-plates, all at the charges of Sir Thomas Pope.'

But Mary wrote to Pope and her sister to express her dislike of such follies, and the experiment was not often repeated. When, however, Queen Mary paid a formal visit to her sister's house in 1557 license was given for rather more riotous entertainments. A bear-baiting was organized in the gardens; the interior of the house was richly decorated ; the children of Paul's came down to perform a play, and one of the boys, 'who had a divine voice,' sang before the Queen, while the Princess accompanied him on the virginals. A short while after the Princess was permitted to visit Enfield Chase, with a richly attired retinue, and take part in a buck-hunt. But peaceful pleasures of this kind were quickly nearing their end. On Thursday, the 17th of November, 1558, Elizabeth, who always loved the open air, was sitting, according to her wont, beneath a favourite oak-tree in the gardens of Hat-

field with her books before her. Suddenly she was startled by the arrival of a horseman, no less than the Spanish Ambassador, who bore the news that her sister Mary was dying.

On the night of the same day the Queen died. On Friday and Saturday the road between London and Hatfield was thronged with officers of state, their servants, and crowds of spectators: statesmen of all opinions hurried to the little Hertfordshire village to offer their allegiance to the new queen.

On Sunday, the 20th of November, in the splendid

hall of Hatfield Palace, Elizabeth held a great reception; accepted the heavy burden of the crown, and surrounded by her Privy Council, publicly chose William Cecil, the Lord Burghley of the future, and the father of the subsequent owner of Hatfield, to be her secretary. Her choice of other officers proved that Protestantism was once again to be the authorised faith of the country, and that Mary's endeavour to re-establish Roman Catholicism had vanished like a dream. Two days later the Court, in solemn procession, left Hatfield and travelled to London, and the glory of Hatfield temporarily departed.

In the years immediately following her accession the Queen paid several visits of a day or two's duration to her old home. In 1575 she was there with her favourite, Leicester, and, as of old, spent most of the day in the gardens. An official came to her at the time with important news from Ireland—a country that was no whit easier to rule in those days than it is now; and the writer thus relates his interview with the Queen, which took place under the famous oak:—'At Hatfield I awaited one evening her Majesty's walking forth into the park, and after she and my lord of Leicester had talked a good while, her highness walked over the great dale in the park and sat her down under an oak, and my lord of Leicester leaning to the oak by her. She called me to her, and, graciously smiling, began to jest with me,' and then listened light-heartedly to the Irish news.

In the summer of 1576 Elizabeth paid her last recorded visit to Hatfield; but until her death the scene which had been enacted in the hall of the Palace there on that November Sunday of 1558 still conferred upon it historic honour. Sir Robert Cecil cannot by 1607 have forgotten the part his father had played in that auspicious ceremony.

But these memories had little weight with Sir Robert. His first direction when master of Hatfield was to destroy three of the four sides of the quadrangular palace. He left the fourth side standing in dreary isolation, as an historical monument, to be looked at and not lived in. This section, whose façade is towards the setting sun, is still extant, but it serves no higher purpose nowadays than that of the stables of the modern mansion. In spite, however, of its present uses, this remnant of Archbishop Morton's edifice strikingly arrests the attention of the architectural student. In its midst rises a majestic double tower, which is flanked by two spacious wings—all of red brick, and within, throughout its length, runs what was once the banqueting-hall of the ancient palace, the scene of the great episode of the sixteenth century. The hall's high-pitched timber roof, formed of massive beams of blackened chestnut, which, sturdily resisting decay, rivals in its boldness of projection and dignified proportions the most elaborate devices of modern architecture. Its admirable state of preservation makes one the more regret that of all the glories of the old building this hall—now devoted to horses and their keepers—alone survives, together with a half-ruined gate-house standing a little apart from it, and one or two adjoining cottages. The chapel and the east or principal front of the Palace—as notable features of it as the hall itself—are gone for ever.

On the very crest of the gently rising hill, on the side of which stood the episcopal and royal palace of Hatfield, the new owner of Hatfield manor laid the foundation of his home in 1607. 'He that builds a fair house upon an ill seat committeth

himself to prison.' These, the words of Francis Bacon (Sir Robert's first cousin), conveyed a hint that Cecil did not neglect, and the site of Hatfield House was carefully chosen with a view to the neighbouring prospect. It has been stated that this is the first instance on record in the history of English architecture in which attention was paid to such a condition. And, certainly, the result proved eminently successful. The miniature Alps of the north of London are almost all commanded from the upper storeys of Hatfield House, and near at hand lies richly wooded country with the river Lea threading its narrow banks in the immediate foreground. In the design of the house itself Lord Salisbury sought inspiration from many orders of architecture, and very composite and difficult of description is the style of the completed building. Airy Florentine work mingles with rigorous and massive Doric; red brick from an English pottery stands in close proximity to stone from Caen, and marble from Carrara. The Flemish craftsman was fashioning the gables on the roof while the Venetian was carving the balustrade of the parapet. From one point of view the mansion resembles an Italian palace of the Renaissance epoch; from another an unpretentious and substantial Elizabethan manor-house; and within regal magnificence was in an almost unique degree made to conform to all the conditions of homely comfort.

The shape of the house is that of the letter E without the middle stroke—of a rectangle with two smaller rectangles projecting at right angles from either end of its south side. The fabric is of red brick with stone dressings about the windows, door-ways, and roof. The frontage of the body of the building lying between the two projecting wings is the most richly elaborated portion of the exterior. The ground-floor of this south front originally consisted of an open arcade supported by Ionic pilasters—recalling at once the colonnade of an Italian palace and the cloister of a mediaeval monastery. But this arcade is now no longer exposed to the open air: the arches between the pillars have been filled with fretted stonework and glass, and the long chamber thus formed is known as the Armoury from the suits of armour which are placed about it. In the middle of the south façade stands an enriched entrance-porch rising to a clock-tower, crowned by a cupola. The parapet of the roof above is, as at Hardwicke House in Derbyshire, and some other Elizabethan structures, pierced so as to display the date of the building, 1611. The roof itself is all of lead—a sure sign in the days of James I. that the owner was a man of wealth—and at its many corners is surmounted by cupola-shaped turrets.

The house is usually entered from the north side, where the doorway is surrounded by Doric pillars with fluted columns and Elizabethan arabesques at their base. Within the building the great hall paved with black and white marble lies on the left hand of the northern vestibule. The walls are of oak, and the high-pitched ceiling is painted in panels. At one end is an open gallery occupied by musicians at great banquets, and portraits, ancient weapons, and suits of armour are the chamber's chief decoration. To the east of the hall lies the grand staircase with its stone balustrade carved with

rich Italian designs, and its fretted ceiling enriched with gilded pendants after the Florentine manner. Its wide ascent is guarded by two open worked carved wickets, placed there, it is said, to prevent dogs from ascending to the upper storey. The great eastern chamber, reached by this staircase, is called King James' Drawing-room, and is distinguished by its richly painted ceiling and its chimneypiece, in which white Carrara marble and black Doric columns form the framework of a life-

size bronze statue of James I. Below, in the fireplace, stand massive dogs of silver. A long gallery, with windows at frequent intervals, runs above the arcade of the south front, and is enriched with a gilded ceiling and artistic furniture from the workshops of many nations. At the west end of the gallery is the library, where are stored most of the documents of state of the periods when Lord Burghley and his son controlled the destinies of England; and here, over the fireplace, is a fine Florentine mosaic representing Robert Cecil as he was in 1607, aged forty-four. Near at hand, in the west wing, the brilliantly coloured chapel is situated. In the private rooms are panelled oak wainscotings and richly carved cupboards. All the windows overlook the ascending series of wide terraces and courts outside the house, separated from each other by stone parapets and high flights of steps. Thence the view extends to the delicately planned gardens, to the vineyards by the banks of the Lea, and to avenues of limes.

Historic memorials of Elizabeth and James I. abound about the house and grounds. Within are the princess's cradle and garden hat, and the saddle-cloth used at Tilbury in 1588, together with her famous portrait by Zucchero. In the park the near neighbourhood of a decaying oak-tree is pointed out as Elizabeth's favourite haunt, and one of the flower gardens surrounding a little lake is called after her name. Very curious, too, is the vellum pedigree of the Cecils in which the family history is traced from Adam downwards, and the picture of the grey horse presented to Sir Robert Cecil by Elizabeth when a boy. Family portraits by Lely, Vandyck, Kneller, and Sir Joshua Reynolds, have been added to the adornments of the interior since the first Earl's time, Camden, Cecil's contemporary, passes the justest verdict on the palatial mansion when he visited it just after its completion; 'for situation, contrivance, building, prospect, and other necessaries to make a complete seat, Hatfield,' the antiquary asserts, 'gives way to few in England.'

Cecil spared no expense in any portion of the structure, which was completed at the close of 1611—four years from the date of the laying of the foundations. Including the parks, gardens, and a new means of supplying the estate and house with water, the whole cost no more than 7631*l.* 11*s.* 3*d.* The expenses defrayed by Cecil between 14th December, 1610, and 24th December, 1611, have been printed and show that the chief items concern the laying out of the gardens and parks. Cecil occasionally received gifts from friends for his new palace, and especially for its gardens. 'Half a hundred fruit trees to plant at Hatfield,' were sent him on 27th October, 1609, by Lady Tresham. In the attention he devoted to his gardens Cecil again was following the advice of his cousin Bacon. 'Without a garden,' wrote the Chancellor, 'buildings and palaces are but gross handiworks.'

Many visits did Lord Salisbury pay to the little village while the building operations were in progress, and the Hatfield villagers grew acquainted with his melancholy countenance and deformed person. He was not a man of popular manners. Even at Court no one liked him unless it were King James, who owed to him in great part his easy approach to the English crown, and who playfully called him his 'little beagle.' With the common people he had little sympathy, and scandalous rumours about his private life, which were spread by his numerous political foes all over the country, did not prejudice

his village neighbours at Hatfield in his favour. And he did them a real injury, which soon transformed idle suspicions into strongly held convictions. Following the example of other rich men, he enclosed and impaled a part of Hatfield Chase to which former owners of the manor had allowed the freest admission. The hostile pamphleteers made the most of this unpopular act, which deprived the Londoner as well as the Hatfield villager of one of his pleasantest recreation grounds.

But man only proposes. Before the builder of Hatfield Palace had put the finishing touch to his great work,—before the noble owner could take up his residence within its walls — the cold arm of Death intervened. Disease had long since laid its finger on Lord Salisbury, and in 1612 the end came. He had gone to Bath in the vain hope of obtaining relief from the medicinal waters. But returning towards London, he stayed at the parsonage house at Marlborough and breathed his last there, on Sunday, 24th May, 1612, at the age of forty-nine. In Hatfield he had apparently put his last energies, and sought to disperse a settled melancholy by the diversions of house-building and decoration. But depression overcame him at the last and death was welcome to him. 'Ease and pleasure quake to hear of death,' he said to one friend, 'but my life full of cares and miseries desireth to be dissolved.' The scurrilous poetasters were fertile in epitaphs, and none of them forgot to upbraid him for enclosing Hatfield Wood. Here lies, wrote one,

> 'Not Robin good fellow nor Robin Hood,
> But Robin th' encloser of Hatfield Wood.'

But, although little attractive personally, Lord Salisbury as a statesman deserved to be regretted. His unwearied industry has never been gainsaid; he was an admirable financier, and on questions of foreign policy he had sounder views and more knowledge than any of his immediate successors. Had he lived for another five-and-twenty years, as his age at death rendered quite possible, England might have shown to better advantage in her Continental relations, and James I. and his son might have been saved from many fatal imprudences.

According to his wish the first Earl of Salisbury was buried in Hatfield Church, the patronage to which he had purchased from Sir Godard Pemberton in 1608. A chapel on the north side of the chancel was appointed for his burial-place, and there an elaborate monument was erected to his memory. A Florentine artist was summoned to execute the memorial. On a slab of marble the Earl lies in life-size effigy, arrayed in his state robes; figures of the four cardinal virtues support the slab, and beneath, in accordance with contemporary custom, is a full-length marble skeleton of the dead man. In the same chancel all the first Earl's descendants have since been buried, and in recent years the present owner of Hatfield has sumptuously redecorated his ancestors' burying-place.

Thus the first occupant of the great house at Hatfield was not its noble architect; that nobleman's son, William Cecil, second Earl of Salisbury, who was with his father at Marlborough when he died, was the first of the family to make the place his home. The young man, twenty-two years old at the date of his father's death, had travelled in France and Italy, and at Turin he had received a specially magnificent reception from the Duke of Savoy. His tastes were formed on splendid models, and he was well capable of continuing the decoration of Hatfield. He took little interest in politics, yet was frequently seen at court, and held high office in the royal household under Charles I. He was a Knight Companion of the Garter and Privy Councillor. John Evelyn, the diarist, visited him at Hatfield on 11th March, 1643: 'I went to see my Lord of Salisbury's palace at Hatfield, where the most considerable rarity, besides the house (inferior to few then in England for its architecture), was the garden and vineyard, rarely

well watered and planted. They also shewed us the picture of Secretary Cecil in mosaic work, very

well done by some Italian hand.' William, the second Earl, lived to old age, dying 3rd December, 1668, aged seventy-eight, and he lies buried at Hatfield. His grandson, James, succeeded to the title, and Joshua Barnes, a classical scholar of the highest rank, who made James Earl Cecil's acquaintance while they were both Cambridge undergraduates, had no mean opinion of his friend's literary attainments. But although he was a Knight of the Garter, he spent his life in very peaceful pursuits, and his reputation scarcely reached beyond his own household. A fourth Earl of Salisbury was one of the Romish converts in James II.'s reign, and has been held up to scathing ridicule in Macaulay's emphatic periods. The seventh Earl was created the first Marquis of Salisbury on 18th August, 1789, but he was no prominent figure in contemporary politics. It has been reserved for the third and present Marquis to renew the connexion of his family with the highest and most dignified offices of state, and to his ingenuity and taste are due many recent embellishments of Hatfield House.

Of late years the most important incident in the history of Hatfield House was the disastrous fire that destroyed the whole of the west wing on 27th November, 1835. The fire originated in the dressing-room of the dowager Marchioness of Salisbury (widow of James, the first Marquis, and grandmother of the present Marquis), and this lady, who was eighty-six years old, lost her life in the flames. The ruined wing, in which the chapel was situated, was rebuilt shortly afterwards in as close conformity as possible to the original plans; and one of the chief rooms in it, usually occupied by the Earl of Beaconsfield on his visits to Hatfield, now goes by his name.

SIDNEY L. LEE.

IMAGINATION IN LANDSCAPE PAINTING.

XIX.—*Effect as the Expression of Nature.*

EVERY scene in the world has its favourable or unfavourable effects—the effects that are specially suitable or unsuitable to that particular scene. Under the most favourable it seems like a revelation, but when the effect is not so well adapted to the particular scene (however perfectly it might have suited others), then the power of the landscape over our minds is reduced to its lowest degree.

This depends upon a union of the forms of the earth with cloud forms, and on the display of both under the light that gives them the most perfect unity, and brings the finest features of the landscape into the most distinct relief, whilst reducing all that is commonplace to a subordinate position. It is evident that such perfectly favourable effects are likely to be rare, but they do occur, and the business of the imaginative artist is either to seize upon them when they do occur, or imagine them in their absence.

Now, we come to a matter of quite peculiar importance which underlies the influence of landscape art on man, and is probably its strongest force.

When we see—I mean we who are sensitive to these influences—when we see the kind of effect that we call an impressive or a noble effect, our feeling is distinctly that the wonderful powers of nature are expressing themselves to us, in an especial manner, by the display of that transient beauty, or splendour, or melancholy solemnity. It seems like a communication from the Eternal Source to short-lived mortals, and this impression is enhanced—immeasurably

enhanced—by the remarkable fact that the grander effects last just long enough for our powers of attention. They also begin quietly, gradually increase in intensity, reach their highest perfection, and then rapidly fade in colour, whilst the well-combined arrangement of form and light becomes disorganized. In this they exactly answer to our own capacity of attention, which is easily fatigued, and requires the most varied degrees of excitement; and so the natural effect is incomparably more interesting than the fixed representation of it in painting.

The feeling that the Eternal Power is addressing itself to us by a sort of special revelation in the grandest effects is, I believe, quite illusory, so far as each special display is concerned, and yet it is an illusion, like the familiar one that the sun really rises, which one cannot overcome at the moment; nor, for my part, do I wish to overcome it. Here the Imagination may be permitted a degree of liberty that cannot very greatly deceive any of us, for although we may flatter ourselves too much in supposing that the effect was made for us personally, it is still a part of the general beauty of the world which makes the world what it is to us, at the same time habitation and so much more, the medium by which the unseen Power is constantly acting upon us.

The manner of the influence is by affecting our states of feeling; and here there is this to be noted, that if the feeling is not in ourselves already, the effects of nature are perfectly impotent to excite it. All they can do is to deepen or intensify feelings that already exist, at least potentially. The strongest and most ready men of action do not seem to be in the least affected by that which would impress an artist profoundly, and move a poet to tears; they attend to what concerns their affairs, and look to some practical result.

Our own experience in such extremely personal matters as those that concern feeling is all that we can really know. I have a friend who is deeply impressed by effects that seemed to me at one time utterly insignificant, and that do not strike me even to-day as having any other quality than that of extreme delicacy, but they are evidently in close relation to his mental idiosyncrasy, which is an uncommonly refined one, and they give him the sort of happiness which results from the feeling that the world, for a short time at least, is exactly suitable to our taste. It must then become for him a sort of temporary heaven, as it certainly is for me under effects of an entirely different character. I sometimes wonder if there is anybody else in the world on whom the effects of landscape have as much influence as they have on me. There are two very opposite kinds of effect that I delight in equally. A grey sky with shreds of rain-cloud flying before the wind, highland hills all russet in late autumn, and a dark lake flecked with foam on the crests of ten thousand waves; an effect of this kind

EVENING. R. WILSON.

renews lost youth for me, and creates at once a sort of northern paradise dearer than the lands of the vine. In the south there are effects of a milder enchantment, especially in summer evenings, when the heat of the day is over, leaving a soft glow in the serene sky, and making the rich woods look richer than ever, the wheat-fields glow with a deeper gold, and the distant mountains, range behind range, darken to Titian's own azure. Under this effect the world seems to me a paradise of poetic rest, as the northern effect made it a heaven of healthy energy.

To attempt any account, even the most succinct, of the uses that landscape artists have made of effect as a means of influence upon our minds would be to weary the reader with a repetition of much that he knows already. The reader is well aware that effect is the supreme power in landscape-painting, that it arouses or soothes the feelings like music, that it ennobles the humblest materials, and adds grandeur and dignity to the grandest and most noble. Without effect the finest landscapes in nature have but little power on the mind; aided by beautiful or impressive effects the poorest subjects become pictures. This being so it is not surprising that all the most imaginative landscape-painters have looked to effect as the secret of their power over their fellow-men, and that their imaginations have been exercised far more in the creation or selection of effects than in the portrayal of tangible and measurable things.

THE TRAVELLER. CUYP.

Nevertheless, as drawing is the foundation of art, the love of effect is sometimes looked upon by able draughtsmen as the sign of an inferior capacity, and we know that transient and accidental effects were condemned in the last century as being incompatible with the 'Grand Style.' This arose from a confusion between figure and landscape art. Certainly, in painting a human face it is a deviation of attention to think about sunshine and shadow instead of thinking about the man's character and history, but in landscape the character of the scene depends so greatly upon effect that it acquires an expressional value, which is the equivalent in landscape for the changing expressions of the human face. So far from being incompatible with style, the study of effect is a positive encouragement to it by massing details together, and by permitting, or even requiring a breadth of treatment which would be applied with far greater difficulty to the obtrusive details of an effectless landscape. It is this tranquil breadth that makes the charm of many old masters, who certainly could not draw detail with a delicacy at all comparable to that of our most able contemporary book illustrators in England and America. Look at Wilson, for example, what infinite calm there is in his quiet Italian afternoon or evening scenes! There are no landscapes more tranquillising if we enjoy them in the right spirit; that is, if we quietly accept their influence without setting up tiresome critical objections. The long, warm afternoon is slowly waning—so slowly that it seems as if it would be always afternoon, or the summer evening lingers yet, when the sun has sunk behind tree and tower and the lakelet lies asleep in its basin.

The reputation of Cuyp is largely due to his quiet afternoon sentiment and to the degree of imagination, not very elevated or very powerful, but still genuine of its kind, which enabled him to put himself in the place of a traveller riding through a land of sunshine, on a summer's day, and coming perhaps on a white or light grey horse, as yet but little wearied, to some ford in a tranquil river. Without the imaginative sentiment of effect what would be the charm or value of pictures such as these?

In marine pictures the range lies chiefly between the extremes of calm and storm. This, of course, is connected with imaginative reference to the fates of men, to the quiet labour done by fishermen in calm weather, and the rough, dangerous work of sailors in

a tempest; but besides this sympathy with sailors there is always an undercurrent of possibly unconscious reference to the lives of all human beings whatever, for we have all our range of experience between tranquillity and unrest, and we are all of us liable, almost as sailors are, to see our tranquillity disturbed.

The value of the tranquillity of the sea, in imaginative connexion with human life, was very ably appreciated by Mr. Poole when he painted his picture entitled, *A Midsummer Night's Dream.* In this picture a sailor boy is lying asleep on a rocky shore, and behind him a wide expanse of sea is rippling gently under an unseen moon. The picture was very impressive, and the power of it was entirely due to the imagined connexion between nature and human life. Some readers will remember how Alexander Smith, in his poetry, was constantly using the sea in this manner for its expression of tumult or repose; and I think he spoke of it as being 'asleep in moonlight,' exactly like Mr. Poole's boy.

Turner's science of effects is absolutely without rivalry for variety; but Girtin, in a far more limited range, showed quite as strong an appreciation of imaginative sentiment in effects. There could not be a better lesson concerning the value of such a sentiment than to take a few of Girtin's most impressive drawings and copy the material things in them only, without any effect whatever. It would then be seen how meagre the materials were in comparison with the richness of the sentimental and imaginative clothing with which he was able to invest them.

In some of the narrower graphic arts the artist has to restrict himself to a very limited choice amongst the effects of nature. For example, in the kind of pen-drawing now so frequently done for typographic reproduction it is useless to attempt delicate effects, and the stronger ones can only be represented conventionally with such simple means as a pen and perfectly black ink. When the ink may be diluted, as in pen-drawing not done for reproduction, the case is entirely altered and the imagination has a wider range. A singular consequence results from these technical restrictions, which is that those who love effects the most attempt them the least willingly in the limited arts. I observed to an excellent professional pen draughtsman that he never attempted skies, and soon discovered from his conversation that it was because he appreciated and understood those qualities which were unapproachable in his art. A draughtsman of less delicate perceptions would not have been so abstinent, would not have laid himself open to the charge of blank indifference to that which he really loved in nature and probably appreciated far better than his critics.

A GALE. W. VAN DEVELDE.

Nevertheless, by a bold and frank conventionalism, some skies may be treated with the pen, but never the most delicate ones.

It may be observed, that the art of etching, which is not suitable to all effects, is remarkably well adapted to some evening effects of a kind that appeals very powerfully to the imagination. For example, Mr. Chattock executed a plate for us in 1884, representing a long, low, wooden bridge across a shallow stream going to some cottages. Beyond the bridge was a wood of leafless trees, and through the trees might be seen a silvery river winding away in the distance beneath a low, dark hill; the sky contained only some light wavy clouds. The sentiment of such a scene could not have been conveyed more perfectly in any art. We do not even feel the absence of colour. Technically, the success of the plate may be attributed to the depth obtained in the dark trees by a vigorous biting, and to the contrasting lightness of the wavy dry point lines in the sky. The imaginative importance of these technical powers would be understood by attempting to translate this etching into a pen-drawing reproducible by a typographic process.

ON THE RIVER EXE. T. GIRTIN.

XX.—*Substance and Effect.*

The scientific conception of nature is always without effect, and so is the common or practical conception. In these cases the mind abstracts from nature the qualities that concern the science or the practical business, and dwells upon them to the exclusion of others, a process which is absolutely necessary to efficient scientific or practical thinking, but outside of the artistic imagination. All modern conceptions of landscape, whether in the brain of the poet or the painter, include effect as well as substance.

I have already briefly alluded to a common confusion between the resources of the figure-painter and the landscape-painter, by which the importance of effect to the latter is much under-rated. In many pictures of the figure it is evident that the artist, so far from seeking strong effects of light and shade, has positively been at some pains to avoid them by placing his model in such open and diffused light that it is well seen, but nothing more. You cannot affirm on which side the light strikes more than on the other, you do not know what time of day it is, nor the season of the year, nor the nature of the weather. There is no light and shade, though there are lights and darks; the eyes are dark perhaps, and the hair; the linen may be white, and the costume brown or black. In pictures of this nature the interest is independent of effect; it depends on the personages represented, and we think of what they were and did; we think of Henry VIII. and Queen Elizabeth, and not of sun or shadow.

Another way in which the art that deals with the figure often widely differs from landscape—I mean from fully developed modern landscape—is in the accentuation or neglect of line. The figure-painter may still often proceed, without reproach, very much upon the principles followed by the designer of an Etruscan vase; he may rely, first of all, on clean linear definition, especially in decorative work, drawing all outlines firmly and carefully, and afterwards filling up the spaces so enclosed with colour. This is

the process natural to primitive art, the first inevitable process that we find everywhere from China to Egypt, from Egypt through Greece and Rome to mediaeval France and England; and it is therefore not at all surprising that there should be a strong temptation to fall back upon such a process, even in later ages, since it is the easiest and the most natural to man. It is, however, the very worst of all possible preparations for modern landscape-painting, an art in which the mapping out of substances by frontier lines is contrary alike to sentiment and to truth.

You may map out a man's leg and boot with clear lines, and fill up the thigh part with the colour of the cloth he wears, and the lower part with black for the leather, and you will have a recognisable leg and boot. Not only that, but if the artist is a very able draughtsman his ability will be evident. You will say that his line is pure, that its curves are beautiful, that he has studied the ancient Greeks, and if his pictures are of an Academic character, you will say that he ought to be made a Royal Academician.

If a landscape-painter worked on the same principles of line and mass without mystery and effect, you would probably not see his work, because it would hardly be received in the exhibitions; but if, by chance, it were accepted, you would condemn it as dry and hard, and deplore especially its lack of feeling and imagination.

The two kinds of art are not measured in the same measure or weighed in the same balance. Sound and careful drawing is so much valued in the figure that it condones for the absence of effect, and Academies are willing, for the sake of it, to tolerate the most mediocre colour. In landscape-painting, on the contrary, an artist who draws carefully gets no thanks, but he may win success by effect and colour when his drawing is almost formless.

The reason for this difference has been already given. It is because in figure-painting expression may be obtained by the mere tension or relaxation of muscles and the animation of the eyes, all which is an affair of drawing; whereas in landscape-painting expression is given to every scene by effects of light and shade and of colour. Therefore in landscape-painting effect is of more importance, and substance of less, than in any other form of art.

I may observe, by way of parenthesis, that this is a misfortune for landscape-painters, as it takes away from under their feet the only *positive* basis on which the art of painting is founded, and if a landscape-painter does not hit the public taste by his effects there is nothing for him to appeal to. In landscape one might draw as well as Gérôme without having the slightest chance, whilst some clever interpreter of natural effects or ingenious inventor of studio effects was painting his way to fortune. I am far from desiring to undervalue the work of figure-painters, well knowing what a price of industry and perseverance they have to pay for their success; but I say that in having a positive sort of work to do, that is measurable when it is done, they enjoy a great practical advantage over landscape-painters, who catch and interpret the most fugitive effects, their success in doing so being in its nature what neither they themselves nor their most favourable critics can demonstrate, yet what anybody may deny.

The sense of the necessity for effect in landscape is so general that the worst landscape-painters aim at effect as their great object, often failing much less from lack of appreciation of it in nature than from ignorance of tonic and chromatic relations. The best landscape-painters have exactly the same aim, the difference between the two cases being that greater delicacy of perception gives a more refined quality to the work, whilst superior strength of memory and fecundity of invention make it fuller and more interesting.

Between these two classes of painters of effect—the worst and the best of landscape-painters—comes an intermediate class, entangled in matter, laboriously endeavouring to realise substance, deserving all the honour that may be due to painstaking endeavour, yet never touching the heart of the public, and, notwithstanding all their knowledge and all their manual skill, passing through life like other ordinary workmen, with certain oblivion at the end of it. The case of these men seems all the harder that their knowledge is often sounder than that of the effect-painters, and certainly it is more positive, more amenable to exact criticism. It has happened to me many a time to come upon their strong and observant work, and to think, 'What knowledge is here! what energy and study have been expended to gain the power of producing this!' and yet I know that it cannot be immortal work, that the artist is only like some traveller or journalist who toils for the passing hour. Meanwhile some poet, with perhaps not half this knowledge, will see the poetic aspects of things and paint them far more slightly, but so that his canvas shall be a joy for ever. In literature there are many such examples. What *substance* is there in some of the most charming verses? What substance is there in Poe? On the other hand, the most substantial parts of Wordsworth are often a dead weight and his lighter work more enduring, whilst even in Scott the substance is now telling against him — his Pegasus is clad in armour, and encumbered by it.

The progress of a landscape-painter appears to be through a kind of materialism to a visionary idealism by which he attains in its full perfection the artistic estimate of things. Materialism appears to be necessary as a stage, but only as a stage. If we began

landscape-painting in the visionary stage we should be too ignorant of matter, and our painting would be like a dress without a body inside it. Suppose the case of an amateur of genius passing to the visionary stage without dwelling long enough in the study of things, his painting might be poetical, but it would be flimsy and weak, and would not be taken seriously by artists. They would prefer sound materialist work, that is, work in the second stage. In other words, artists prefer work showing sound progress, as far as it has gone, to premature accomplishment.

It may make my meaning clearer if I take a special example, such as a full-grown oak. Considered as matter it is a column of the strongest wood we have, with a foundation much firmer than that of ordinary stakes and piles. The column is so strong that with its immense head of foliage it usually resists the most furious gales of our latitudes. No edifice built by man, with the single exception of a lighthouse, has foundations in any way comparable to its foundations.

An artist much impressed with this idea of strength would probably draw the oak with hard firm outlines, and give its rugged character with great force and truth, but he would pay less attention to the light and shade and colour. In a more advanced stage, he would think of light and colour more and think of them together. Finally, in the visionary stage, an oak would be to him simply a variety of colour masses with their gradations and much confusion of mystery in leaves and branches. In this completely artistic way of seeing things there is no necessity for thinking about matter, though it is represented with a higher kind of truth, as to its appearances, than by students who think of substance.

We are all of us visionary artists for one familiar object, the moon. We do not think of the heavy globe of rock with prodigious cloudless mountains, sun-heated to an intolerable temperature. That is the scientific conception that we keep in some odd corner of the brain for use when it may be wanted, as one keeps a scientific instrument in a drawer, but in ordinary times the moon means for us a crescent or a disc of silvery and sometimes of golden splendour, the brightest thing that we are able to look upon in nature. Now to sever, in this way, the splendour of the moon from the idea of her reality, her substance, is exactly the artistic way of seeing. An accomplished artist sees terrestrial things in the same way, as so much splendour or gloom. He sees a bridge under the moon, and thinks no more of the granite in the bridge than of the lunar granite, if the moon is made of anything like granite. The bridge is a certain tone of colour, the moon is a certain degree of brightness.

All nature, as seen by an artist in the most advanced condition of culture, is but a variety of coloured spaces. One thing is hardly more material than another. The lead-covered dome of a distant church may be quite near to the tone and colour of a cloud, and scarcely seem more opaque. The sea has been sometimes really taken for a wall, and a roof for a mountain. In scenery where the Alps are sometimes visible on the horizon, but not always visible, clouds are often taken for mountains and mountains for clouds, in fact, they are not distinguishable at all by tone and colour, nor do the distant mountains look more substantial, the only sure distinction is in the mountain forms, which require to be known scientifically for perfect certitude. It used to be one of the faults commonly found with Turner that his land did not look substantial, especially where it met the sky; and certainly the more he advanced in art the less did his mind distinguish between substance and effect, till it finally seemed almost to lose the sense of substance, and the world became for him a vision, or succession of visions, in which castle, cloud, and mountain-peak, were all of them only what dreams are made of.

If, however, it is true that progress in art leads to this visionary state, and that so illusory a condition is the final attainment of the painter, we have to ask ourselves whether it may not be injurious in one way to the imagination itself; for if the imagination loses its hold of fact how can it retain its vigour?

It is a very delicate and difficult question to answer, because this perfection of art is perilously near to its decline, and depends upon the degree of permanence that may be granted to the faculties of particular human beings. I should say, however, that when an artist mind loses the sense of substance, the vision of the world becomes for it what Wordsworth aptly called 'eye music,' and that painting is then no longer a study of tangible things at all, but a dream like the dreams of a musician. Then comes a new exercise of the imagination, which no longer occupies itself with imaginary scenes and things, but only with sequences and relations,—in short, it becomes musically creative. It may perceive the most unsuspected relations between colour and form in landscape, and in other things that are commonly supposed to have no relation to landscape, and even in accidental combinations of mere pigments, as when Turner got three children to dabble water-colours together till he suddenly stopped them at the propitious moment. These researches and exercises may easily be condemned as trifling, or even as a desertion of nature, but they are certainly not a desertion of art, for there may be a colour-music without meaning, invented by the imagination,

exactly as there is a sound-music without meaning, or, at least, of which the meaning could not possibly be expressed in any other language than its own. Therefore, when we come to this kind of imagination, in which substance is either banished altogether or reduced to a minimum, whilst the delicacies of colour are retained, the only intelligent way of considering it is to think of it as an art existing on its own basis, which is almost, though not quite, independent of Nature.

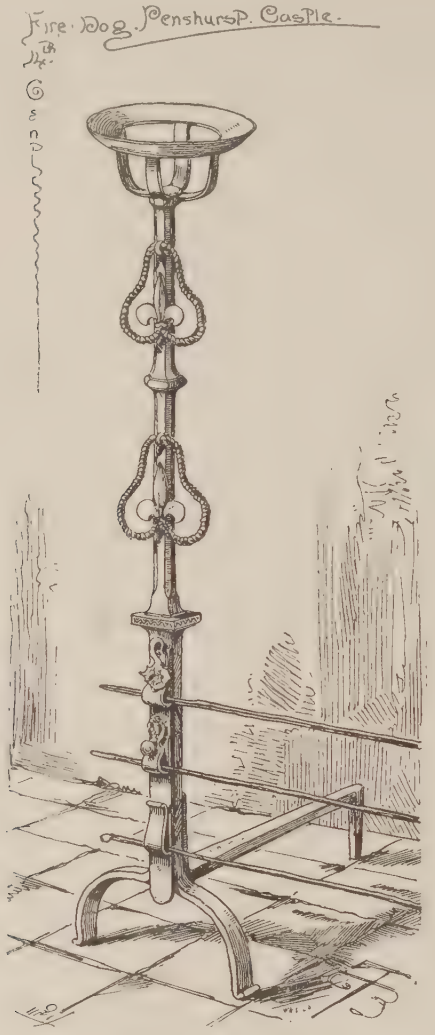
P. G. HAMERTON.

THE by-ways of Art are often more suggestive than its great high-roads, and the best way to realise the effective value of the art of a given period is to watch it under conditions where its play is spontaneous and unfettered by self-consciousness, and yet subordinate to practical use. A masterpiece shows the capacity of the master that produced it; but if one wants to understand his artistic environment, it is necessary to study the vernacular art of his time, to track out the by-ways trodden by those craftsmen of the minor arts, whose handiwork survives through the soundness of their art and the thoroughness of their execution.

It is just this less ambitious work that is often overlooked. Perhaps people have not the patience to study it in out-of-the-way corners, or its somewhat technical knowledge is considered less valuable mental furniture than a slipshod familiarity with the works of the great masters. None the less, some acquaintance with the minor arts is essential to a grasp of any of the great art-periods. Just as the standard of a gallery of pictures is shown by the worst work that it admits, so the limits of a national art must be found in its humblest efforts. All good art periods are good throughout. The beautiful brocades and sumptuous jewellery that glow in the pictures of Memling and Van Eyck show, with no less certainty than their own exquisite technique, how much the art-feeling was in the air. They suggest the quiet artistic life of the fifteenth century—the busy loom, the patient graver, and the glowing anvil where cunning workmen forged their marvellous ironwork.

To a less extent, the case was the same in England during the Renaissance. From various causes the consummate skill of our mediaeval architects did not develope into the unparalleled perfection in painting and sculpture attained by the Italians, and in a less degree by the French and Spaniards of the Renaissance. Possibly the poetry of the Elizabethans monopolised all the available ability for works 'de longue haleine.' But it is here that the minor arts step in. The admirable half-timber work of our sixteenth-century domestic architecture—the joinery, ironwork, plate, and embroidery of the time—show that the art instinct had thoroughly penetrated the

community. It only became bad where it was untrue to itself; that is, where with indifferent success it consciously copied Dutch and Italian art; but where it followed its natural bent, its work was always reasonable and good, showing that sanity of taste which is of the very essence of all genuine art.



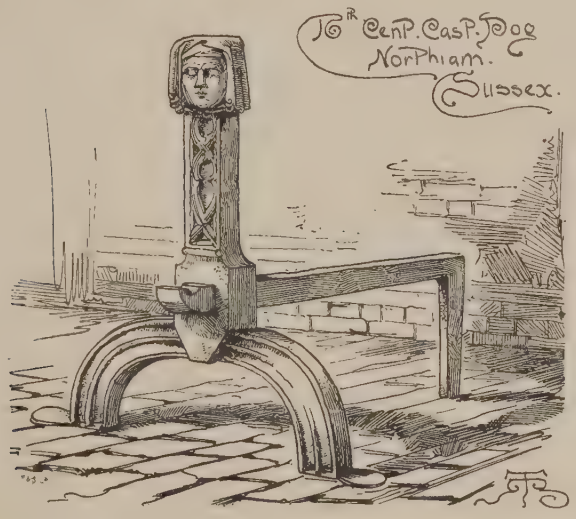
A glimpse into one of these pleasant corners of art life is given by the Sussex ironwork of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. In the sixteenth century the Weald was one great tract of woodland, continuing the woods of the Weald of Kent far down into Sussex. Busy little towns, such as Cranbrook and Lamberhurst, lay snugly amidst the woods, and enjoyed a prosperity which has long since been denied them. The Kentish towns and hamlets did a thriving business in wool from the fifteenth century to the beginning of the eighteenth. There were fulling-yards at Cranbrook, and wealthy woolstaplers lived in solid, comfortable houses along the Kentish border. There still remains at Headcorn a fifteenth-century Cloth Hall, with a fine open-timbered roof. The Sussex trade was chiefly in iron, cast and forged. The Weald used to abound in iron ore, and the interminable woodland supplied fuel for the furnaces. In fact, it was due to the failure of the wood supply rather than of the ore that the furnaces ceased working in the eighteenth century.

The most important of these foundries lay about a mile and a half from Lamberhurst, on the borders of Kent and Sussex. I can find no account of it before the end of the seventeenth century, when it was doing about the largest iron business in the kingdom. The county histories state that the foundry was built by a Mr. Benge at the end of the seventeenth century, and was called the Gloucester Furnace, in honour of a visit from the Duke of Gloucester and the Princess (afterwards Queen Anne). But the foundries here and elsewhere in the Weald must have been at work much earlier than this; dated examples carry us back to the beginning of the seventeenth century, and evidence nearly as certain of still earlier work is afforded by the design and details of the cast-iron fire-dogs of the district.

The Lamberhurst foundries were probably at their best at the end of the seventeenth century, for they had the contract for the cast-iron railings, and possibly for the wrought-iron grilles, of St. Paul's. The cost of these, as entered in the books of the foundry, was 11,202*l.* 0*s.* 6*d.* The railings round the Cathedral were completed in 1711, much against the will of Sir

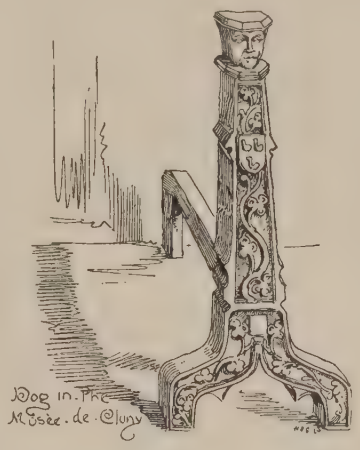
Christopher Wren. He said himself in his report:—'As for the iron fence, it was wrested from me, and the doing it carried on in a way that I may venture to say will be condemned.' The railing was originally

carried round the open space before the west front. Wren was anxious to preserve an uninterrupted view of his Cathedral, but was overruled by the Commission that persecuted his latter years—not the only case in which officialism by sheer brutality of ignorance has defeated the genius of an English architect. The railing round the west front was removed at the suggestion of Dean Milman about twelve years ago, and it now stops level with the west front. It consists of cast-iron balusters, creditable enough as pieces of casting. The railing is said, I do not know on what authority, to be the first instance of the use of cast-work in this capacity in England. Wren fought hard to have it of wrought-iron instead of cast, but was beaten by the commission. Whether the wrought-iron gates to the west and south aisles of the choir and the wrought-iron grilles to the choir were made in Sussex also, does not appear. The grille separating the choir from the dome is one of the most

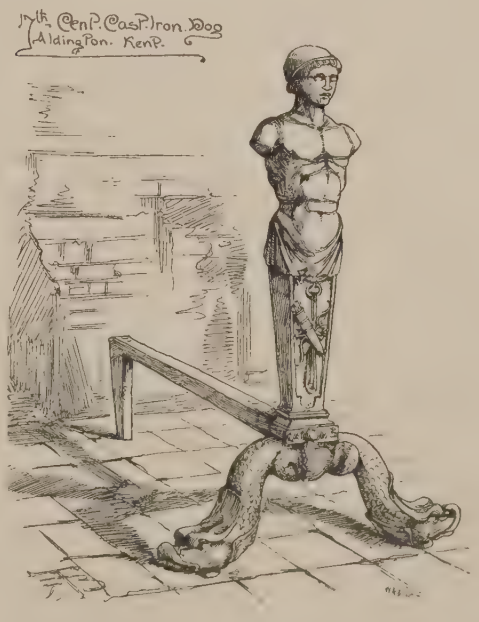


beautiful pieces of work of its kind in England. The acanthus scrolls and masques of thin hammered iron are as exquisitely wrought as the very best work of the kind in Spain, the country *par excellence* for wrought-iron work. The gates at Chiddingstone, Kent, from which the headpiece to this article is taken, are of the same date, and were probably local work. The railing of St. Paul's was the last great artistic effort of the Sussex Ironworks. Their chief products throughout the eighteenth century were the cannon used in the navy. The Lamberhurst foundries ceased working at the end of the last century, and the only remains now left is the tradition that a fine old seventeenth-century house at the bottom of Lamberhurst Hill was once the counting-house, and that the paying-house stood on the village green.

The foundries were pretty generally distributed along the border-land of the Weald between Kent and Sussex. At Buxted, about two miles north of Uckfield, there is a house called 'The Hog House,' from the figure of a hog carved on its front in stone The house is dated 1591. It is now covered with plaster, and not in the least worth seeing; but it is of interest from the tradition that it was built by



Ralphe Hogge, who, with a certain Peter Baude, had an iron-foundry near the place, and was the first to cast iron ordnance. Holinshed, writing of the year 35 Henry VIII. (1543), says:—'This year the first cast pieces of iron that ever were made in England were made at Bucker-steed in Sussex by Rafe Hoge and Peter Bawd.' Very probably this was the foundry that produced most of the early and very fine cast fire-dogs still to be found in the Weald. These fire-dogs are all designed on the same lines. A vertical standard ending in a knob starts from an arched piece with two feet, and at about six or eight inches from the ground a long



horizontal bar runs out to the back, and terminates in a vertical piece which forms the third leg. Logs of wood rested against the horizontal bar.

The bar in early instances was riveted to the

standard. In the sixteenth century it was usually passed through a hole in the base of the standard, sometimes reappearing on the opposite side, but as the skill of the smiths advanced, the dogs were usually forged continuously and without any joints at all. The total height is usually about twenty inches. In the earliest dogs the standard was much higher, and was usually furnished with a brazier at

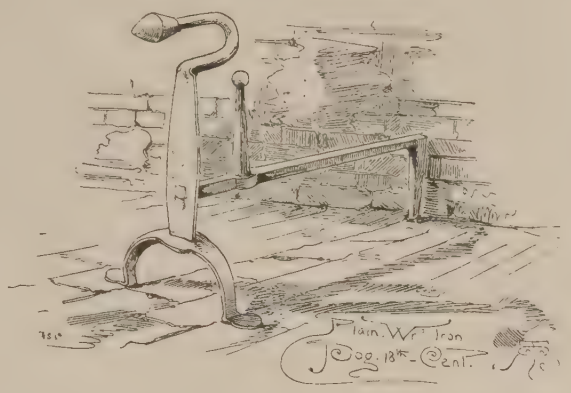
the top, and three or more hooks riveted to the standard for carrying the spits. The very fine instance from Penshurst Castle stands 3 feet 8 inches high, and has two handles of twisted iron, as well as the wrought hooks. It probably dates from the middle of the fourteenth century. The whole of the work in this case is wrought and forged without any cast-work about it. In fact, it is doubtful if cast-work was discovered in England before the sixteenth century; and, excepting the Penshurst instance, I have found no fire-dogs in the Weald that can be considered earlier than 1540 or so. Probably Hogge's foundry at Buxted was the earliest of its kind. In the typical Sussex fire-dog the standard was usually decorated, in the sixteenth century, with cast-work in relief; in the seventeenth century the standard itself was cast into all sorts of quaint and original forms. The models for cast-work were probably made in wood, with the ornament formed on it in wax. It appears, however, from an instance in the possession of Henry Willet, Esq., of Mayfield, Sussex, that the moulds for cast-work were sometimes made direct from carved wooden models alone. This instance is the model of a fire-back carved in oak in low relief, and very firmly executed. It represents a woman in a chariot drawn by two scaly animals, and the usual decorative accessories of the seventeenth-century fire-backs. The designs are usually good, without any suggestion of that inveterate plagiarism from wrought-work which makes most modern cast-work ridiculous and repulsive.

The earliest example of these cast dogs I have yet come across is the one from a farmhouse at Smarden, Kent. This shows a most interesting mixture of Gothic and Renaissance detail. The relief on the head and standard is Renaissance, while the lettering on the scutcheon is Gothic. There is cusping on the underside, and the mouldings are Late Perpendicular. The date is probably about 1550.

The example from Northiam, Sussex, is of almost the same date. In this case the horizontal bar is carried right through the standard, and forged into a projecting hook on the front. This hook was to carry a spit for roasting game, &c. I have given a sketch of a somewhat similar dog from Viollet le Duc's 'Dict. du Mobilier.' This dog is now in the Musée de Cluny, at Paris. It is about the same age as the English instance. Viollet le Duc assigns it to the beginning of the fifteenth century, in which no doubt he is right; but the Kentish instance, which shows the same idea, is not earlier than the sixteenth. Gothic detail lingered on in the Weald well into the sixteenth century, as, for instance, the pure perpendicular design of the tomb in Biddenden Church dated 1541, and the tomb of Thomas Bullen, at Hever, 1538. One often finds late Gothic and Renaissance detail side by side and contemporaneous. So there is reason in this case to resist the antiquarian tendency to antedate by about one hundred years.

The manufacture of these dogs continued throughout the seventeenth century, and seems to have advanced in refinement and technical skill. The terminal figure shown in the sketch is about sixteen inches high. It rests on dolphins with tails intertwined, instead of the usual arch. The modelling of this figure shows considerable knowledge of anatomy. Some lettering on the plinth of the base has been obscured by the head of the bar, which penetrates through to the front. It appears to be

'Car . . . n. 3—,' and no doubt was made at the Carron foundry. The name 'Carron' is cast on several of the dogs of this period. It has been suggested that 'Carronade' was derived from it.' The other dog, which is smaller, is a very quaint bit of work; a comical head grows out of the volute, which forms the head of the shaft. The shaft has a succession of bulbs engaged, resembling the turned pendants often found in English seventeenth-century cabinets. What appears to be a T is wrought in the scutcheon, and the arms of the stand appear to have had the egg-and-tongue ornament worked on their sides, but the whole of the lower part is so much injured by fire that this account is conjectural. The dog is about ten inches high. The instance from the Sackville almshouse at East Grinsted (founded 1619) is of about the same date. The dog from Hever Castle seems an anticipation of those extraordinary legs with lion's feet, of which the cabinet-makers of the eighteenth century were so much enamoured. The leg is cast hollow, and consists of three pieces fitted together. In the eighteenth century, when the iron-trade was de-



caying, only wrought-iron dogs of a simple design were made. The accompanying sketch shows a good example. The manufacture seems to have stopped altogether at the beginning of this century.

(*To be continued.*)

REGINALD T. BLOMFIELD, M.A.

ART CHRONICLE.

IN March last Mr. J. C. Robinson, Keeper of Her Majesty's Pictures, initiated in the columns of the 'Times' a controversy upon the permanence or non-permanence of water-colour paintings. Mr. Robinson's letter was assailant; with sweeping statements he covered water-colour art with a cloud, asserting that, if exposed to daylight, all drawings painted in that medium gradually fade and become ruined, so that one generation may be said practically to use up the drawings painted for its delectation. Only in the security of portfolios is there safety. This attack upon water-colours and the mode in which it was made, raised a storm of discussion which assumed the bitterness of polemics and the fierceness of battle. Into the field rushed to the rescue artists and collectors, Sir J. Linton, President of the Institute of Water-colour Painters, Mr. Ruskin, Mr. Walter Severn, the Hon. G. Cavendish Bentinck, Mr. Frank Dillon, Mr. Ayscough Fawkes, and others. Professor Church took a middle position, supporting Mr. Robinson's assertions from his chemical experience with pigments, but demonstrating that sound and enduring water-colour art is a possibility under certain conditions as to the use of reliable pigments, and so on. By way of practical protest and manifestation on the side of defence, a collection of nearly 170 water-colour drawings by deceased British artists, which are held to have suffered no deterioration by time, have been since the middle of June placed on public view in the Council Room of the Water-colour Institute. Drawings which would have proved the contrary argument have purposely been excluded. The principal artists exemplified are Barrett, David Cox, De Wint, Turner, Varley, and William Hunt. The catalogue contains the correspondence that appeared in the 'Times' up to June 12; it is prefaced by Sir J. D. Linton, and Mr. Ruskin supplies an appendix. One may be allowed to regret that personalities and violence have been permitted to mar both appendix and preface; such a mode of special pleading does little honour to the cause it would support. Moreover, it cannot be said that the collection proves the case for the advocates of the general permanency of water-colour, or solves the riddle of the instability or endurance of pigments used in combination in this medium. We deal in the collection at the Institute with less than a working century—having before us the transition from the early tinting down to the full range and richness of the aquarellist's palette. The perfect condition of drawings can be tested by the perfect gradation and harmony of their tonality, even in the most delicate specimens of colour usually deemed evanescent. As example of works that have manifestly suffered no change since they left the easel we may take the drawings by George Barrett, which owe their poetic sentiment not only to delicacy and beauty of colour, but to perfect relation of parts to the whole. Similar conditions prevail in well-known drawings of matchless quality by David Cox. The examples of William Hunt, the permanence of whose pigments has been specially assailed, here demonstrate a brilliance and power of realism only reached in the water-colour medium. Some of the Turner drawings, again, which have notably fallen under hostile criticism, manifest purity of light and colour as of hues reflected from the spectrum and the rainbow. With De Wint we enter on more debateable ground. *Putney Bridge*, it is true, glows in all the lustre of an unfaded palette, but we cannot forget many examples of this artist, up and down the country, wherein the pigments have suffered fatal change. Here we encounter one of those anomalies which perplex the question sought in this exhibition to be solved. In fact, it were as easy to form a collection to prove the instability of the water-colour medium as one to prove the contrary. The fact remains that while some drawings either by sound material or care in the keeping are handed down to the present day without injury, unfortunately, it is equally notorious that, to quote Mr. Robinson, other drawings 'are but pale ghosts of their former selves.' The chemistry of pigments, their interchangeable results in combination, and the atmospheric conditions under which they act and react variously in combination, these and kindred points are still subjects of investigation, and are only partially known. Integrity in the sellers of honest material and integrity in the users both enter into the case. The controversy which has been raised, and is still in full action, though the manner of its initiation is to be regretted, may prove of utmost advantage to the cause of water-colour painting—that art, to quote Mr. Ruskin's eloquent panegyric, of 'quiet and tender virtue,' 'than which nothing obeys the artist's hand so exquisitely; nothing records the subtlest pleasures of sight so perfectly.'

THE British Museum Report records that, following in the lines of the musical portion of the Loan Collection at the International Exhibition at Kensington Gore last year, which illus-

trated the progress of notation, a selection has been on view of choral service books, manuscripts, and autographs, and a chronological series of books of printed music with an explanatory catalogue has been placed in the King's Library. Among other additions to the Print Room have been the MS. of Thackeray's *Bandit's Revenge*, with the author's illustrations in pen and ink ; two sheets of designs by Flaxman, for the monument to the poet William Collins ; and ninety-six sketches and studies for pictures by Fuseli. Gifts of the Museum publications have been assigned to free libraries and other public institutions in the United Kingdom ; sets of electrotypes of selected Greek and Roman coins have been presented to various Provincial Art Galleries and Museums, also photographic reproductions of Italian prints. Proposals to enlarge the Reading Rooms by accommodation for general readers apart from those engaged in special research, and plans to build additional galleries to receive the monuments now housed in the basement, are under consideration.

MR. HERKOMER, R.A., Slade Professor of Fine Art at Oxford, was given the M.A. degree in Convocation of the University, held in July.

THE new Art Gallery for London City has been opened at the Guildhall. The paintings belonging to the Corporation, by Reynolds, Copley, Opie, and by artists of the day, and sculpture by Chantrey, Woolner, Noble, Calder Marshall, and Durham, form the nucleus of an art collection.

THE Secretary of the Hellenic Society, at the annual meeting, announced that the total number of members now reached 624 : 11 had been lost during the year, and 40 gained. The Library is now located in a small room in Albemarle Street, lent by the Asiatic Society, and the Rev. William Wayle has accepted the post of Hon. Librarian. Seventy-two libraries now subscribe to the Society's Journal.

MESSRS. MURRAY publish for Mr. Gambier Parry, of Highnam Court, a volume of chapters on the 'Ministry of Fine Art to the Happiness of Life.' Mr. Parry's personal experience in mural painting and well-accredited connoisseurship should give to these essays a stamp of practical worth not common to the work of an amateur.

M. DUTUIT, the well-known collector and connoisseur of Rouen, whose heroic bid for the so-called Hundred Guilder Rembrandt print has become an historic fact, died in July, at an advanced age. It is hoped that M. Dutuit's heirs may complete the work on engravings which he left unfinished behind him.

PROFESSOR J. F. VOITZ, the cattle painter, has passed from among the group of painters who revived the school of Munich in the direction of colour and a poetic naturalism. His groups of cattle or horses amid scenes of landscape beauty were not only vivid and admirably composed, but imbued with pastoral, and even idyllic sentiment.

MESSRS. COOPER, of Great Pulteney Street, have added to their series of rooms, illustrative of various modes of decoration, a small music-room and vestibule in the Greek style. The idea has been to suggest how far it is possible to adapt classic form and decoration to the exigencies and taste of modern English life. The assistance of Mr. Harry Quilter and Mr. Sacheverel Coke has been called into combination with the experienced invention of the firm, and the result may be considered on the whole a success. The ceiling is coffered in square panels of ivory white picked out with grey blue, and gold ; a decorated cross beam is supported by gilt fluted pilasters with pseudo-Ionic capitals constructed on an unorthodox pattern and painted with the conventional honeysuckle. The walls are treated below with a dado, coloured in dark carmine red and a rosy purple flat above, divided at intervals by perpendiculars of olive-branch which run up to meet and overtop a broad frieze band of large red vine-leaves and blue grapes on a gold ground. A neat cornice of egg and other conventional mouldings leads into the ceiling. The olive uprights and vine border are ornaments taken by Mr. Quilter from a Greek vase, and in form doubtless are correct, but we frankly confess that the proportions of the frieze seem to us in relative scale as much too large as the colours of leaf and fruit are too crude ; in a larger gallery, with different disposition of intervals and differently harmonised colour, the effect might be better. The main feature of the room is the arrangement at the end of a slightly raised platform round which curves the circular seat so often depicted by illustrators of classic life, terminated in this instance at either end in the form of a Greek chair, and fitted with red cushions The effect is admirable and most pictorial. A painted window, which cannot claim to be Greek, in the centre of the wall above

MUSIC ROOM IN THE GREEK STYLE.

is set into a niche with a shell heading, that is not Greek either, but Renaissance. This is another of the many little compromises of the scheme : too many pediments, it was thought, would be wearisome. We have one in the ingenious anachronism of the fireplace and supermantel, made up out of gilded pilasters and flats with slight ornament in grey blue, and a pictured centre panel. The substitution of wood for marble, the rough wove platform mat, with stamped gold fret, the comfortable purple indigo drugget with appropriate border, on which the tiger-skins show brightly, the grate screen in shape of a lyre, the antique lamp on a bracket, and the hanging lamp over the organ, both invisibly accommodated with gas-pipes, the tripod flower-stands, the lattice windows with simulated gauze sky behind, the plentiful sprinkling of lyres throughout the decoration everywhere,—some of these things may make us smile, but there is no little ingenious adaptation about many of them after all. The warm colour scheme of the room may be accepted as a bold success, with reserve always of the vine-border crudities ; and the whole arrangement forms a full suggestion on a very small scale of what may be done to bring the perfected forms of Greek construction and ornament under the conditions of domestic life among a people of opposite habits in a wholly different climate.

VENUS RECLINING, WITH CUPIDS.

PAINTED BY SANDRO BOTTICELLI. ETCHED BY G. W. RHEAD.

IN the papers on Botticelli which Miss Cartwright contributed to the PORTFOLIO for 1882, the painter's various representations of Venus are fully described. Two of these are in the National Gallery —the quaint and graceful composition which we here engrave, and another with a sleeping figure of Mars, and little cupids playing pranks with his armour. Two others are at Florence—*The Birth of Venus* in the Uffizi Gallery, and *Venus hailing the Approach of Spring* at the Academy of Fine Arts. In all but the last of these Botticelli has given to the face of the Goddess of Love a singularly pensive, or even melancholy expression. That a painter whose mind was so full of poetry and fanciful thought had some clear intention in thus departing widely from the Greek type cannot be doubted. What his motive may have been is an interesting subject for conjecture.

POMANDERS.

THE word 'pomander,' although of French origin, is no longer recognised by French writers; it survives in English. Its spelling has varied a good deal. In an inventory of the year 1322, 'j. poume de aumbre mys en iij. crampouns dargent' is mentioned amongst the jewels belonging to Margaret de Bohun, a daughter of Humphrey de Bohun, Earl of Hereford and Essex. The *pomme d'ambre* (that is, the ball of perfume) appears in various other inventories and in wills, and also in many books, as 'pomamber,' 'pomeambre,' 'pomaunder,' 'pommander,' 'pomandre,' and 'pomander.' The term was applied primarily to the composite balls of aromatic ingredients which were worn for the sake of their pleasant perfume and of their real or imagined medicinal virtues. Before long the ball, together with its case or mounting, was often understood when a pomander was mentioned; nowadays the case has practically appropriated to itself the name originally given to the contents.

Pomanders are frequently represented in portraits, both English and foreign, painted during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. They are shown pendant from the neck-chain or the girdle, and were often richly ornamented with beautiful perforated or filigree work. Such pomanders, however, were usually of simple construction, being cases of nearly globular form, opening along a median line, and intended to hold a single musk-ball or mass of perfumed earth. A pomander of this kind is referred to in the inventory of the effects of Henry V. (1423), where a musk-ball of gold weighing eleven ounces and another of silver gilt are named. A globular pomander of this sort is in the British Museum. Its date is somewhere about 1500; it is of gold open work, wrought and chased, and is nearly two inches in diameter. It was found on the Surrey side of the Thames by a bargeman, while endeavouring to fix his anchor in the bank of the river. It still retained some of its original contents, in spite of the three centuries during which it had been embedded in the earth. For, when some of the substance was removed from its interior and heated, a strong aromatic odour was given off. An extremely fine case, still containing its original musk-ball (which is gilt), belongs to Mr. Soden-Smith, but it is of Indian workmanship. It has a silver-gilt lining which shows through the perforated and chased envelope of silver. This example is $4\frac{1}{8}$ inches high and $3\frac{2}{8}$ inches in diameter.

We have very few words in English which show even an apparent likeness to pomander, and not one which derives its termination from the same source. One recalls 'germander,' with 'colander,' 'palissander,' and 'lavender,' but all these are etymologically different. It is also curious to note that whenever the word 'pomander' occurs in verse, its first syllable is accented, not the penultimate.

To the pomander, its ingredients and uses, frequent reference is made in the literature of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. 'The Pomander of Prayer' is the title of a devotional work written by Thomas Becon (born 1512, died about 1570). It was first printed, in 1530, as a black-letter quarto with woodcuts, by Robert Copland, a servant of Wynkyn de Worde. The colophon of this edition runs as follows:—'¶ Imprented in the Flete Strete at the syne of the Rose garlande by Robert Coplande, the xxxj day of October, 1530.' Richard Whytford, a translator employed by Wynkyn de Worde, who styled himself 'The sayde wretche of Syon, Rycharde Whytford,' issued the same work in 1532. The first of these early editions is in the Britwell Library; the British Museum possesses neither. The work was reprinted in 1538 by John Daie, and several times subsequently.

The poet Drayton (1563–1631), in his 'Quest of Cynthia,' describes the mould from Cynthia's fountain as the foundation of pomander balls:—

> 'As when she from the water came,
> Where first she touched the mould,
> In balls the people make the same
> For pomander and sold.'

Again he says:—

'The sacred virgin's well, her moss most sweet and rare,
Against infectious damps for pomander to wear.'

Herrick (1591-1674) has several passages relating to the same trinket:—

The Pomander Bracelet.

'To me my Julia lately sent
A bracelet, richly redolent;
The beads I kissed, but most loved her
That did perfume the pomander.'

To the most fair and lovely Mistress Anne Soame, now Lady Abdie.

'When as the meanest part of her
Smells like the maiden-pomander.'

On Julia.

'How can I choose but love, and follow her
Whose shadow smells like milder pomander.'

In 'Lingua,' a pedantic play written at the very beginning of the seventeenth century, one of the characters, 'Odor,' an attendant upon 'Olfactus,' says, 'Your only way to make a good pomander is this: take an ounce of the purest garden mold, cleansed and steeped seven days in change of motherless rose-water, then take the best labdanum, benioine, both storaxes, ambergrease, civet and musk, incorporate them together, and work them into what form you please. This, if your breath be not too valiant, will make you smell as sweet as my lady's dog.' Lord Bacon, in an oft-quoted passage, writes, 'They have in physick use of pomander and knots of powders for drying of rheums, comforting the heart, and provoking of sleep.' Sir Fred. Madden, in his 'Privy Purse Expenses of the Princess Mary,' refers to a receipt given in 1584 by Henry Car in the 'Treasury of Commodious Conceits.' Therein we are directed, in order to make a pomander, to take benzoin, storax, calamite, labdanum, cinnamon, sweet sanders, cloves, ambergris, musk, civet, and rose-water. Other references to the pomander are given in Mr. Soden-Smith's 'Notes on Pomanders'—a paper to which I am largely indebted ('Archaeological Journal,' vol. xxxi., p. 337). Thus, in the inventory of jewels belonging to the Lady Mary, daughter of King Henry VIII. (1542–1546), we find 'itm a pomander of gold w^{t} a Diall of gold in yt.' Again, her father gave her on New Year's Day, 1543, two long girdles of goldsmith's work with 'pomandres' at the ends. In the 'Winter's Tale' Autolycus says, 'I have sold all my trumpery; not a counterfeit stone, not a riband, glass, pomander, brooch, table book, ballad, knife tape, glove, shoe-tie, bracelet, horn-ring to keep my pack from fasting.' Bishop Beveridge says, 'The pomander smells sweeter by rubbing.' And Ludovico Vives, writing in the first half of the sixteenth century, mentions 'pomanders.'

The most notable, and, at the same time, the

FIG. 1.

earliest in date, of any extant pomander, of which I have cognizance, is in the collection of Mr. J. C. Robinson. It is of silver, parcel-gilt, and is almost entirely covered, within and without, with the richest niello work. A detachable silver screw, surmounted by a hinged quatrefoil loop for suspension, retains the four lobes of this pomander in their places. The spherical surface of this beautiful specimen is decorated with elaborate arabesques in silver upon a ground of niello: our fig. 1 hardly does justice to the purity of the curves and the complexity of the details of the design. Each segment is closed by a slide, on which the names of Pallas, Venus, Juno, and Paris, are shown in silver letters upon a niello ground. The two flat sides of each compartment are covered with a fine diaper of niello, and are bordered with inscriptions. These are here given:

PALAS. (*sic*)
SE · DANT · REGNA · REGI ·
MICHI · SI · FAVEAS · TIBI · REGI ·
VENVS.
SENSV · DNES · ERIS · SI · ME
DITET · DECVS · ERIS ·
IVNO.
AGE · PAREM · TIBI · DONO ·
PRO · POMI · DONO · PARIS ·
PARIS.
CAVSA · PATET · IVSTA · VENVS ·
EST · MAGIS · ORE · VENVSTA ·

It is peculiarly interesting to note the comparison here made between the apple of Paris and the apple of perfumes or pomander. For this specimen is a very early one; the style of the ornament and the forms of the lettering indicating a date somewhere between 1300 and 1325. The work is Italian.

Mr. J. C. Robinson owns several other pomanders.

Of these the most important is a large octopartite example in silver, of German workmanship. Its date may be fixed somewhere in the latter half of the sixteenth century. The general appearance of this specimen, when open, may be gathered from the annexed sketch (fig. 2); the ornamental treatment of the exterior is shown in fig. 3, which represents the design chased in relief on a sunk hatched ground on the outside of one of the eight segments.

A pomander, somewhat earlier in date than that just described, but resembling it in many particulars, belongs to Mr. R. H. Soden-Smith. The engraved floral ornament in the interior of the segments and on the central octagonal column is finer in design than that of fig. 2; on the exterior there are engraved four circular framed designs representing the Evangelists, each accompanied by his symbol and writing his Gospel. The foot of this pomander forms an important part of the design; the screw by which it is connected with the globular body ends in a small spatula, by means of which a portion of any of the scented compositions contained in the segments can be removed. There are eight solid silver balls or knobs upon the upper part of this foot; below these

FIG. 2.

is engraved a kind of vandyked leaf-pattern; the base itself consists of a perforated silver-gilt plate which allows the odour of the material enclosed in the foot to escape. This perforated design is shown in fig. 4. The slides which close the segments of this pomander are inscribed with the names of various scents, as follows:—

1. Canel.	5. Negelken.
2. Moscat.	6. Ruten.
3. Rosmarin.	7. Citronen.
4. Schlag.	8. Rosen.

Mr. Soden-Smith's collection includes other pomanders, one of which is shown in Fig. 5. This is of plainer character than those before described, but of similar construction. It was purchased in Florence some years ago, and is probably of Italian origin: it belongs to the first half of the seventeenth century. The smaller globe at the top is in one piece, and

FIG. 3.

hollow; it forms a bottle for liquid perfume; to its base are attached the cover and screw which serve to retain the eight segments of the larger globe in their places; the foot, when unscrewed, reveals another cavity for scent; the under-side of this foot bears an engraved bay-wreath, forming a seal.

FIG. 4.

A remarkable pomander of solid gold, in the form of a book, belongs to Mr. W. Edkins, of Bristol; it is shown in Figs. 6 and 7. The designs on the covers are engraved, and were once filled in with black enamel. On opening the book by withdrawing the gold pin attached to the chain, shown in our illustration, a hinged plate of gold appears;

FIG. 5.

this serves to divide the four square compartments of one side of the box from those of the other side. This plate is inscribed with the following names:—

Negelken B	Slag B
Annis B	Muschaten B
Zanen. Sa.	Cimt B
Citronen. B	Rosen B

Mr. Edkins's pomander is dated 1621; it is of German workmanship.

In the collection at South Kensington are several pomanders. One of these, No. 1131—1864, closely resembles the specimen described on previous page, and belonging to Mr. R. H. Soden-Smith; doubtless both

FIG. 6.

pieces came from the same hand. The perforated plate on the foot of this piece is pierced with the same pattern; the vandykes, the knobs, the panels of engraved work, and many other details, are alike in the two examples. But the Museum specimen has but six compartments instead of eight, and but three panels on the outside instead of four. The designs on these panels consist of *amorini* in different attitudes, and are engraved with great spirit and delicacy. The engraved ornaments on the inside of the case are of a kind of strap or scroll work; there is a spatula at the end of the screw which serves to unite the foot and body of this pomander. Three only of the

FIG. 7.

engraved slides remain in place; they are marked thus:—2. Zimbt. 3. Muskaten. 6. Schlag. No. 37—1876 is a smaller example of the same type; the outside bears the symbols of the Evangelists, which are lettered thus:—Mateus, Lucas, Marcus, Johannes.

Another pomander at South Kensington (1226, 1871) is an exquisite piece of work. It is of a somewhat oblate form, and is decorated with beautiful engraved arabesques on each of its eight segments, while the interior shows some elegant diaper work. There is also in the same collection a small, rather rough specimen (1446—1870) of globular form, having six divisions; the interior of this specimen is plain. A fourth example (4245—1856) is of metal gilt, and is 3¼ inches high. It is surmounted by a hollow knob set with six turquoises. On the outside of each of its six segments is a small painted enamel with a figure subject. It is of rather elongated form, and of Dutch origin. The base consists of a rose.

A fifth specimen has an oval outline and flat sides of perforated silver work, bearing figures of a shepherd and shepherdess. On raising one of these perforated plates, a hinged lid is revealed, which is engraved with the names of six perfumes corresponding to the contents of the six divisions of the body of the object. The names are contracted, and run as follows:—

Canel.	Ca. | Ro.	Rosen.
Slag.	Sla. | Mü.	Muschaten.
Zimmt.	Zy. | Neg.	Negelken.

There are two pomanders in the shape of snails in the South Kensington collection. One of these (9077-1863) is elaborately ornamented with chased work and bands having vandyked edges. The *operculum* is represented by a hinged door or cover, while the summit of the snail (much like the common garden species) unscrews and discloses a small compartment for a second kind of perfume. Another model represents a much flatter species of Helix: this opens transversely, one side consisting of a perforated cover having numerous radiating openings, while the other side, which is solid and engraved with spiral bands, covers a box having five divisions, marked respectively—

Sclag.	Canel.
Rosen.	Negelken.

A fifteenth-century pomander in the same collection (918–1853) consists of a small globe opening at the equator. The upper and lower hemispheres consist of Gothic tracery beautifully cusped. This example is of metal gilt, and represents the simplest form of the trinket. The South Kensington Museum possesses also a silver-gilt filigree pomander of a rather oblate spherical form (328–1864).

Great ingenuity was often shown in devising curious constructions and forms for the pomander. Sometimes it assumed the shape of a barrel, the staves of which fell asunder on loosening the head; or the barrel was built up of a number of shallow, round boxes, screwing into one another at the hoops. Sometimes a compass formed the motive of the construction, and, as the needle was moved to each point, the drawers beneath, each containing a different perfume, could be pulled out. A bunch of leaves and fruits (generally pears or apples) is of common occurrence, each fruit being so constructed as to hold one or more perfumes. Towards the end of the seventeenth

and during the earlier part of the eighteenth century vase-like forms were in vogue; many of these combined a vinaigrette with a box to hold a solid preparation perfumed with musk. During the same time egg-shaped silver and gold boxes were also used to contain scent-balls. Some of these boxes are of composite structure, and capable of holding two or more distinct perfumes. The earlier examples are often decorated with beautiful arabesques and other engraved ornaments. These cases differ from the pomanders before mentioned in possessing no ring or loop for suspension.

A. H. Church.

TOBIAS AND THE ANGEL.

ENGRAVED IN MEZZOTINT BY E. P. BRANDARD, FROM THE PICTURE BY REMBRANDT IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

THE history of Tobias is one of those which have most interested painters, and especially Rembrandt, who recurred to it several times in painting or etching. The picture here engraved is remarkable for its solemnity. It is not of imposing size, being less than three feet wide, but it is one of the most impressive of the old landscapes.

The tenth of our chapters on 'Imagination in Landscape Painting' was devoted to the subject of 'Unity as a Result of Imagination.' This picture might have been mentioned as a good instance of the simplicity and unity which result from a purely imaginative conception. Nothing could be simpler than the materials; the rising ground to the left is rough and broken, to convey the idea that the journey of young Tobias has not been quite easy hitherto, and for the same reason he is walking on rough ground; the sky, the wood, and the river are gloomy, to impress us with a sense of awe, but there is a light in the sky behind the trees which at the same time gives a centre to the subject and makes us feel that, although the way may be rough and the weather gloomy, the traveller is not abandoned either to darkness or despair. The introduction of the angel with wings is rather opposed to the text, as Tobias saw nothing to indicate the angelic rank, but it is almost necessary as a painter's license.

P. G. H.

SUSSEX IRONWORK OF THE SIXTEENTH AND SEVENTEENTH CENTURIES.

BESIDES the fire-dogs, a large business was also done in cast-iron fire-backs. At Beckley, about six miles from Rye, there was a foundry at work up to the end of the last century. It was situated in a lonely hollow still known as Beckley furnace; and at Brede, about four miles from here, there were some very considerable ironworks, belonging to the Sackvilles in the seventeenth century, afterwards to a John Brown, who sold it in 1693 to the Westerns of Essex (a name suggestive of 'Denis Duval'). The Westerns held them till the end of the last century, and the works were not destroyed till 1825, after some powder-mills had been tried on the spot, and failed. Other foundries existed at Burwash, Penhurst, near Battle, and Heathfield. The staple manufactures of these foundries were cannon and fire-backs, many of which were exported from Rye.

These fire-backs are often very beautiful. The instance given from the collection of the Rev. G. J. Blomfield is a very fine piece of casting. Its design consists of the Spanish and Austrian arms, skilfully arranged to fill up the space required, the whole in very delicate relief. The second instance from the same collection is not so good, but interesting as having belonged to Charles II. A bold border of acanthus surrounds the panel, which is decorated with a crown and anchor and the initials 'C. R.' There is a very fine fire-back *in situ* in an old seventeenth-century house at Kennington, near Ashford. The relief is very delicately modelled and finely designed. It is about 2 feet 9 inches high and 2 feet wide. A border of oak-leaves surrounds the panel. The subject of the latter is a king in a sort of chariot drawn by two horses over a bridge, with a torrent pouring through the arches. An inscription at the bottom is now illegible. In Kirton Church, Devon, there used to be a coat of arms with a device similar to that of the bridge in the lower part of this fire-back, in memory of a certain Trowbridge. 'It seemeth,' says the ingenious Gwillim, 'to have been given the first bearer thereof as an allusion to this surname, Trowbridge, quasi Throwbridge, having respect to the current and fall of the streams that do passe through the arches, wherein the deviser had an ingenious conceit in the fitting thereof to his name, yet so as it was not so palpably understood of the vulgar sort,'—in fact, a rebus.

Earlier in the seventeenth century the fire-backs

were cast of much greater size, and were decorated with the arms of the family to which they belonged. At Rollison Farm, Rolvenden, Kent, there is a fire-back 5 feet long and 3 feet high, decorated with

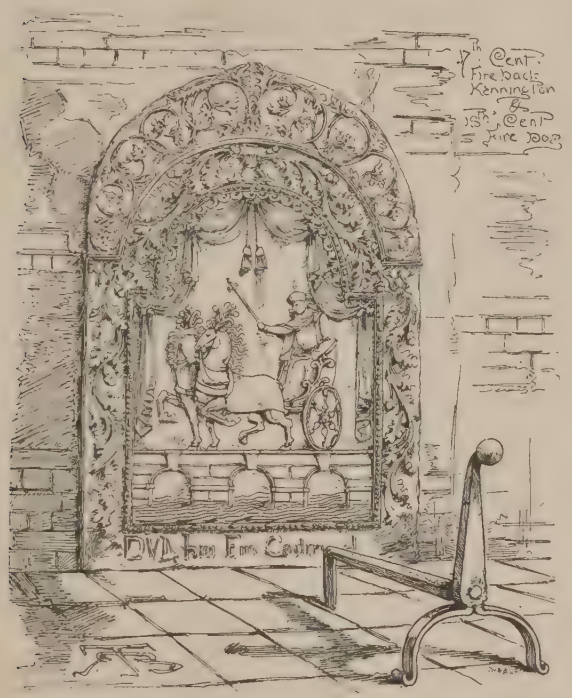
shields carrying a lion rampant and three crosses on one half, and a chevron and three arrowheads on the other side—the arms either of the Cadwells or Gibbons. It bears the date 1603, and initials either

'T. C.' or 'T. G.' A certain Edmund Gibbon founded Benenden School, close by, in 1609. In the house at Kennington, mentioned before, there is another of these fire-backs *in situ*. It measures 5 feet by 2 feet 6 inches, but 6 inches are buried under the kitchen floor. The design is very simple, consisting of fifteen shields, all with the same arms, which are the same as in the Rolvenden instance, and a panel with initials 'G. T., 1630.' The place once belonged to some Tyndales, but the similarity of arms is curious. About ten miles from here, at Lenham, Kent, there used to be fire-backs, 6 feet by 4 feet, in the Honeywood Charity House, covered with men and great roses, and extending across the entire chimney-back, so I was informed by the tenant; but they had been broken up, and he did not know what had become of them. As Viollet le Duc says, 'Il est probable qu'elle aura été, comme tant d'autres anciennes pièces de forge éparses dans nos petites villes de province, vendue avec de vieux fers.'

The same foundries that produced these fire-backs probably produced the curious cast-iron memorial-slabs to be seen in some of the churches of the Weald. The earliest of these is at East Grinsted, to a certain Anne Barclay, wife of Henry Barclay, LL.D., died 1570. It measures 4 feet 9 inches by 2 feet. There is one in Withyam Church, dated 1582. The lettering on these slabs is cast in relief. There are several of them in Wadhurst Church. The earliest, dated 1617, is decorated with six shields, bearing three stars and initials 'W. B.' It is fixed in the floor of the south aisle, and is to a member of the Barham family. Another plate records that, 'Heare lyeth the body of David Barham, Gent, which desesed this life the 18th day of Feb., A.D. 1643.' A certain John Legas, who carried on the ironworks (probably of Lamberhurst), lies buried here. His inscription, in brass letters on an iron plate, states, 'Also at the same place lieth interred the body of the above-named John Legas, Gent^{n}, who by his industry and diligence in the ironworks of this country acquired a handsome fortune with great credit and reputation. He died the 22nd May, 1752, aged sixty-two years, and left behind him the valuable character of a good man.'

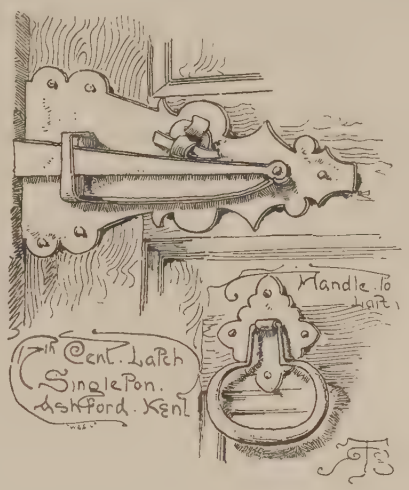
The Sussex forges and foundries seem to have done a great deal of excellent miscellaneous work as well, such as hinges, domestic implements, and door furniture. The instances from Wicken's Farm and Singleton, both in Kent, are good specimens of the sound domestic ironwork of the seventeenth century. So, again, is the three-legged caldron, with initials 'I. W.' and claw feet. The latter is in bell-metal, and stands about ten inches high. It resembles the standard measures of Elizabeth's reign. These latter were cast in bell-metal, and were usually decorated with the royal devices and the royal inscription in relief letters carried as a band all round the measures. The Guildford Corporation possesses four of these of different sizes all dated 1601. The largest is circular, about 1 foot 9 inches diameter, and 9 inches deep. It is flat-bottomed and stands on three feet. It has two handles; a band runs round the outside with the inscription: 'Elizabeth dei gratia angliae regina, 1601.' An inscription

below states that it was adjusted to the standard in his Majesty's exchequer by Bryan Corcoran in 1791. The other three are smaller, and shaped more like mortars. The inscriptions are the same. There is a very large standard measure in Penshurst Castle, with the remarkable inscription: 'Elizabet. Dei gratia Angliae Franciae et Hiberniae regina.' d. 1601. The stand for two candles shown in the sketch probably dates from early in the sixteenth century. The mouldings on the stem are Late Perpendicular. The design of this candle-stand is quite perfect in its way. The stem rests on a massive tripod, with three ball feet. It starts as an octagon, tapering up till it reaches the moulding, above which it becomes cylin-



drical in order to allow the spring candle bracket to be moved up or down to the height required. The beauty of it is that its strength and solidity are exactly in the right place, while all unnecessary weight is dispensed with. The rushlight stand from Anne of Cleves' house, West Hoathley, shows the same treatment of the spring. All sorts of miscellaneous hardware were turned out by the Sussex foundries in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The Rye Corporation possess a beautiful little handbell dated 1566, which I should like to assign to local work, but the inscription gives no clue. It merely states, 'Petrus Cheineus me fecit 1566.' The bell itself is covered with a relief of Orpheus charming the beasts, and above this the motto, 'O mater Dei, memento mei,' which looks as if it had been a mass-bell, and not a mayor's handbell, as it is described. It is about six inches high.

Rye also possesses a somewhat ghastly example of wrought-iron work in the iron frame in which men were 'hung in chains.' It is skilfully constructed of iron bands, with hinges to admit of its being fastened to the body, and the whole was hung up by a swivel

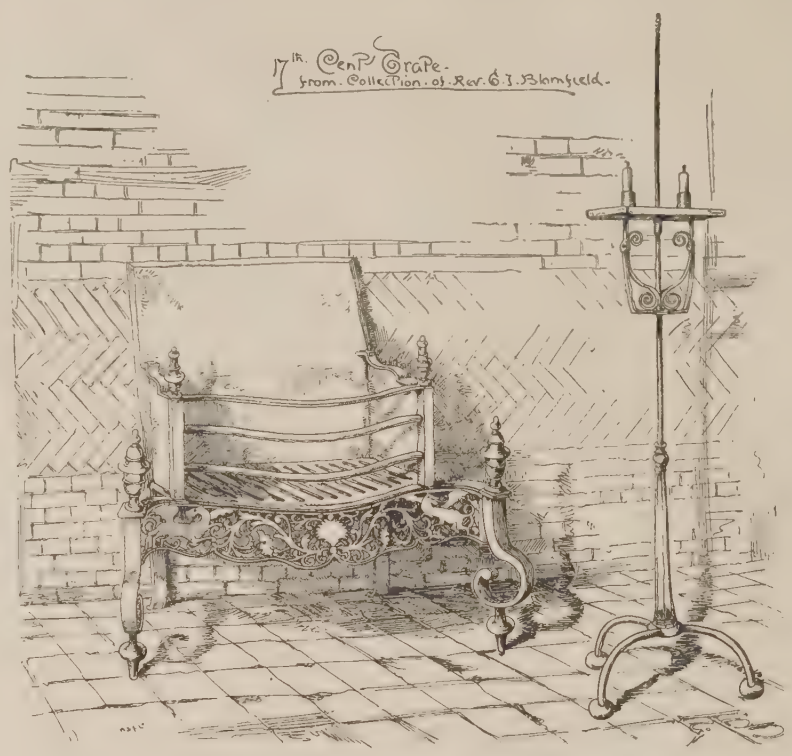


hook, riveted to the cage which held the head. A certain John Breeds, who murdered Allen Grebble, of Rye, was hung in these chains in 1744.

The instances from Lady Dorothy Nevill's collection, now exhibited at Folkestone, suggest the more genial side to the life of our forefathers. The collec-

tion contains rushlight-holders, lamps, scissors, &c., and several of those admirably finished little steel tongs which were used by smokers for taking up live coals to their pipes. They are all constructed with springs; one of them is dated 1692. They vary in length from 14 to 18 inches. The two lamps consist of flat vessels to hold the oil, hooked to turned shafts, which again are finished with hooks for hanging up. In one of the lamps the flat vessel is ornamented with arabesques along its sides. In the other the vessel

much resembles the little Roman earthenware lamps, but it has a hinged top, with a figure of a cock to act as button. One part of the lower hook is chased. The total height is about 6 inches, and projection of flat vessel about 4½ inches. It dates from the seventeenth century. The collection also contains a charming hobstand. It has three legs, and stands about 14 inches high. The top is formed of a circular plate perforated with flowers and the letters of the date, 1692, ranged alternately.



The two grates which conclude our series of illustrations are different types of seventeenth-century work. The grate with the band of pierced ironwork is very graceful. The design of the band is thoroughly English; in the centre appears the carnation which the artists of the English Renaissance used so freely in all their decorative work, otherwise this band is suggestive of the beautiful use of perforated iron in Spanish sixteenth-century work. The second grate, in the possession of Mr. Ferneley, of Ashford, is more massive in treatment, and bold and effective work of its kind. The terminal figures stand about twenty-two inches high. They are modelled with great skill and artistic feeling, and show knowledge of Roman work. The lower rail of the grate is riveted to the backs of the figures. It appears from another grate of exactly similar design in the possession of W. B. Jemmett, Esq., that several castings were made from the same mould, as in modern work. Possibly this was done in the sixteenth century as well, but I have found no instances of it.

The value of this work is that it is spontaneous and unaffected. For instance, in the fire-dogs, certain definite requirements had to be met, and it was out of these requirements that the forms grew, as naturally as the lines of a ship from the necessities of navigation. Having once developed a type that answered all practical needs the English smiths showed their robust sense by adhering to it, and giving play to their imagination only in such decorative treatment as did not interfere with the form. For instance, the horizontal bar which supported the logs of wood was always left plain, any ornamentation here being absurd. It seems a truism to say that all unnecessary decorative detail is necessarily unartistic, yet there is probably no principle of art that is more consistently overlooked in what now-a-days passes muster as art-work. We seem to have lost that habit of reserve and self-suppression, that power of refining upon detail till it has attained its fittest and most forcible expression, which gives its inexhaustible vitality to the work of the great periods. It is not that technical skill is wanting; our smiths can turn out work as elaborately designed and as exquisitely finished as the finest mediæval ironwork. But the *motif* is absent. The craving for originality betrays its utter poverty, and there is no stronger evidence of the unsoundness of current ideas on art than the readiness with which anything 'outre' and bizarre is snatched up as a new creation. It is the inherent vulgarity of industrialism asserting

itself again. Trade is all for 'what pays,' and what pays is what strikes the imagination of the uncultivated rich, or such work as is suggested by this charming description from the 'Builder': 'The sort of architecture that delights the heart of your Birmingham man, "pur sang," large, costly, and respectable, without a spark of artistic feeling or originality.' First-rate work and truly artistic is done now-a-days, but the art feeling has still to get hold of the community at large. The middle classes have yet to learn that the claims of a genuine culture are not to be satisfied by rushes to picture-galleries and small talk about the annual exhibitions. So long as art is regarded as a mere side issue, and people are content to put up with the abominable art affectations of the British tradesman, it is futile to ask for a national art. The fault is with the public, not with the artists. The public has yet to rid itself of certain vicious associations of ideas. Having got a glimpse of the truth that beauty and use go together, it confuses use with profit, and argues that beauty and profit are inseparable. We cannot hope for a genuine national art till the people at large have shaken themselves free of that foul *βαναυσία* which is the taint of a commercial age, and endued themselves again with the simple, manly spirit that inspired such work as this which I have attempted to describe.

No traces of this once busy handicraft remain in the Weald, except in a certain traditional skill of its smiths. The woods that supplied its furnaces, as well as material for the half timber of its charming yeomen's houses, have long since become too valuable for fuel; and it became apparent in the last century that the skilled work of the Weald could no longer

compete with the great coal and iron industries of the North. Perhaps to the art-student it is all the more pleasant to meditate on its traces in these quiet villages, and search out examples of its cunning in the time-worn homesteads that nestle amidst the woodlands of the Weald.

REGINALD T. BLOMFIELD, M.A.

LUCA DELLA ROBBIA.

AS if for once at least to mark well the commencement of a century as a milestone of art, we have quite a cluster of remarkable artists, both painters and sculptors, who were born within a few years of the year 1400. According to the latest recovered records Luca della Robbia must be added to this constellation of genius. In 1399 or 1400 he first saw the light, the junior of Fra Angelico by twelve or thirteen years, the senior of Masaccio by two; and while he can claim artistic relationship to the former of these in mystical feeling, and to the latter in classic freedom and balance of design, he may also be said to have shared the impulses of those other artists of the period who devoted themselves to the intimate study of nature, and to scientific research. His fresh and profound observation of human gesture and expression, and his successful application of stanniferous enamel to terra-cotta bas-reliefs, place him in the front rank of those earnest reformers, who, whether sculptors like Donatello or painters like Paolo Uccello, endeavoured to improve the practice and extend the scope of their profession.

In sculpture he held a unique position; the junior but contemporary of Ghiberti and Donatello, who between them had conquered all those hindrances of imperfect skill and knowledge which had hampered the genius of the Pisani and Orcagna, he stood, as it were, midway between these energetic pioneers and conquerors and the gentler following of the Rossellini, the Maiani, and the younger members of his own family, who, forsaking heroic heights, were to conduct Italian sculpture by short and pleasant stages down the exquisite declivities of tenderness and grace. For such an intermediate position Luca was well qualified, for he could look both forward and backward, and was gifted with a range of sensibility which enabled him to comprehend the motives of older and younger men.

It is this sensibility, combined with his natural judgment and good taste, which is perhaps the most

distinguishing character of his art as a whole. In no one were so many qualities so well balanced, and he could turn his hand to anything without fear of

GROUP OF SINGERS.
From marble *Cantoria*, once in the Duomo, Florence, now in Bargello.
Luca della Robbia.

failure, competent at once to finish the work of other men without showing the join, or to produce something quite distinctively his own. One is not surprised to find that the traditions of his artistic education are uncertain. He has been said to have been a pupil of Ghiberti, and he has not been said to have been a pupil of Donatello; but there is no evidence of his having studied under the former except what may be gathered from his works, and these, if examined, will show quite as many traces of Donatello's influence. As far as dates are concerned, he may well have been a pupil of Donatello, for he was seventeen years the junior of that great artist; but perhaps the number of works with which both their names are associated may have tended to prevent such a conjecture. One thing indeed seems clear; under whatever master he may have learnt the rudiments of his art there was none who exercised a paramount influence over him. He was evidently in the development of his genius self-directed in the main, learning from all, but controlled by none.

We have very few undoubted records of Luca, and the earlier portion of his life with its works is almost without them. Vasari's statements that he was placed by his father with Leonardo di Ser Giovanni to learn the art of the goldsmith, and that when he had scarcely completed his fifteenth year he was taken with other young sculptors to Rimini to prepare certain marble ornaments and figures for Sigismondo di Pandolfo Malatesti, have been relegated to the very populous region of Vasari's fable-land. Less dubitable is his birthplace in his father's house, but this was in the Via Sant' Egidio at Florence, and not very near the church of San Barnaba, as Vasari says. Those who wish to do so may, however, still believe that 'he did nothing but work with his chisel all day, and by night he practised himself in drawing; and this he did with so much zeal, that when his feet were often frozen with cold in the night time, he kept them in a basket of shavings to warm them, that he might not be compelled to discontinue his drawings.'

Except that he afterwards removed to a house in the Via Guelfa, which remained for some centuries in his family, that he was never married, but lived with his nephews, Andrea and Simone, till his death, there is little material for a biographer of Luca, except the commissions he received and the works he executed. He appears to have lived a life of peace and honour, devoted to his art and his family. In 1471 he was elected President of the Corporation of Florentine Artists, an honour which his age and failing health compelled him to refuse. In the same year he made his will, leaving his property to Simone and everything connected with his art to Andrea, and he died on Feb. 20, 1482, and was buried in the church of San Pier Maggiore.

GROUP OF TRUMPETERS AND DANCING CHILDREN.
From marble *Cantoria*, once in the Duomo, Florence, now in Bargello
Luca della Robbia.

With regard to his career as an artist, the record till he was over thirty is blank. It has been conjec-

tured by Messieurs Cavallucci and Molinier* that some of Luca's earlier essays in sculpture may be discovered among the bas-reliefs and statues on the outside of the Cathedral at Florence, which have not yet been subjected to a severe critical examination; but the earliest work of his about which we possess certain information is the famous *cantoria*, singing gallery or organ-loft, which he was commissioned to execute in 1431, and finished in 1440. It was erected over the door of one of the sacristies in the Duomo, but has long since been removed. The ten marble bas-reliefs of which it was composed are at present in the Bargello resting on the floor of one of the rooms. But if we wish to see how the entire work appeared when still in its original position at Florence, we have only to go to the South Kensington Museum.† There we have a reproduction in plaster of the gallery, with the bas-reliefs, brackets, &c., complete, raised high above the floor, and this experiment goes far to prove that Vasari was right in his opinion of the superior effectiveness of Donatello's gallery, which was erected over the door of the other sacristy. The finish of Luca's work is too fine, and the expression of the figures too subtle, to carry very far, and it is probable, however much we may be disposed to condemn the taste which removed the gallery from its original position, that the fame of Luca has been increased by the opportunity thus given for a closer study of these wonderful bas-reliefs, two of which we reproduce. To Donatello's gallery, commissioned in 1433, and now also displaced and preserved in the Bargello, may be allowed a greater style and a better understanding of decorative effect; but there its superiority rests, and the distinction between these two works can scarcely be better drawn than in the words of MM. Cavalucci and Molinier:—

THE RESURRECTION.

Relief in glazed terra-cotta, over door of Sacristy in the Duomo at Florence. Luca della Robbia.

'A la *furia* du dernier (Donatello) qui dépasse parfois un peu la mésure, nous préférons la souplesse du premier. Par la variété de la conception, la distribution harmonieuse des groupes de chanteurs et de danseurs, il l'emporte également; il y a tel de ces morceaux qui ne pourrait désavouer la sculpture antique. Les expressions, et les mouvements, tout aussi variés que chez Donatello, nous semblent plus justes. Destinées à la decoration d'une église, Luca s'est fait, croyons-nous, une idée plus exacte que ce que ces bas-reliefs devaient être; ses chœurs ont véritablement quelque chose de divin et de céleste, et, à coup sûr, sont plus dans les données Chrétiennes que les attitudes bacchiques des danseurs de Donatello.'

The first important fact that we have, therefore, of Luca's career as an artist is that when only thirty-one years of age he was thought by the authorities of

* 'Les Della Robbia, leur vie et leur œuvre.' By J. Cavallucci and Émile Molinier. Paris. Rouam, 1884.

† In this museum is also a stucco sketch (No. 7609), probably by Luca himself, of one of the bas-reliefs (that with the dancing children), which we engrave.

the Duomo at Florence worthy to be employed on a most important work, and if not the rival, was acknowledged as the peer, of Donatello. It may be accepted as certain that he had alréady shown his genius in many another work which cannot be traced now. Strange as is our ignorance with regard to these, it is yet more strange perhaps that this organ gallery should still remain the finest and most characteristic of his achievements. It appears to have been the only opportunity which he had of displaying his gifts with perfect, or almost perfect, freedom. He had no tradition to follow, no archaic type or ecclesiastical model to which he must conform. The love of nature and his sense of art were his only guides, and he produces these lovely slabs, in which observation and fancy were regulated by classical feeling in a manner before unknown and scarcely in sculpture equalled since. For once in that age the artist was emancipated.

VIRGIN AND CHILD WITH ANGELS.
Relief in glazed terra-cotta, over door of San Pierino, Florence. Luca della Robbia.

It was different with most of his other works, except those of a purely decorative kind, such as the grand Pazzi medallions, of which the South Kensington Museum possesses the finest (No. 6740), and those with the arms of the guilds which he and his followers set in the walls of Or San Michele. What the latter are like may be seen in our illustration, though it is doubtful when this particular one was executed. The arms are those of the Guild of Silk, the gate of Santa Maria in the district inhabited by the guild, beneath a red arch on a white ground. As a rule, he had to work within straitest limits of subject and sentiment, the servant, though the willing servant, of the Church, the accepter of tradition, the conformist as to style; but what liberty the true artist finds, even under severest restrictions, was seldom better exemplified than in his case. Perhaps he had never a more cramping task than those five bas-reliefs for Giotto's Campanile, for they had to be executed in a style foreign to his own—the vigorous but rude style of Giotto and Andrea Pisano. According to Vasari, 'In the first relief Luca pourtrayed San Donato teaching grammar; in the second are Plato and Aristotle, who represent Philosophy; in the third is a figure playing the lute for Music; in the fourth, a statue of Ptolemy, to signify Astronomy; and in the fifth, Euclid, for Geometry.' If, as has been supposed, he had the drawings of Giotto for his guidance, the task was simplified, but in any case he shows a praiseworthy sympathy with the previous sculptors in the tower. These bas-reliefs were executed concurrently with part of the organ-loft between 1437 and 1440.

In 1438 he received another commission for the Duomo. This was to execute altars for the Chapels of St. Peter and St. Paul. Donatello was to furnish the model for the latter. All that remains of this project, which was never executed, are two unfinished bas-reliefs in marble, by Luca, representing the re-

lease from prison and the crucifixion of St. Peter. These are now in the Bargello. These of all his pure sculptures are the nearest in style, as in date, to the reliefs of the organ-loft. The next work of his in marble which it is possible to date is a tabernacle, made for the Chapel of St. Luke in the Hospital of Santa Maria Nuova, executed in 1442, now in the Church of Santa Maria at Peretola. The tympanum contains a Pietà, and the frieze is decorated with the heads of cherubims, in enamelled terra-cotta, alternating with the arms of the Hospital, and is one of the earliest known examples of 'Della Robbia ware.'

Not less remarkable than the absence of any known sculpture of Luca's executed before the singing gallery is the ignorance with regard to his first essays in enamelling terra-cotta. Both as a sculptor and a ceramist he is unknown in an immature stage. It is as a master-potter that he appears in the great bas-reliefs over the doors of the sacristies in the Duomo—*The Resurrection* and *The Ascension*, executed in 1443 and 1446 respectively. Of the former of these we give an illustration, but both are too well known to need a further description here; nor is it

CANDLE-BEARER.
Statuette in glazed terra-cotta, in the Duomo, Florence.
Luca Della Robbia.

possible to consider within the limits of this article all Luca's works in enamelled terra-cotta, still less the innumerable works of his nephew Andrea and his grandnephews and their assistants, which extend beyond the middle of the sixteenth century. It may, however, be as well to correct a few 'popular errors' with regard to the process and practice of Luca in regard to the ware associated with his name. To the

CANDLE-BEARER.
Statuette in glazed terra-cotta, in the Duomo, Florence.
Luca Della Robbia.

invention of the enamel he can lay no claim, but he may still be said to have been the first to apply it to bas-reliefs in terra-cotta as a substitute for stone or marble—a substitute cheap, effective, durable, economical both of time and labour, and especially serviceable in situations exposed to the weather. It had also the advantage, great to the Italians, of receiving gay and indestructible colour. M. Bode* and others have pointed out that it is a mistake to suppose that Luca began with white enamel or with two colours (blue and white) only. Some of what are now considered his earliest pieces, like the garlands of the frieze of the tabernacle at Peretola, already mentioned, *The Ascension* in the Duomo, the decorations of the Pazzi Chapel in Santa Croce, the bas-reliefs in the Via dell' Agnolo and at San Pierino, in the Mercate Vecchio, are polychrome, whereas many later works, such as the lovely *Virgin and Child* between four saints at Urbino, is white on a blue ground. Messrs. Cavalucci and Molinier go so far as to say, that instead of pure white being a sign of antiquity, it is the contrary, a

* 'Die Künstlerfamilie della Robbia.'

great number of the works of the sixteenth century being entirely covered with white enamel. If not to this century, certainly to late in the fifteenth, must, I think, be ascribed the beautiful *Annunciation*, which we reproduce on plate [illegible]. In the Catalogue of the Museum, No. [illegible], it is but timidly assigned to Andrea della Robbia, and the description suggests that it is probably a work of Andrea's later period, during the time of his association with his sons: circa 1510–20. By Messrs. Cavenagh and Mollmer it is ascribed to the *atelier* of Giovanni della Robbia, second son of Andrea, born 1469, and Mr. Hyde Clarke contents himself with calling it "large late and rich in its drapery and decoration." Another error first started by Vasari is that Luca [illegible] marble and bronze when he set about his ceramic experiments; but the bronze door of the sacristy was commenced till 1446, and the marble tomb of Benozzo Federighi, Bishop of Fiesole, executed 1455–7, are sufficient to disprove this.

[illegible]

To return to Luca's career. His decorations at the Duomo, already mentioned, are sufficiently important—the cantoria and the two great bas-reliefs over the sacristy doors—and besides these he modelled those graceful figures of angels bearing candlesticks, of which we give illustrations, the only figures "by the round" which he is known to have executed in glazed earthenware. But to all these must be added a work very different in style to any he had done before, and presenting some greater difficulties even than the singing gallery. This was the bronze door of the sacristy, of which we represent one of the compartments.

Though Vasari was certainly wrong in the name of the goldsmith to whom Luca was apprenticed, it is more than probable that he, like so many other great artists (sculptors and painters), early learnt the art of working in metals. Of his skill in this respect he had already shown signs in two gilt bronze statuettes, now lost, which once adorned the balustrade of his singing gallery: but it was now put to a severer test. The commission for the door had been given to Donatello in 1437, but nine years passed and nothing was done. So in 1446 the authorities of the Duomo entered into a fresh agreement with Luca and two other artists, Michelozzo and Maso di Bartolomeo (called Masaccio). Maso died, and his brother, Giovanni, took his place, and on the 10th of August, 1464, with the assent of Michelozzo, the rest of the work was assigned to Luca. When it was finished is uncertain, but it was not till 1474 that Luca received the last instalment of his pay. Although we have no certain account of the division of the labour between the four artists employed upon it, there seems to be little doubt that the conception of the whole, and probably the design of the panels, was due to one mind only, and that Luca's. The plan is severe—ten square compartments framed with a simple moulding, and a head in relief at each corner. With the three doors of the Baptistery before his eyes (the door of Andrea Pisano, and the two doors of Ghiberti), he chose to imitate the severity of Andrea rather than the pictorial richness of the later artist. The panels themselves are all composed alike—a seated figure in the middle, a standing angel at each side, their heads a little lower than that of the seated figure. But within this strict outline Luca has managed to secure wonderful freedom and variety. In the top panels are the Virgin and Child and St. John the Baptist, next come the four Evangelists, and below the four Doctors of the Church. One of the latter has been chosen for illustration on account of beautiful balance of its design and the natural freedom and sensitiveness of the gesture.

THE FREE SOCIETY OF ARTISTS.

UNTIL the year 1760 no public exhibition of works of British artists had ever been made or attempted. In the last year of that year, however, the Society of the Free Society was observed that a number of the painters and sculptors of the time were ready to present, or had presented, specimens of their work for the adornment of that institution. Hogarth had suggested this generous proceeding some six years before by presenting his fine portrait of Captain Coram, the founder—one of the ablest productions of his brush—and an emblematic "Genius" for a sculpture. The example was followed by most of the painters of the day, such as Reynolds, Gainsborough, Wilson, George Lambert, Barbara Lowman, Thomas Hudson, Brooking, Cotes, Ware, Wills, Shackleton, Hayman, Cassali, and Roubiliac the sculptor. The collection, some twenty-five works in all, can still be seen at the Hospital, affording the only opportunity approaching completion of estimating the artistic value of the school at that time.

The artists who, in these ill-paying times, with commendable generosity were thus willing to freely bestow the products of their art upon a charity were elected governors of the institution, and it became customary to hold annual meetings there on the 25th of November to commemorate the landing of William of Orange, and for the transaction of business of which punch-drinking appears to have been an inseparable part. Their punch-bowl of blue and white china is still preserved. From this small beginning arose the idea amongst our artists of uniting together for mutual benefit, the advancement of the status of the profession, and particularly for the establishment of an annual exhibition. Several previous efforts to establish Academies of Arts in London had been made, such as Kneller's in 1711, Thornhill's in 1724, Vanderbank's a year or two later, Hogarth's in 1734, and afterwards the Duke of Richmond's in 1758, while other efforts in similar direction were the Dublin Society of Arts, established by Dr. Madden in 1731, and the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, &c., established by the exertions of Mr. Shipley in 1754. Most of these efforts were rendered more or

less inoperative by petty jealousies among the artists themselves. In no one of them had an exhibition of current art been attempted.

Two abortive attempts to establish a National Academy were made in 1753 and 1755. The first project failed utterly, the only result being some new material for the caricaturists of the day. In 1755, a Mr. Nesbitt published an essay 'On the Necessity of a Royal Academy,' and the artists printed 'A Plan of an Academy,' &c., which was signed by Hayman, Roubiliac, Hudson, Lambert, Samuel Scott, Robert Strange, Reynolds, Gavin Hamilton, Thomas Sandby, and others. The following is a quotation from the plan :—

'If, then, the national character ought to be consistent, the present wild and neglected state of the arts, and of painting in particular, is worthy both of attention and concern. To bring about this desirable end, it has been thought expedient to solicit the establishment of a Royal Academy, under the direction of a select number of artists chosen by ballot out of the whole body. A charter for such a Royal Academy has been prepared, by which the said committee of artists are to be empowered to receive contributions towards a fund for defraying the charge of the same. A plan has also been digested for directing the whole, which, it is hoped, is not liable to any material objections; and all that is further wanting to carry it into execution is the benevolence of the public.'

This appeal brought forward the Dilettanti Society, an assembly of gentlemen who had associated themselves with the distinct purpose of fostering a love of art in this country, and who, a year or two later, did good service in connexion with Stuart's 'Athens.' The two magnificent portrait groups of its members by Reynolds have recently been seen at the Grosvenor Gallery, and now again at the National Gallery; they are therefore well known. Negotiations between the artists and the Dilettanti ensued; but the artists would not permit the management of the proposed Academy to go out of their hands, and, naturally enough, the Dilettanti would not float the scheme financially without a proportionate share in the control. Thus this second effort fell to the ground. The artists appear to have been unbending and distinctly selfish in this matter. A determination to be independent was of course admirable in itself, but was hardly in accordance with an appeal for money help to the world at large. It may be noted that Hogarth was opposed to the scheme, opining apparently that as the school in St. Martin's Lane had been good enough for the past generation, it should have been sufficient for those to come.

In 1759 a general meeting of English artists at the 'Turk's Head,' Gerard Street, Soho, resolved to inaugurate an annual exhibition of works of natives of, or residents in Britain, with the following intention—'to endeavour to procure a sum of money to be distributed in charity towards the support of those artists whose age and infirmities, or other baneful hindrances, prevent them from being any longer candidates for fame.' A committee of sixteen was appointed to carry out this resolution, and Francis Milner Newton, an obscure mediocrity of the time —now almost entirely forgotten but in connexion with this affair—accepted the secretaryship. Later on the following letter was sent to the President of the Society of Arts :

'*London, Feb.* 26, 1760.

'Sir,—The artists of this city, having resolved to raise a sum for purposes of charity, by the annual exhibition of their works, entreat the Society to allow them the use of their room from the 7th of April to the 19th. This favour they consider as very important. The public concurrence of the Society will give to a new practice that countenance which novelty must always need; and the arts will gain dignity from the protection of those whom the world has already learned to respect.

'I am, &c.,

'F. Hayman,

'*Chairman.*'

The Society—which for some years had been doing its best to promote the welfare of artists in this country by awarding premiums, often very opportune to the struggling recipients—objected to any charge being made at the doors, and the sale of a sixpenny catalogue was accepted as a compromise. The exhibition was open from the 21st of April to the 8th of May. This, it should be remembered, was the first exhibition of English art ever held, and it will be admitted that this initial appearance, all things considered, was very creditable. It was inaugurated in spite of a prevalent contempt for native art and artists; in spite of numerous dissensions and jealousies among the artists themselves; and with a distinctly charitable object. It is a pleasant thing to be able to point to generosity as an almost invariable characteristic of the artistic brotherhood in this country. Their adornment of the Foundling Hospital, the object of this exhibition, the offer to decorate St. Paul's, Barry's self-devotion at the Adelphi, numerous bequests to the National Gallery, the Royal Academy, Oxford University, &c., all point in this direction.

Among the more important of the painters exhibiting with the collection of 1760, were R. Cosway (the miniaturist), F. Cotes (famous for his crayon heads), A. Cozens, Hayman, Highmore, Hone, Miss Moser (well known for her flower-pieces), R. E. Pine, Reynolds (four pictures), Paul Sandby (spelt Sanby), George, John, and Thomas Smith of Chichester, B. Wilson (a clever etcher, though a poor painter), and Richard Wilson (three pictures, including the masterpiece *Niobe*). The sculptors included Carlini (by whom there is a bust in the Diploma Gallery), Roubiliac, and Wilton; the engravers, MacArdell,

Pillement, R. Strange, and Woollett. Such an exhibition could hardly have been contemptible. Among the exhibitors not mentioned above were many now totally forgotten, except in an antiquarian sense, such as Catton, afterwards a foundation member of the Royal Academy, its Professor of Perspective, and Librarian, Master of the Painters-Stainers' Company in 1784; Mason Chamberlayne, also a foundation member; Dawes; Thos. Frye (who had established the unsuccessful porcelain works at Bow, and showed some power in various departments of art practice), Green, Handaside, Haytley, Thos. Lawrenson, Mercier, Morier, Henry Morland (father of the dissipated George), F. M. Newton, Pugh, Miss Catherine Read, Thompson, S. Wale (foundation member, largely employed in book illustration), Wills, &c. The mediocre talents of some of these, *e.g.*, Frye, Lawrenson, David Morier, can be judged at the National Portrait Gallery; Chamberlayne, at the Diploma Gallery; and Catton, Haytley, Wale, and Wills, at Painters' Hall. We have characterised this first representation of British art as creditable, but it by no means represented the entire possibility of the school. Hogarth held aloof, as did his imitator and plagiarist, Collet; Gainsborough was absent; so were George Lambert, who deserves fuller consideration than he has yet received, Dominic Serres, the marine painter, Samuel Scott, George Stubbs, the animal painter, George Barrett, the rival of Wilson, William Marlow, a follower of Wilson, Wright of Derby, John Mortimer, who lacked not talent but only patronage to have become an important addition to the roll of native genius; with a further array, extending to over one hundred, who joined one society or the other in the course of the next few years. The mere enumeration of these names is sufficient to show how much an exhibition was needed. The success of the experiment was sufficient to ensure its continuation. We cannot form any precise estimate of the crowds that thronged the Society's room during the fortnight of exhibition, but 6582 catalogues were sold, so that the actual number would probably be not less than 20,000. Indeed, the excess of visitors was a source of vexation to the artists, for reasons we shall presently see.

Before another exhibition could take place a split had occurred. Mr. E. B. Jupp, F.S.A., who made an extensive collection in illustration of the exhibits at the Free Society, calls them Aristocrats and Democrats. The former objected to the free admission insisted on by the Society of Arts; the latter endorsed the principle. The fact was that very few of the artists of the day had any ideas of an artistic 'mission,' for the elevation and refinement of the public generally; they appear to have thought that it was only the wealthy that could appreciate art at all. Consequently we find the 'Aristocrats' grumbling that the free admission brought crowds of 'inferior' people for whom the exhibition was 'not intended,' incommoding the patrons, and therefore keeping away this class to the manifest injury of the profession. Surely it was a sordid view to take of the matter, and in strong contrast to the general spirit of generosity we have already commented on. Artists were still dependent for daily bread on the caprice of patrons, and the necessity for propitiating them was strong in their minds. Even ten years later, on the opening of the Royal Academy, the excuse for an admission fee was that it kept out the 'meaner sort.' The artists, too, naturally desired to be their own masters, and disliked the idea of holding an exhibition merely on the sufferance of another Society, and of being dictated to upon the conduct of their exhibition. The 'Aristocrats' were by far the larger and more important section, including Gainsborough, Hogarth, Lambert, Reynolds, Samuel Scott, Stubbs, and Richard Wilson, a very strong backbone. In the present paper we are dealing with the 'Democrats,' the advocates of free admission, who devoted the whole of their receipts to charity. We have shown the circumstances of their origin, and will now proceed to their subsequent history.

The catalogue of the second exhibition at the Strand contained sixty-five names, most of which are now forgotten. The best-remembered of them are R. E. Pine, William Payne (one of the fathers of the water-colour school, by whom there are several examples at Kensington), Highmore (the sergeant-painter), Collet, Dominic Serres (who can be seen at Greenwich Hospital and South Kensington), A. Cozens, and R. Cosway, among the painters; Nollekens (spelt Nollikens and Nollykens), and Bacon among the sculptors; and Ravenet and Basire among the engravers. W. Pether (spelt Phethers), the moonlight painter, and F. Swaine (by whom there are examples at Hampton Court and South Kensington), a marine painter, joined the Society this year; William Pars, another early aquarellist, afterwards A.R.A., and the principal draughtsman employed on Stuart's 'Athens,' appears, 'aged seventeen,' with *A Three-quarter Portrait of a Gentleman;* as also Mr. R. Cosway, 'aged eighteen.' W. Peckitt, of York, the well-known glass painter, exhibited a large window of stained glass, and two smaller specimens. He was a self-taught artist, and good examples of his work can be seen in York Minster, and Guildhall, and at Bishopsthorpe Palace.

Among the recipients of the Society of Arts' premiums this year was N. Smith, a now-forgotten sculptor, who took thirty guineas for a bas-relief in clay, *The Continence of Scipio.* The catalogue contained this announcement: 'The money arising from the sale of these catalogues will be given by the artists, immediately after the exhibition, to some

public charity.' The 'London Magazine' for June, 1761, noticed the fulfilment of this intention: 'The artists who lately exhibited their works in the room belonging to the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, in the Strand, having raised a sum of money by the sale of the catalogues, have given 50*l.* to the Middlesex Hospital, 50*l.* to the British Lying-In Hospital, and 50*l.* to the Asylum for Female Orphans, and a small balance to two distressed artists.' The donations appear in the 'Minutes' of the hospitals in question, and Mr. Anthony Devis was elected a Perpetual Governor of the last-named.

In 1762 the Society appeared as 'The Free Society of Artists, associated for the Relief of Distressed Brethren, their Widows, and Orphans,' announcing that their receipts would be wholly so disposed. With the catalogue they printed four pages of a remarkably straightforward and well-intentioned plan. They do not appear to have set themselves in opposition to, or even in competition with, the 'Incorporated Artists,' but only to have done their best to fill a long-felt void, viz., some provident society for the unsuccessful members of the brotherhood. R. Earlom and F. Aliamet, engravers, were among the new exhibitors.

In 1763 the artists, some fifty in number, enrolled themselves under the above title in the Court of Queen's Bench. J. Shackleton, 'principal painter-in-ordinary to His Majesty,' and George Romney (spelt Rumney), joined the Society; the latter was undoubtedly the most important artist who ever identified himself with the institution; he also exhibited with the Incorporated Society, but held aloof from the Royal Academy. The Society of Arts awarded him a bounty of twenty-five guineas for his *Death of General Wolf* at this year's exhibition, and he gained another premium in 1765. The other winners of premiums of this year (1763) are worth noting: R. E. Pine, first premium for historical painting (100 guineas), for *Canute Reproving his Courtiers for their Impious Flattery;* John Mortimer, second premium for historical painting (fifty guineas), for *Edward the Confessor Spoiling his Mother of her Effects and Treasure;* George Smith, of Chichester, first premium for landscape (fifty guineas), for *A Large Landscape;* Charles Stuart, second premium for landscape (twenty-five guineas); and Anthony Devis, third premium for landscape (ten guineas), for *The Cool of the Morning.* These annual premiums were, of course, wholly the affair of the Society of Arts; the artists had nothing to do either with providing the funds or adjudging the recipients. The three brothers Smith were among the principal supporters of the Free Society. Although little regarded now, and undoubtedly tame and mannered in execution, they nevertheless painted with a real artistic feeling and conscientious finish; several specimens can be seen at South Kensington. There is also in the same gallery a *Hercules Slaying the Hydra,* by Mortimer, exhibiting considerable power in the design, as well as freedom and vigour in the drawing. It is evidently the work of a man who, in a more propitious time, would have achieved distinction. Pine had obtained another premium of 100 guineas in 1760 for his *Surrender of Calais.* His portrait of *Garrick* can be seen in the National Portrait Gallery. Anthony Devis was the father of Arthur William Devis, by whom there is a remarkably conceived picture of *Nelson in the Cockpit* at Greenwich Hospital.

In 1765 and 1766 the Society exhibited at the Great Room of Mr. Moreing (upholsterer), Maiden Lane, Covent Garden; the former catalogue contained the names of several eminent foreigners—Mr. Verschaffelt, chief sculptor to his Serene Highness the Elector Palatine, Zuccarelli, Angelica Kauffmann, Scheemakers, and Rysbrack. It may be noticed that this Society was generally supported by the foreign artists resident in England. In 1766 the funds of the Society amounted to 600*l.* in the Three Per Cent Stock. The next year's catalogue announced, 'From the commencement of this Association not a single member afflicted with sickness, &c., ever applied in vain; they have been relieved with from three, five, ten, to fifteen and twenty guineas each; and besides the cash in the Treasurer's hands, this Society hath now in the bank six hundred pounds, Three Per Cents, which cannot be alienated from the purposes in the plan on any pretence whatever.' The exhibitors this year include 'Master Flaxman,' with 'A large model of Hercules in plaister,' and 'Ditto of Omphale.' This, of course, was the celebrated John Flaxman, then only eleven years old, one of the greatest sculptors we have yet produced. E. Garvey, whose election afterwards as Royal Academician caused the retirement from the Academy of Wright of Derby; Casanova; and Jouffroy, 'glass painter to the Elector Palatine, Peintre Ordinaire du Roy de Pologne, Duc de Lorraine, &c.,' were also among this year's exhibitors. In the next year Master William Flaxman exhibited *Venus,* a bas-relief; Lambert of Lewes was also an exhibitor. This painter, who has left some interesting records of Sussex topography and antiquities—several of which were shown at the Brighton Museum last year, in connexion with the visit of the British Archaeological Association—has sometimes been confounded with George Lambert, a much superior painter, who died in 1765. Up to the year, 1768, that of the founding of the Royal Academy, about one hundred artists had signed the roll-declaration of the Free Society, but it has been remarked that thenceforward not a single artist joined. This

was undoubtedly due to the regulation of the Royal Academy, excluding from membership all who were connected with any other society, an unnecessarily harsh and despotic rule, which has since become a dead letter, and but for which the Free Society of Artists would probably have existed down to the present date. In the later exhibitions several prominent artists connected with the Royal Academy or Incorporated Society displayed their sympathy with its purpose by exhibiting with it; such, for example, as Gainsborough and Thomas Hodges, R.A. (by the latter of whom there is a picture of Ludlow Castle at South Kensington), in 1774; George Morland in 1775 (by which time the Society had saved 1350*l.* stock); James Fittler, A.R.A., the engraver, in 1776; Wright of Derby in 1778; Francis Wheatly in 1779; Francis Vivares, the engraver, and William Marlow, in 1782. The last exhibition made by this society was in 1783, when a considerable amount of support was accorded by outsiders, including Benjamin West, Cipriani, William Woollett, Loutherbourg, and Bartolozzi.

We must presume that at this date the Society was killed by the superior attractions of the Royal Academy, as was the Society of Incorporated Artists in 1791; the receipts had dwindled from 245*l.* in 1767 to 104*l.* in 1774, having been 81*l.* only the year before. There was no exhibition in 1777 or in 1781, and the 1350*l.* stock was probably entirely consumed by the date of the last exhibition. From that time to 1810 the artistic world of this country was without any provident fund. In 1788 the plan of a society for the relief of distressed engravers was promulgated—president, Sir Robert Strange; Secretary, Mr. Robert Pollard. It came to nothing; and the same fate befell another combination of engravers in 1803–4. In 1809, however, two engravers, Edward Scriven and the Robert Pollard above mentioned, happened to meet at the abode of an etcher, Mr. Tagg, reduced to destitution by paralysis and poverty, just as the landlord was threatening to seize the bed on which he lay. Between them they relieved his immediate wants and determined to rouse the profession. They succeeded in this, and originated the Artists' Fund, of which the first chairman was Arthur William Devis, son of the Anthony Devis who had been a prominent member of the Free Society.

ALFRED BEAVER.

ART CHRONICLE.

IN July the remainder of the great Blenheim Collections was dispersed under the hammer at Messrs. Christies'. The library, the gems, and the enamels, were sold by the late Duke of Marlborough; the present Duke distinguishes his succession by turning into more available property the grand collection of pictures and the fine Oriental china, especially the Nankeen blue, which was originally the property of Mr. Spalding. The chief gems of the picture-gallery passed last year into national and private collections. Thanks to the famous 'sensational grant,' the Raphael *Ansidei Madonna* and the Vandyck *Charles I.* are safe in Trafalgar Square; Berlin acquired the Sebastian del Piombo portrait; while the famous portrait groups and the *Garden of the Hesperides* by Rubens, passed into the collections of the Rothschild family. There remained at least ten more canvases from the hand of Rubens. Notably of those exhibited at Burlington House last winter the portrait of *Anne of Austria* and the *Venus and Adonis*, which at the sale fell to Mr. Agnew's bid at 3700 and 7200 guineas, but are stated to have been bought in; also the *Adoration of the Magi*, the *Departure of Lot*, and *The Holy Family*, bought for Mr. Butler, and a small study of the *Distribution of the Rosary*, which Mr. Agnew acquired at 1585*l.* 10*s.* To these must be added the well-known *Virgin and Child* by Vandyck; a most lovely Cuyp, *Travellers halting at an Inn*, bought by Mr. Martin Colnaghi; a fine Gonzales Coques, which fell to Mr. Sedelmayer; and many other good Dutch pictures; also the hundred and twenty Teniers copies, known as 'The Teniers Gallery,' now sold in separate lots. The usual excitement which marks the dispersion of a famous collection found voice in the newspapers, and gave occasion to some interesting correspondence.

The Director of the National Gallery, replying to a letter of Lord Thurlow in the 'Times' of July 28th, took occasion to deny that the annual grant (now suspended) was meant to meet opportunities and bargains only, and pointed out that it was the duty of the administrators of our national collection—the youngest yet one of the richest in Europe—to pass no occasion on which an important work of art might be secured, even at a cost of a whole year's income, and that especial efforts had been thus directed to secure examples of masters not adequately represented in the national collection. His Lordship's curious suggestion, that an announcement of desistence in future from purchase at public sales would encourage the generosity of donors and legatees, involves, as Sir F. Burton remarked, a singular paradox. 'It is precisely the importance and fame of a collection that induces persons to link their names with it.' The Director's observation is aptly endorsed by some recent gifts to the Gallery: namely, the fresco by Domenico Veneziano, obtained by Lord Lindsay in Italy, and now presented by his son, Earl Crawford; also the portion of a fresco of the legend of S. Michaele by Spinello, given by Sir H. Layard, and the Salvator Rosa *Landscape with Figures*, bequeathed by Mrs. F. L. Ricketts.

The official purchases from the Blenheim sale were as follows:—The bust portrait of John Russell, fourth Duke of Bedford, K.G., died 1772, by Gainsborough, bought by Mr. Scharf for the National Portrait Gallery; a small Dutch interior, by the rare artist, A. de Pape, acquired for the National Gallery by Sir F. Burton; a large Family Group by W. Dobson, mentioned by Horace Walpole and others as the best work of the painter, secured for the National Gallery of Ireland by Mr. Doyle. Mr. Doyle was also a purchaser at the previous important sale of part of the Nieuwenhuys collection the week preceding the Blenheim Gallery dispersion. A landscape with figures by Slingelandt, two small landscapes by Vadder and Bout, and a figure-subject by H. M. Rokes, surnamed Zorg from his close execution, all excellent pictures of this class, and acquired at fortunate figures, go to Dublin.

THE discussion on the permanency or non-permanency of water-colour drawings when exposed to sunlight or daylight, which we chronicled last month, has since continued to wax and wane with more or less persistence. That the stir on this subject, however mistakenly opened in the manner, has been of

real service, is evidenced in one direction by the appointment on the part of the Lords of the Council on Education of a Committee to investigate the question of the action of light on paintings in water colours. Captain Abney and Dr. Russell give the results of their scientific inquiries and experiments to the body of artists forming the Committee; namely, Sir F. Leighton, chairman; Messrs. Poynter and Alma Tadema, R.A.s; Messrs. H. Wallis and Carl Haag, of the R.W.C.S.; Sir. J. D. Linton and Mr. F. Dillon, of the Royal Institute; Mr. Sidney Colvin, Keeper of the Print Room at the British Museum; and Mr. Armstrong, Director for Art at the South Kensington Museum.

Such fresh evidence of interest as had been published in the daily press up to the date of the present notes is contained chiefly in a letter of Mr. Ayscough Fawkes, of Farnley Hall, and the 'Times,' in which he describes that having just removed his celebrated Turner drawings from the close frames in which Turner himself placed them, he finds a considerable portion of the drawings, in one case as much as an inch, has been hidden by the frame, and in no one instance is there any alteration in colour where the drawing is so concealed. The often-repeated argument of evidence from Turner engravings to Turner drawings, received valuable endorsement of what, after all, should be familiar enough, viz., that Turner altered his designs in course of engraving, from Mr. Edward Goodall, of the R.W.C.S., whose father 'was engaged the greater part of his long life on Turner's work, in which for some years I (Mr. E. Goodall) assisted him.' 'My father,' the painter writes, 'in submitting his plates for Mr. Turner's remarks, which he usually did in an early stage of the engraving, frequently observed Mr. Turner, in touching the proofs, introduce new effects—clouds and figures—which were never in the original.' Other matter, in course of correspondence, came to light on this interesting question of water-colour permanence. But, like most controversies which arise primarily from sweeping and hasty statements afterwards modified, the subject has under personality and other unworthy influences become obfuscated with imperfect evidence and counter-statements. No water-colour painter would think of denying that the science of pigments has not been sufficiently considered by artists, and that experimentalists (and who was more daring than Turner himself, or less fit to be quoted as a 'test' artist?) can only be judged in the lapse of time. Probably also every water-colour painter would be thankful to know that his drawings were likely to receive at the hands of their owners even the care that the most average modicum of chemical knowledge might suggest. The possession or guardianship of art treasures does not, unfortunately, always fall to the wise, whether in public or private life. It is, therefore, all the more necessary that those who know should speak, even, perhaps, if they lose their tempers in the heat of argument and encounter. A sensible article in the 'Nineteenth Century,' from the pen of Mr. F. Dillon, of the Institute, recapitulates some of the main arguments in favour of the permanence of water colours under fair conservation, and certainly disproves many of the wholesale attacks made on the condition of drawings, and their present guardianship in public collections. Probably no one can disagree with Mr. J. C. Robinson in his wish to avert any ill consequences of exposure from the lovely drawings at South Kensington or elsewhere, but to join in advocacy of his scheme for only showing them by the still untried electric light, does not seem an absolutely logical or necessary sequence. As to the side-shots fired at the good faith of water-colour artists themselves, that very excellent body is strong enough to defend itself.

RUMOUR for some time has been rife about some large project of a society of painters, in which membership should be on the principle of a kind of universal artist suffrage, and nobody should be allowed to show more than one picture at a time, besides other rules for the encouragement of fair play. The Royal Academy is adjudged practically, by the advocates of the scheme, a hopelessly conservative institution. Perhaps rumour in this instance may be raised on solid foundations. The Royal Academy, sitting in conference, has by a majority outvoted a proposal, generously seconded however by several members, to limit the number of works allowed to be exhibited by individual artists, whether within or without their body. This rejection of reform has been the immediate cause for a protest in the form of a letter in the press, signed by three artists of very various style and standing—Mr. W. Holman Hunt, Mr. George Clausen, and Mr. Walter Crane. Neither of these painters has reason to complain of lack of position with the public or of opportunity for open appeal. They write in the cause of art. The letter, which is too lengthy to quote verbatim, is virtually a satirical comment on the position of the Royal Academy, as really a private body devoted to its private interests, and not, as it is apt to be considered, a national institution. Let the Academy be left in peace, like any other close body, which admits the artists from outside only by favour, even as the British Artists' Society or the Institute, and let us have a national exhibition of art in England, conducted by artists on the broadest and fairest lines, where no artists should have right of place, and where the jury of selection should be elected by and from all artists in the kingdom. Thus in effect runs the letter before us, which is a sufficiently significant document to augur 'historic' action. It does, however, strike an impartial commentator that the critics of the Academic administration invariably leave out of count its service to the public in the free and open schools, and treat the body solely as an organization for exhibitions.

THE erection of equestrian statues on Blackfriars Bridge is again indefinitely postponed. The money has been in hand, we are informed, twenty years, and the desirability of this decoration of the City bridge has been universally allowed. Yet doubt assails the civic mind, and the fine designs prepared by Mr. Hamo Thornycroft, R.A., and brother sculptors, must bide a more enlightened administration. Meantime the figure already in place is painfully suggestive of the proverbial pig with one ear.

HERR F. A. KAULBACH, nephew of the famous Wilhelm Kaulbach, has been elected Director of the Academy of Art at Munich.

THE death of M. Maxime Lalanne, which occurred towards the end of July, will be more regretted by his distant admirers than by his personal friends, as it was really a release from suffering. M. Lalanne's health had been broken for years, yet he persevered in working, and still produced work of admirable quality; such, for example, as his *Tour in Holland*, which shows no sign of enfeebled powers. He bore the loss of health with such cheerful courage that, notwithstanding the sad change in his appearance, his friends could hardly speak to him on the subject. The Editor of the PORTFOLIO, who knew M. Lalanne personally for many years, esteemed him as a man not less heartily than he admired him as an artist. Very few men widely known to fame have ever remained so unaffectedly modest as Lalanne. Nobody would have supposed from his simple manners that he was one of the most decorated artists in Europe. Before his health broke down he had a sprightly, military bearing, and a lively disposition. He was a thorough gentleman in all his ways, honourable in all his dealings, and absolutely to be relied upon. He was ready, at any time, to put himself to real inconvenience in order to serve or oblige one of his very numerous friends, and in business matters he was far above all petty considerations. As etcher and draughtsman in charcoal or with the lead pencil his fame was European, and he enjoyed it in a simple, unaffected way. We have never seen him better pleased than when he heard what an able English artist had said of his charcoal drawings:—'I like the works of many of our contemporaries, but I *love* the drawings of Maxime Lalanne.'

A CHILD WITH A KID.

PAINTED BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE, P.R.A. ETCHED BY L. RICHETON.

THIS charming picture is a comparatively early work of the painter. Lawrence was only thirty-one when he painted it, but he had been already six years a Royal Academician. The rapidity of his success was extraordinary. The young genius, who was a professional portrait-painter at Oxford at the age of ten years, and had a house of his own at Bath before he was seventeen, was elected an Associate of the Academy at twenty-two, two years under the prescribed age. The picture is a portrait study, and is inscribed *Lady Georgiana Fane*, 1800, *Aet.* 5. It was bequeathed to the National Gallery by Lady Georgiana in 1875.

THE BULL OF TIRYNS.

THE wall-paintings which Dr. Schliemann discovered upon the remains of the ancient palace on the Acropolis of Tiryns, which he has so happily and surprisingly brought to light, are even more important for deciding a relative date for the structure than the details of plan and construction. They are, within certain limits, as decisive in this respect as the bones of a saurian from the Wealden or a fish from the old red sandstone. With the geologist in a quarry, as with the archaeologist at Tiryns, we are equally concerned with what is sometimes phrased as 'the prehistoric period.' This phrase is too often employed, especially in regard to archaeology, as if all remains of man's labour, anterior to written history and accurately dated records, were but one universal jumble without any limit of recoverable history whatever. But the geologist who treats of a period within which he is avowedly incompetent to affix one single definite year to his general B.C., so far as he establishes certain successions, and even in some cases the relative duration of intervals, both works for and secures very much of a true history. The archaeologist is half a geologist when he distinguishes and arranges the earlier and later stone ages, the age of bronze and age of iron. When he is further able, from the superposition of *débris* in a bone-cave, or by comparison of pottery, of patterns, of paintings, to distinguish still later sequences, he becomes a true historian: that is, he emerges from the strictly prehistoric period. He escapes from a blank period which has no traces of history at all, and has sure grasp of the fragments of records, indefinite though they may be and interrupted by breaks and not always free from confusion.

History when thus understood will be found to have left some very distinct marks upon the palace of Tiryns. The casual and half-informed visitor may be excused for not interpreting them, though not so easily for presumption in supposing that he can. The zeal which has induced Drs. Schliemann and Dorpfeld to come to England on purpose to make an oral defence of their published conclusions is truly characteristic and admirable in itself, but otherwise it really does the cavils they replied to too much honour; the best lovers of history may even feel disposed to be angry with them for helping to fan a heap of smouldering futilities into a flaming discussion. Are we never to hear the last of questions which have been settled long ago, and of others that never need have been raised? The duration of life is brief enough relatively to the requirements of study, without being trenched upon by the constant calls to reconsider the fact of the occurrence of flint implements in the drift, the character of Mary Queen of Scots, or the identity of Arthur Orton.

The wall-paintings of Tiryns, taken alone, are as effective for deciding a relative synchrony as any fossils from the lias. The continuous spiral patterns declare their dependence upon the same predilections which, at whatever interval, decorated the slabs of the tombs at Mycenae, both those on the Acropolis and those of the dome form; still more remarkably, a peculiar development of these reticulated spirals combined with palmate ornaments is in absolute agreement with the elaborate sculpture of the slab which roofs the inner chamber of the domed tomb at Orchomenus. As surely as Orchomenus and Mycenae are to be associated in a certain period of civilisation on the authority of their so-called treasuries, are Tiryns, Orchomenus, and Mycenae in virtue of this exactness of corresponding decorations. How far the synchrony may be precise is matter for further inquiry; even as we may inquire whether rough stone implements were in use at the same time as the polished, or superseded by them at once and suddenly. In either case the primary fact of intimate historic inter-dependence is established.

One specimen of wall-painting reproduced by Dr. Schliemann, only slightly diminished, deserves attention on its own account, as it has not been clearly understood. Plate XIII. presents, according to the title, 'Wall-painting in the palace of Tiryns, representing a man dancing on a bull.' At page 303 will be found a description furnished by Dr. E. Fabricius. All the walls of the palace had first a plastering of clay, and over that a plastering of lime. Upon this

the bull was first painted in white, and then the ground was filled in up to its outline with a thicker colour of blue. Upon this blue the man's figure was painted in glossy white. Groups of small red spots are distributed on the white body of the bull, but its outline is strongly detached by wavy lines of dark red, drawn continuously from the edge of the outline upon bold patches of a lighter tint.

The animal is rushing wildly forward, with head erect and large staring eye, put in in black; and thus is manifestly not attacking, but in alarm. The tail is elevated and curved over the back; and there are indications behind of several *pentimenti*, as if the artist could not please himself at first with this expressive member. It was only after, at least, a second trial that he was satisfied with the extended forelegs and hoofs. The head is disproportionately small, but there is nothing to complain of in the dimensions of the curved horns which trespass on the border above; the nostril is indicated by a conventional spiral.

Above the back of the rushing bull we see a man in a peculiar position, and of proportions as peculiar. His arms and legs are slender, and excessively long as compared with his no less slender body—the artist's stratagem apparently to express agility and celerity. His bent right knee and the tip of his toe just touch the back of the bull, while his left leg is thrown up high behind to its full extension; his left arm is drawn back and bent to his breast, while his right is at full stretch to the horns of the bull, which he evidently grasps. The figure is thus momentarily unsupported in the air, as he makes a snatch at the horn of the frightened beast.

As regards the explanation or meaning of the representation, Dr. Fabricius concludes that we might suppose that the man on the back of the bull should be regarded as a performer of feats of bull-riding, or a bull-tamer, who shows his skill by leaping on the back of the beast in wild career; just as in the well-known passage in the 'Iliad' (xv. 679), 'the horse-tamer leaps from the back of one of the four galloping horses which he has yoked together, on to the back of another.'

This comes nearer to a right explanation than the inscription which calls the wide-spread figure a dancer; but it does not supersede the necessity for something more determinate.

In the first place, we may ascribe to the awkward-

WALL-PAINTING IN THE PALACE OF TIRYNS.

ness of the artist certain glaring inconsistencies, and assume that the figure is intended to stand for a man of at least ordinary proportions relatively to a very large bull. We have then before us simply a representation of a feat of which there are many ancient notices—ancient though comparatively late, of course, yet all pointing to descent from remote antiquity. Suetonius relates that among other spectacles exhibited by the Emperor Claudius, Thessalian horsemen drove wild bulls about the open circus, leapt upon them when tired out, and brought them to the ground by the horns. Julius Cæsar had previously introduced the spectacle, to which a furious bull on one of his *denarii* seems to allude. Artemidorus, in his foolish treatise on the interpretation of dreams, localises the exercise at Ephesus and Eleusis, and especially, in agreement with Suetonius, at Larissa in Thessaly, where it was practised by youths of the best families. A metope of the temple of Theseus is much damaged,

but we can make out that Hercules is grasping the horns of a bull with both hands, and between his effort and the rush of the bull is momentarily carried off his legs, like the figure in the painting found for us by Dr. Schliemann at the traditional seat of Tirynthian Hercules. But it is in the romance of Heliodorus, the adventures of Theagenes and Chariclea, that the sport, if so it may be called, is most accurately described. Mounted on an unbridled horse, Theagenes first follows up the bull, then rides by the side of it, dexterously evading its turns and attacks. At last he urges forward his horse at full speed, and letting it go, leaps from its back in passing, on to the neck of the bull, and embraces its horns with clasped hands: from this hold he allows himself to hang down from the neck on one side of the beast with the full weight of his body, till it is almost exhausted; then, at the right moment, he swings round in front, contrives to trip its forelegs, and brings it to the ground in a very marvellous manner indeed, as might be expected in a romance, and especially in the last chapter of a romance. A Greek epigram allows the *taurelatès*, more mercifully and credibly, the assistance of a running noose.

The achievement in any form must have been sufficiently difficult, and is in its nature much more gallant than the nauseating slaughters of the bull-fights of Spain, and, pity that we must now say so, of Southern France.

The bull is almost as important an animal as the lion in both Oriental and Hellenic poetry, legend and symbolism. One of the prescribed labours of the Tirynthian hero, Hercules, was the capture of the Cretan bull. This was represented on a metope of the great temple at Olympia; half the slab was recovered by the original French expedition. The Germans discovered the second half, and completed the group, which, for style and boldness, is in favourable contrast to the sorely disappointing remains of most of the sculpture obtained from that ruin. Then we have a story how Amphitryon, the putative father of Hercules, flings his heavy staff at a rushing bull, which, glancing from its horns, kills Electryon.

Lastly, we have the tragi-comic story quoted by Athenaeus from Theophrastus, how the citizens of Tiryns were afflicted with such an inveterate tendency to inopportune laughter as to make it quite impossible for them to get on with any serious public business. In this strait they applied to the oracle; the remedy prescribed by the god was to sacrifice a bull to Poseidon, and keep their countenances through the ceremony until they had cast the animal into the sea. Their first precaution was to exclude all boys on the occasion: one intrusive youngster, however, was detected; a great outcry arose to drive him away; but his exclamation as he retreated, 'Ah! you are alarmed lest I should trip up your victim!' was enough to produce an outburst of laughter; and so the Tirynthians gave the matter up, and solemnly resigned themselves to their fate of incurable frivolity. It is at least curious that the Greek word translated here 'trip up,' is exactly that which would be appropriately employed for the feat of the *taurelatès*.

W. Watkiss Lloyd.

DENARIUS OF JULIUS CAESAR. *Enlarged.*

QUIMPER.

DRAWN BY MAXIME LALANNE.

We have here a street in the Breton city of Quimper, which was once the capital of the old county of Cornouaille, and now is one of the most interesting places in the modern department of Finisterre.

Much of the town has been modernised, but there

are still many such views as this to be obtained up narrow streets of overhanging houses, timber-framed and gabled, with the bright flèches of the Cathedral of St. Corentin to close the vista. These flèches are of quite recent date, having been added to the fifteenth-century towers in 1854–6. The money was raised by a public subscription, called 'the Sou de St. Corentin.' Brittany retains more of its old-world character than does its neighbour Normandy, especially in its endless variety of peasant costume. These are fast vanishing from the frequented parts of Normandy.

THE SEA, THE SANDS, AND THE FLAT COUNTRY: THE PRESENT AND THE PAST.

A FLAT sandy country on the coast is not thought to be rich in beauty; its features even repel many observers. But to those who are not specially yearning for some native hillside, or rocky stream among the mountains, it may yield many a pleasure and many a picture study. Perhaps the one point before others to be noted is, that the very absence of rock and hill complained of, with their accompanying running and falling waters, leaves a stage more free for the display of atmospheric forces, and brings out delicacies of varying distance, and the combinations of these two.

On one of those pleasant mornings early in the year, before the east winds commence, we were tempted towards the shore. The air was cold and misty, and in walking to the sea we heard the fog-horns sounding. The water was smooth, but the waves, only a few inches high, in the absence of more distant sounds, falling in long sheets, made a loud noise.

The sun gradually emerged and became hotter and brighter, and now along the tiny edges of the breaking waves flicker sun-flashes; a line of light stretches across the water which lies beneath its rays. Boats shortly appear out of the haze, and on the other side of the river there comes out indistinctly a distant hill. Some of the smaller craft have set their sails, and stand in different directions inwards, as they make what small use they can of the gentle air, which scarcely enables them to withstand the ebbing tide. The buoys are somewhat conspicuous as they look from the uniform grey atmosphere and sea, and the landmarks, surrounded by the tide, cast reflections which indicate exactly the degree of calm. Two or three crows are seen to work themselves heavily across the dimness, and a line of brilliant white specks to the right is seen on the sands, which are scarcely yet uncovered by the falling tide. As the haze becomes more easily penetrable, these specks are seen to be relieved by a contiguous blackness; and the occasional rise of first one, then another, to flit to and from the spot, shows them to be sea-gulls. Now a phalanx of them marches along like a series of living wedges—white breasts, black backs,—and, as they are reflected perfectly in the film of water, we see a double row of these 'cuneiform inscriptions' walking past. Now we hear them talk among themselves, half whistle, half squeal; and so, working themselves between us and the sun, they become as black as crows. The stroke of the labouring paddle-wheel is heard, as the tug brings in its prize against the stream.

When the day becomes clearer, distance makes the sandhills to the north look like yellow cliffs. The green of the rushes is scarcely to be distinguished, the darker vegetation having the predominance. Here the cliff-like surface is broken by a deep orange-red indentation; there by one almost black. The whole line is reflected in an intervening space of water, which water has the exact colour of the sky, so that the cliffs look as if piercing into, or suspended in, the air.

Standing on a hillock the sand at our feet is almost white. This sand is bound together and held down by a gaunt but fairly green, though unnutritious, grass, and by the longer, tougher, and bleached rushes. These rushes produce a tall flower-stalk, which developes into a black seed-ear, a fit representative of Pharaoh's lean ears, 'thin and blasted with the east wind.' A few yards from the sandhills is a line parallel to them composed of the dark *débris* left by the tide, beyond which the space of sand is deepened in colour to a dark yellow by the wet. The sea from west to north passes from the colour of pea-soup (familiar object to reckon tints by!) through that of green slate, light and dark, blue slate to blue, where it meets the yellow-green rushes.

The rustic school of artists has caused the impression to go abroad that such materials as these cannot be made up into a picture; but we are beginning to find out that there is a perfect wealth of beauty lying by the sea-shore unrecognised. We have had plenty of 'genre' pictures, and studies of breaking waves and rocks, but the sands have always seemed too poor to paint. It is, however, delightful to find an eye here and there blind to 'the three fishers,' and 'rock-bound coasts,' and 'breakers;' content to enjoy the harmonious colouring of sandhills and mists, sun and sea. Such an instance of tasteful appreciation may have been noticed in

M. Destrée's *Dunes*, which, though studied on the coast of Holland, equally well represents our own.

Between the sea and the rural district inland, we may notice the efforts of vegetation to subdue the unpromising sand to some sort of productiveness. The coarse grass and rushes have done the most difficult work, when they have bound down to useful rest the tawny conqueror of the still more unstable sea. As 'the rolling stone can gather no moss,' so the shifting sand can grow no crops. But gradually, as we climb over the hills, we reach spots where we may find wild flowers of many kinds. First, perhaps, we shall notice a plant which has a very calming influence upon the ground which supports it. This plant is familiarly known as 'palm' (creeping willow), and yields a downy, cotton-like crop. The dwarf blackberry also creeps over the ground, and mixed with the little palm makes an attractive covering for the lesser mounds. Near to the shore will be noticed in profusion the golden-headed galium, which by its stately presence gives the needed brilliance to the neutral sands; and in August will be seen to advantage the exquisite ripened thistle, whose star-like everlasting sepals surround the brown velvet centre of the flower. Another little plant, whose tiny stalks look as if they had been dipped in mustard to produce the flower, grows in patches in the autumn season, and sheds a pleasant odour on the air. The harebell or bluebell grows in great perfection on the slopes.

On the level spaces among the hills we may find the violet in nests, golden clumps of crowsfoot, a tiny vetch, and the silver weed in abundance. Chief among June beauties is the dwarf wild rose, which the little girls are picking while we watch the sunset from one of the highest hills.

I have mentioned a few names, but the plants are almost countless; and the more conspicuous of them give a bright, gossamer-like appearance to the sand-hills, which is in keeping with the fresh sea air in which they grow.

I have already remarked that this flat district is a fit area for the display of atmospheric changes, and the effects of sun and cloud. It is interesting to examine the heavens in the circuit of the horizon, and also to note the gradations which indicate the transition from horizon to horizon through the zenith. Among the hills it is impossible to catch quite the same effects. In some respects we have in the broken country advantages even in the sunsets; for the sun, being cut off from our direct view before reaching what would be the horizon on a plain, there is poured over the hill-tops a brilliance which seems to vaporise and take into itself all the colours of the earth beneath. Here we are able to confine ourselves more exclusively to the wonders of the sky itself.

Sometimes we see a plain band of flat grey cloud above the horizon, through which the golden-red of the sun behind appears to leak. Higher in the sky these clouds take the form of a series of angels' wings. Again, a brilliant sun shines on a white and yellow sea clear and bright to the horizon, and what clouds there are become thin lines across the sky, some smooth and continuous, others like in form to a row of graduated beads. On another evening, the variously tinted sky is almost clear, except for certain dashes of filmy colour on its face. The sun is going down now, in the midst of long lines of cloud broken into beautiful forms of dragged grey and purple. In its passage it is cut by a thin cloud, and as it draws nearer to the water its surface is striated in lines which descend from gold to red, reflected at low tide in a broken oval. In the east, the smooth floating purple clouds are illuminated with yellow and red. The sun now sinks behind clouds which prevent all reflection; but, above, the whole sky is lined in the same way as the sun was shortly before, and the dark lines of cloud which had occasionally been drawn across the face of the orb now become gilded bars.

Sometimes the full glory of the sunset is reserved until the sun itself has disappeared for half an hour. Then over the landscape there gradually spreads a glowing illumination, and above the gilded horizon there creeps up into the sky a suffused rosy tint. These rosy children of the sun at times shoot out into the ether in distinct columns, as clearly defined as a comet's tail; and on such an evening the whole west is a blaze of gold, in the midst of which lengthened masses of cloud burn a molten fiery brown. Overhead the blue sky is filmy with white cloud, and as the eye draws nearer to the sea, the same clouds become silver on a ground of purple-grey.

Leaving now the shore and the sandhills, we walk farther inland to the agricultural county adjoining. We enter this wide lane paved with turf, and look across this pond, round the top of whose banks grow gorse-bushes, and about the margin of whose surface flourish the common pith-rush and tall bulrush. The sandhills we have passed lie to the west, and the flat open space between us and them allows their yellow, rolling forms, rounded with the dull green coverings, to be well seen. Before us stretch long woods beautifully shaped, and so distributed as to allow charming vistas to appear, sweet rural stretches of many miles. One wood can be seen through, as through a veil (we are yet in early spring); a second will occasionally close up the view. In front of one of these dark or opaque plantations, as indeed all round us, the work of ploughing and setting potatoes is speeding on; and birds strutting as if the work were being undertaken solely in their interests, repay the farmer and enjoy themselves by eating all the worms and insects which the plough exposes. The nearer trees, as their top branches appear above the brown and purple

woods, may be seen to have that wonderful film of delicate colours due to opening buds. The ploughs turn up a pleasant amber-brown soil, which intervenes with satisfaction to the eye between the dark wood and the green fields in the immediate foreground.

A white farmhouse on rising ground, with its surrounding stacks, next meets our view. The whole eastern horizon is shut out by a series of what we might call 'skilfully deployed' plantations (if forethought for the purpose had been used), against the thickest of which a village nestles, and its church spire rises. That windmill, too, miles away, is in this flat country conspicuous from far.

The woods are composed of the usual mixture of forest trees, with a few larch interspersed, which give at this early season a somewhat incongruous mass of dark green. But the forest trees are worth another word in their present state, the remarkable phase to which I have already alluded. The delicacy of the tints, as seen from a distance, is exquisite: it seems almost as if a spirit of colour, of new spring life, were hovering over the dead vegetation before entering in to inspire fresh active growth. On nearing the trees a variety of colours is distinguishable,—white with the merest touch of green, a transparent pink as in the elm or beech, bright yellow-brown as displayed by the willow and others, greenish grey. A remarkable effect also occurs when looking through a hedge of large trees to a clump beyond, these spheres of gentle tints bewildering the eye.

Sheltered amidst the foliage of the park, we find the ancient Hall. This and the village green remind us of early times, but we cannot gain a clear view of the habits and manners of a bygone age without the aid of literature. It is a happy fact that we English, though something incoherent, have always had a bent for writing, and consequently our literature is rich, and our simple records are full of interest. In this spot of which I am speaking, and in this very Hall, there lived, two centuries ago, a Cavalier who has left a very entertaining note-book. By its means we may get a glimpse of the past in this district by the sea.

As I have just been speaking about trees I may first produce a note upon an oak:—

'When I was about nine years old my grandfather showed me the oak in the north corner of the new orchard, and making me to clip it about, I found that my finger-ends did overreach each other some little, less than an inch I take it. He told me that he did plant that tree when it was like a small twig which he showed me (less than an ordinary riding-rod). And now this present December 18, 1663, I measured the same tree again, clipping it in my arms as high as I could well reach, standing on the west side, and I found it to be 9 inches (within less than one straw's breadth) more than I could fathom. My grandfather was born 1560.'

In his orchard we find the Cavalier at another time sowing cherry-stones from which ash plants sprang up, 'which were afterwards planted in the parsnip yard, or dovecote croft;' and from the produce of this orchard both his son and himself, I suppose by the assistance of the ladies and servants, made cider —five firkins in October, 1677, of 'orange apples, Harrison's apples, and grove apples.'

Then we have notes of great hail-storms and storms of wind which destroyed the fruit and crops as well as shipping; while in other places we read of apple-trees 'fully yet freshly blossomed on May-day' in an average year; but on January 30, 1680, 'White violets were plucked in my garden, and daffodils in great number budded and near breaking out, as to the flower. Plenty of tansy about a finger long.'

More certain than the apple-blossoms on May-day were the sports and merrymaking round the maypole:—

'All hail to thee, thou first of May,
Sacred to wonted sport and play;
To wine and jest, and dance and song,
And mirth that lasts the whole day long!'

The country folk who gathered round the squire from great distances did indeed make a toil of pleasure, for

'They danced till their bones did ache,
* * * *
And about the maypole did hop,
Till their shoes were so full of sand,
That they could no longer stand.'

I am afraid that this touch of nature will be fully appreciated only by true children of the sands. It is not every English lad who, in his various hunts after mischief and amusement, has been compelled from time to time to sit down and empty each of his shoes of some half-pint of sand.

'But Gilbert and Susan and Nanny,
With Tom and Dick, Cissy, and many
Tripped and skipped fully merrily,
The music now sounding out cheerily.
* * * *
At length it was to time to go,
And Susan did hear the cock crow.
The maids might go make up their fires,
Or else be chid by their sires.
Next holyday they'll ha' their fill
At Johnson's o' th' Talke of the Hill,
Where Bell shall be brought to play,
Alack, how I long for that day!'

From the following notes we shall recognise in the Cavalier's manner the features of to-day:—

'This summer (1669) a man was overwhelmed with earth in a sandhill, whilst he was seeking to take rabbits out of a hole; and quickly after another man perished, just in the same manner, in a sandy cop.'

Unfortunately similar accidents happen in the same cops still.

'My blind stallion did run upon the sea-sands (which were then heavy), running off and on, just 5 miles 32 roods. He ran this space of ground in fifteen minutes time, wanting about the sixth part of one minute, and no more.'

Sometimes looking at the pretty ponds in this neighbourhood, which I have referred to, there have arisen before my mental vision two scenes of a somewhat humorous character which were enacted in the days which are no more. The first is the placing in the cart-house pit, by John Gorsuch acting under orders, of a dozen bottles of claret, threaded on a cord, to cool. The squire is particular about the marking of the place where the end of the cord is fixed, but he also prepares himself for experiencing difficulty in recovering the wine in the winter, when the water has risen two or three feet. Let us hope that when Christmas came they found the cord still safe on the stake two yards from the nicks on the alder-tree, and that it did not disappoint those who tasted it!

Our Malignant—no Cavalier ever belied this epithet more thoroughly—had a friend, I rather think too that he was a clergyman, who gave him numerous 'wrinkles' for the catching of birds. These two worthies, in the lulls between the times when they were themselves 'a prey unto the fowler,' seemed to take a real boyish delight in this occupation, and we may almost imagine them combining four bricks, a twig, and a piece of string, and then stealthily retiring into obscurity to watch for the entry into their trap of some small and over-greedy bird. But the following recipe almost exceeds the ingenuity even of Tom Sawyer:—

'If you go into the water up to the neck, with a pumpion put over your head, and whilst the ducks come to eat the seeds, which must be stuck upon the outsides of the pumpion, you may take them by the legs, and pluck them quietly one after another under the water.'

Many of the Cavalier's notes recall the days of my boyhood vividly, and the flat sandy district where it was spent. I believe that those things which were done in mine and King Charles' days are now done no more except by stealth. He speaks of the accessories for the more surely catching of birds by nets, of the inveigling of crows and magpies by decoys of their own species; but of all means employed he lays the greatest stress upon birdlime:—

'Dress lime-twigs by the fire; anoint your hands and your twigs a little with goose-grease, or any suchlike thing; cleanse your hands with bran. You may take a hawk by turning out a bird with a most slender limed twig; lime the bird's back, and that alone will entangle the hawk.

'Set many lime-twigs in a tree growing in a wood, the boughs of many of the smallest being first cut off. Then betake yourself to a bower under the tree, a good while after sunset. There, with an owl-call made with a hazel, you may call a world of birds about you,—pyes, jays, thrushes,—which will hop up and down, and many of them be taken with the twigs. Your dog or yourself may fetch them in. October is the best time for this sport.'

Creeping up one day to a stout post, I *very nearly* caught two robins which were fighting furiously behind it. This exciting though unsuccessful incident of my childhood interested me in the following:—

'When you hear a pheasant crow, turn out near to him a house-cock, which will answer the crowing of the pheasant, and thereupon they will meet and fight, so that you may take the pheasant with your hand.'

This old diary or note-book brings before us clearly, in a hundred ways, the scenes which filled this modern stage in olden days. Lest I should have been unjust to the author by quoting only his remarks on festivities, races, bird-catching, and other such pursuits, I will assure the reader that he was in all respects a brave and pious gentleman, and add these words of his:—

'Those that consume all on hawks, hounds, and horses, seem to make the same menace to their estates which Goliath did to David: "I will give thee to the fowls of the air and to the beasts of the field."'

Now let us return from the past, and from the wooded district near the Hall, to the present, and to the beach. It is towards the end of May; a strong north-west wind is blowing; the sun, which is near setting, is hidden by a flat purple space of cloud, which rises a few degrees above the horizon. More to the west, and higher in the sky, the clouds of the same colour are swept round by the wind in curves, marked by yellow, fringelike edges. A broad band of white soapy surge is dashed upon the shore; the adjacent waves have, beneath the white breakers, an under-colour of a faint metallic white-blue. A stooping brigantine seems about to tumble forward to destruction, while the more bouncing smaller craft, with tightly stretched and gracefully curved sails, seem to dive into the sea and reappear again, like some sea-bird hunting for its prey. The larger steamers pass along almost unheeding of the chopping sea, although they are not disdainful of those buoyant qualities which will stand them in good stead among the mighty waves outside.

In the west the clouds now send down light-coloured nets or fringes, and these develope a cave-like distance, into which the vessels disappearing have a weird and desolate look, as if abandoning hope. A black whiff of smoke from a steamer torn across adds to this effect.

But overhead is a pure blue sky, from which the moon, turning from white to yellow, shines; and if

we withdraw our gaze from the fascinating gloom and stormy west, we see over the green sand-hill tops this blue sky pass into the green of a discoloured turquoise, flecked with torn purple clouds and hidden by large white masses.

The sun now makes a feeble effort to peep through and smile a faint good night. The wind has such effect upon the shallow water on the shore that the excited ripples blown by gusts at different angles threaten, by their optical effect upon the eye, to rise in spray and blind us.

To the south, at a moderate height, lies a long stretch of beautifully formed cloud. The base is level; but, tapering down to this base on the east and west, it rises towards the south, culminating in the centre in three magnificent peaks of delicately and quietly coloured vapour—not downy, or foamy, or even snowy, but most like the last if we could see it illuminated through its mass. The light and shade are refined in the extreme. The base of the mass, seen in perspective and in shadow, is a full inky blue; the highest light is that of snow, and the ever-changing form is indicated by the intermediate states of blue soiling the edges of the white, and white brushed across the surface of the blue. We know that the dull lowering clouds in the west are of the same nature as the lovely forms just noticed, though the appearance of them is so different, being changed towards our eye in the same manner as the seagulls were transformed which we saw before.

The sun having been unable to overcome the regiments of vapour leaves us now in gloom, through which the intermittent ray from the lighthouse shines, and not less fitful is the brightening moon, made so by the inconstant clouds.

Even the unstable elements are to us a strong link with the past, and it is with pleasure that we remember that this sea, now lighted by the beacon and the moon, is the same as that upon which the patient and noble Cavalier gazed as he thought of poor Prince Maurice, 'lost in the night upon a rock,' and Prince Rupert, scarcely saved. Upon this same 'unstable element of water, in a tottering bark or cockboat, not without cross winds and perhaps a tempest,' both the squire and his family were often obliged to venture. It is pleasant, also, to know that after his stormy life he was enabled at last to write, 'We have none of these doings now; we may sit securely under our own vines'—the vines of home, which grow even on the sandiest shores.

G. RADFORD.

VIOLETTA.

FROM A SKETCH IN OIL BY G. L. SEYMOUR.

MR. SEYMOUR has sketched in this little picture the Venetian Flower Girl, somewhat unkempt, but always gay and picturesque; profuse in her thanks if, when passing the Rialto, you purchase the flower which she jauntily presses upon you, but playfully indifferent if, instead of doing so, you testily wave her aside. The sketch is in monochrome.

IN THE CAMPAGNA.

II. ALBANO.

THERE is one feature in the Campagna of Rome which, more than any other, rivets the eye and fascinates the imagination. It is the isolated range of low mountains which bounds the horizon on the south. Starting from the Sabine country on the east, they rise in graceful, curving shapes against the sky, to culminate in the majestic peak known as Monte Cavo, and then descending, with the same flowing lines, drop into the plains towards the shores of the Tyrrhene Sea. These are the Alban hills, famous alike in classical fable and in historic times; the stronghold of Latium; the mythic peaks of Virgil's heroic song. Yonder white streaks on the hill-side, which grow clear at sunset, mark the site of ancient Tusculum:—

> 'The walls with which the sons of Circe
> Girded enchanted land in Tusculum.'

That long ridge, running westwards, overhangs the sacred groves of Alba and the shores of the blue lake where stood of old the mother-city of Rome; and that conical peak which still towers proudly into the heavens was once crowned with the temple of Jupiter Latiaris, the great god of the Latin race.

Wherever we go during our first weeks in Rome, these hills, with their noble forms and wealth of colour, seem to follow our steps and haunt our gaze. They are the first object that strike us when we ascend the tower of the Capitol and look down on the Seven Hills and yellow Tiber winding on its way through the plains. If we climb the Janiculan Hill, or wander among the pine-groves of the Pamfili-Doria gardens, they are still the fairest thing in all the fair prospect, whether we see them in the pale misty blue of early morning

or flushed with the glow of the afternoon sun. But they are best of all when at evening we look across the Campagna from the portico of the Lateran Palace, and all their slopes are turned to deepest purple under the sunset, and towns and villas scattered over the mountain-side gleam like streaks of pearl.

'Alba! thou findest me still, and Alba, thou findest me ever;
Now from the Capitol steps, now over Titus' arch;
Here from the large grassy spaces that spread from the Lateran portal,
Towering o'er aqueduct lines lost in perspective between;
Or from a Vatican window, or a bridge, or the high Coliseum.
Clear by the garlanded line cut of the Flavian ring.
Beautiful can I not call thee, and yet thou hast power to o'ermaster,
Power of mere beauty; in dreams, Alba, thou hauntest me still.'

Endless are the subjects which artists find for their pencil upon the plains which stretch between the gates of the city and these mountains, some ten or twelve miles distant. Here, a mile or two from the walls, are the towers and sepulchres of the Appian Way, the tombs of the Via Latina, the lonely columns of the ruined fifth-century basilica, which bore the name of the martyr Stephen. Here is Porta Furba, where three aqueducts, the Acqua Claudia, Acqua Felice, and Acqua Marcia, meet, and graceful umbrella-pines rise among the colossal fragments of orange-coloured tufa, while the central arch exactly frames in the summit of the Alban Mount. And the pretty Osteria of Tavolato in its pine-groves, close to the ruins of the Temple of Fortuna Muliebris, marking the spot where Coriolanus paused at his wife and mother's prayer as he led the Volscian army on Rome, and the red walls of the Tor de' Schiavi, the grand old fortress of the Gordians, and a thousand other subjects, familiar to all who know Rome.

Here it was that Giovanni Costa, the truest and most refined of living Roman painters, spent the greater part of those seven years when he lived in the Campagna, and never missed a sunrise or a sunset. Many of those pictures, in which we find so much of poetry and tender feeling, heightened by the presence of toiling and struggling human lives, had their origin in these scenes. We have seen it all, the long lines of arches crossing the violet plains and catching the gold and rosy tints of the sunlight, the wide reaches of the Campagna, green in spring and early summer, crimson with decaying vegetation in the later months; the tall feathery grasses and pools of water, the patches of waving corn and scarlet poppies, and among them the Roman peasants at work in the fields, ploughing or winnowing the grain, the women gathering faggots of dead brushwood, or waiting with their brazen jars at some wayside fountain, the lonely shepherd resting in the shade of ancient tomb or ruined temple, while his flock browse upon the spare tufts of grass around; and beyond all these the sun dying behind the Alban hills and the dim line of purple sea.

The railway to Naples now crosses the Campagna, and takes us both to Alban and Frascati, while the direct carriage-road to Alban is that known as the Via Appia Nova, but most travellers will still prefer the old Appian Way, *Regina viarum*, that most celebrated of all the roads that lead to Rome. Many are the famous processions which have passed this way; many the victorious generals who have marched along this road at the head of their legions on their return from foreign conquest. We think as we go of Scipio and of Caesar; of Cicero coming back from exile and welcomed by Senate and People who went out to meet him and led him to the Capitol in a golden chariot with shouts of triumphant acclamations—'Italy bearing him on her shoulders and carrying him into Rome'—we think of the long train of Roman knights which bore the dead Augustus to his home on the Palatine Hill; we think, too, of Paul of Tarsus entering Rome for the first time a prisoner in the centurion's band, bearing with him the message of the new faith which was to rise on the ruins of the old Empire and make Rome a second time the centre of the world.

Leaving the city by the arch which is not that of Drusus, near the site of the old Capenian Gate, we journey through that long avenue of tombs, the resting-places of illustrious or of unknown dead, which have survived the rise and fall of empires. By catacombs and columbariums, churches and temples, we go; past Cecilia Metella's round tomb which, crowned with the forked battlements of mediaeval times, is still so conspicuous a feature in the landscape; by the country-house where Seneca put an end to his weary life, and the ruins of the sumptuous villa built by Commodus, and now called Roma Vecchia; by Casale Rotondo, the burial-place of the gens Cotta, which to-day bears a farm-house and olive-garden on its summit, and the ancient Bovillae, the home of the Julian gens and the sanctuary where Augustus lay in state for a month after his death. Here the road begins to ascend the hill, following the track of that great flood of lava which flowed down from the Alban mountains in prehistoric times, and across these plains which were once the battlefield of the republic in its young days, and are now strewn with the ruins of consular and imperial ages, we look back at the domes and towers of the Eternal City, flashing back the rays of the sun to the blue sky overhead.

The road now winds up the steep slopes through

olive-gardens and vineyards, which still produce the wine for which the Alban hills were famous in Horace's time; and just before we enter the gates of Albano we pass a massive brick-tomb, formerly called the burial-place of Ascanius, the son of Aeneas, and founder of Alba Longa, and now with more probability the tomb of Pompey, who was buried, Plutarch tells us, close to his Alban villa. The estate of Pompey on these slopes after his death passed successively to Dolabella and Mark Antony, and after the defeat of Actium became imperial property, together with the villa of Clodius, those 'insane piles' which drew down the vengeance of the god of Latium upon his doomed head. These two villas became the imperial villa known as Albanum Cesarum, which Augustus and his successors found a convenient halting-place on their way southwards, and which was the favourite residence of Domitian, who profaned this lovely spot with his cruelties and follies. Here, on a winter's night, was enacted that strange scene described by Juvenal, when the august members of the council received a sudden summons to the presence of Caesar, and hurrying along the Via Appia in the dead of night, reached the Alban villa to find the object for which their advice was required was the dishing up of a huge turbot on the imperial table. Ruins of his Thermae and of the amphitheatre where he disgraced the purple by descending into the arena and slaying wild beasts with his hand may still be seen in the gardens of the Cappuccini convent on the hill, and the round temple which he built is now the church of Sta. Maria della Rotonda, whose modern cupola rises picturesquely among surrounding woods, and whose portal is adorned with a rich marble frieze of acanthus-leaves.

ON THE APPIAN WAY. ARCH OF DRUSUS (SO CALLED).

The modern town of Albano sprang up on the site of the Praetorian camp occupied by Domitian's guards. It was the seat of a bishop as early as the fifth century, and became a place of some importance in the Middle Ages, when it was frequently visited by German Emperors, and more than once attacked and burnt in their wars with the Roman Popes. It is still the chief town on the Alban hills and a favourite summer residence of the Roman nobles, whose large white villas and dilapidated palaces meet our eyes as we walk up the one long street of Albano. Here they can enjoy the purest air, the freshest springs of water, and views of unequalled loveliness over Campagna and sea-shore. There we can revel in the full perfection of Italian summer, see wonderful sunsets from our balconies, and, forgetting 'the labour on the deep mid ocean, the wind, the waves, the oar,' linger among orange and cypress-groves through long June days and nights of splendour when the cicala sings in the grass and fireflies and glow-worms sparkle on every bank. Or, if we will, we can wander into the heart of these wooded hills, which Signor Costa has so often painted for us, touched with their first spring freshness or their even more lovely autumn russets, and always breathing the same atmosphere of intense tranquillity.

One great charm of Albano lies in the magnificent ilex-avenues, known as the Galleria di Sopra e di Sotto, which extend along the hillside at the back of the town, in the grounds once belonging to Domitian's villa, which rose in four grand terraces on the slopes overlooking the Alban Lake. Through these aged forest-trees — many of which were planted two or three hundred years ago, and are now supported by stone props — we look down upon the blue waters of the lake sleeping in the hollow of its old crater. High up on the hill to

our left rises Castel Gandolfo, the summer retreat of the Popes from the days of Urban VIII. to our own ; to our right, picturesquely situated on a crag overhanging the lake, is Rocca di Papa, with its picturesque mediaeval ruins, once a fortress of Colonna and Orsini in turn ; and just above, towering into the sky, the lofty peak of the Alban Mount.

We are in the very midst of the oldest Roman traditions, and every step of the earth we tread is classic ground. We can take one of the winding paths through the chestnut-woods, which grow so thickly on the steep banks and going down to the edge of the lake visit the famous Emissarium, or

ON THE APPIAN WAY. TOMB OF CAECILIA METELLA.

tunnel, cut in the hard lava by the ancient Romans four hundred years before Christ, when the Alban Lake overflowed during the siege of Veii, and through which its superfluous waters are still drained off into the Tiber. We can see the Nymphaeum of Domitian's summer palace, the stone seats, intended for spectators at his sham naval fights, rising in tiers from the lake, the ruins of pleasure-houses and villas scattered along the shores. More than all this, we can look upon the site of Alba Longa, the sacred city of Latium and Queen of all her tribes. The discovery of gigantic blocks of masonry between the lake and the slopes of the Alban Mount, in a spot thus corresponding with the description of Dionysius, has made the exact site tolerably certain ; and we can follow the track of the long street, and believe this was the ancient city—first the mother, afterwards the rival, of Rome—which Tullus Hostilius razed to the ground six hundred years before Christ. Tales of that mighty past still linger in the hearts of the peasants and beggars of Albano, who point to the still waters of the lake, and tell you with solemn faces of a once glorious city which stood here—a city greater and older than Rome itself. All the old legends of our childhood come back, as we stand by the brink of this blue lake ; most of all, that wondrous story of the cradle that bore the fate of Rome, and of the twin children who were rocked to sleep by the waves of yellow Tiber, and suckled by the she-wolf :—

'They were doomed by a bloody king,
They were doomed by a lying priest,
They were cast on the raging flood,
They were tracked by the raging beast :
Raging beast and raging flood
Alike have spared the prey,
And to-day the dead are living,
The lost are found to-day.'

But there is one point which invites us to go further, one mount which we must all climb, and for the sake of which we forego the pleasure of lingering in the forest shades of Alba, and the cool freshness of Pope Urban's ilex avenues. We turn along the right shore, up a steep path where maidenhair and ivy cover the rocks, and the ground at our feet is gay with cyclamen and violets ; and following in the steps of the victorious generals of Latium, we ascend the Alban Mount. On our way up the sacred hill we pass by the Franciscan convent of Palazzuola, with its terrace and consular tomb ; and leave the straggling houses of Rocca di Papa below,

to come out upon the grassy meadow in the hollow which gives the hill its modern name of Monte Cavo, and has been known for centuries as the Camp of Hannibal. Here the Roman poets of later times pictured to themselves the great Carthaginian looking down upon the Seven Hills, and the shining city with the statues of the gods crowning the pinnacles of a thousand temples, as it were an army of Immortals drawn up to keep guard over their eternal homes. Historians tell us that it is more probable the Campo di Annibale was called by this name because, at the time of his invasion of Italy, it was occupied by a Roman legion, who watched the movements of the foe from these heights.

From this point we follow the track of the Via Triumphalis, along which the dictators of Alba and the other cities of Latium marched at the head of their armies; and in later days Marcellius and Julius Caesar led the triumphal procession in their turn, robed in kingly apparel and crowned with myrtle as commanders of the Latin legions. The very lava pavement under our feet bears marks of their chariot-wheels, and the stones which indicate its course are still inscribed with the letters N.V., Numinis Via. But the goal of their pilgrimage, the object of their aspirations, is gone. A convent of Passionist monks, founded by Cardinal York in the last century, now occupies the summit of the Alban Mount; and a few polygonal blocks of rough-hewn stone in the garden are all that remains of the great Temple of Jupiter.

Here the Latin tribes met year by year to honour the god who was the common object of their worship; and while they held their festal games in the meadows below, and celebrated the rites of the Feriae Latinae in the sacred groves, a truce of God was held throughout Latium. To this shrine, revered by all who bore the Latin name, Cicero turned with uplifted hands and eyes when he invoked the god of Latium in his famous speech against Clodius: 'And thou, from thy exalted mount, great Jupiter of Latium, whose lake and woods and fields he has defiled with his crimes—thou at last hast opened thine eyes, and raised thine arm, to punish the offender!'

In the days of Augustus a cohort of guards was appointed to protect the sacred treasures of the temple; and even in the last century a number of reliefs and statues and precious marble columns bore witness to its ancient splendour, when the last of the Stuarts destroyed the ruined shrine and employed these costly remains to adorn his convent church. The temple consecrated by the veneration of ages is gone; but we may still stand on the summit of the Alban Mount, where Juno looked down on the lines of Troy and Laurentum, the armies of Aeneas and Turnus drawn up for the last great battle. The whole country described by Virgil as the theatre of the events recorded in the last six books of the Aeneid is here spread out before us. We see on our left the sea-coast from Antium to Civita Vecchia; Ardea, the capital of Turnus; Civita Lavinia, the city founded by Aeneas; the belt of pine-forests running along the shore by Laurentum; and the promontory of Circe rising like an island from the purple sea. We see the seven-hilled city of Evander; the mouth of the Tiber where Aeneas landed; the shady groves along the banks of the river where the hero rested—all the coast 'where sprung the epic war, Arms and the man.' On clear evenings towards sunset the 'snowy mountain-tops' of Sardinia and Corsica may be seen fringing the southern sky; far away in the north-east rise the isolated peaks of Soracte, always a striking feature in the landscape, the green slopes of Lucretilis, with the hills of Tivoli and the three low Montes Corniculani in the plains below, and the lofty ridge of distant Apennines above. At our feet are the Arx of Tusculum and the villa which was once the beloved home of Cicero; while in the immediate foreground, surrounded by chestnut forests and glittering villages, the lakes of Alba and Nemi slumber each in their green hollow. And all this rich foreground and distant prospect is made still fairer by the great clouds which go floating past us in the sky, throwing deep shadows and exquisite changes of colour over golden woods and crystal waters; and on those far plains—steeped in delicate hues of rainbow brightness, and 'spiritualised by endless recollections'—where Rome, once the mistress of the world, sits enthroned on her seven hills, a widowed queen surrounded by the ruins of her ancient splendour.

We can come down through the chestnut-woods and grassy fields on Nemi, that other 'still glassy lake' which sleeps in the shadow of the Alban Mount and takes its name from the sacred grove, 'Nemus Dianae,' of the great goddess of Aricia.

> 'Oh, could we once ere we go, could we stand while to ocean descending,
> Sinks o'er the yellow dark plain slowly the yellow broad sun;
> Stand from the forest emerging at sunset, at once in the champaign
> Open, but studded with trees, chestnuts umbrageous and old,
> Even in these fair open fields that incurve to thy beautiful hollow,
> Nemi, embedded in wood, Nemi, inurned in the hill!'

The lake of Nemi is smaller in extent, but of the same oval shape as the Lago di Castello, by which name the Alban lake is known to the modern Romans, and, like its sister lake, occupies the hollow of a dried-up crater. The shores of the basin are still more richly wooded, and the plane and ilex-groves overhanging the waters, and the steep cliffs

where wild goats scramble, and convolvulus and clematis hang in clusters, have always been the delight of artists. The village of Nemi, with its cypresses and citadel, stands picturesquely perched on the heights above, and is worth visiting for the sake of the charming view over the Pontine Marshes, the Cape of Circe, and the round tower of Cività Lavinia, standing on its projecting rock above the sea. The larger town of Genzano, on the opposite side, also offers a variety of enchanting prospects, and is famous for the festival of the Infiorata, when in the week of Corpus Christi the streets are strewn with a mosaic of flowers and all manner of pretty devices are patterned on a brilliant ground of roses and narcissus, of violets and water-lilies. Nemi, too, has its classical traditions, some of which go back to an antiquity almost as remote as those of Alba Longa. There is that dark story of the priest of Diana, — Rex Nemorensis, who, following the barbarous usage described by Strabo, was always a fugitive who had slain his predecessor,

LAKE OF NEMI.

> 'The priest who slew the slayer
> And shall himself be slain,'

and who worshipped in the temple of the goddess with a drawn sword in his hand. This grim tradition was illustrated in a bas-relief discovered in the groves of Aricia in 1791, and as we all know has lately afforded Renan a subject for his eloquent pen. And there is the gentler story of Hippolytus, who was hidden in these groves, and the sweet legend of Egeria, the nymph beloved of Numa, tales more in keeping with the soft loveliness of Nemi's lake and the delicious freshness of its woods.

> 'Here didst thou dwell, in this enchanted cover,
> Egeria, thy all-heavenly bosom beating
> For the far footsteps of thy mortal lover.'

Ovid has told us how Diana, taking compassion on the nymph's inconsolable sorrow at the death of Numa, changed her into a fountain, and the sparkling spring which gushes out of the rocks below Nemi, clearest and purest of all the streams which flow into the lake, still bears the name of Egeria.

> 'The mosses of thy fountain still are sprinkled
> With thine Elysian water-drops; with a gentle leap
> The rill runs o'er and round, fern flowers and ivy creep,
> Fantastically tangled.'

Here, too, in the great days of Rome patricians and emperors had their villas on the brink of the lake. Here Julius Caesar built the luxurious villa which Suetonius tells us cost him a fabulous sum of money, and which he destroyed in a freak of extravagance because it was no longer to his taste. And here Trajan, the best of Roman emperors, reared a summer palace of marble on floating piles which the Renaissance architects took for a ship, and which Leon Battista Alberti dreamt of raising from the bottom of the lake by means of some wonderful machine of his contrivance.

The way back to Albano leads through the modern town of L'Aricia, which occupies the site of the citadel belonging to the ancient city, one of the oldest members of the Latin League, and mentioned by Virgil as a powerful city when Aeneas arrived in Latium. The old city itself, the first stage on the journey from Rome to Brundisium, lay in the deep valley on the southern side of the present town, where the massive peperino blocks of the causeway upon which the old Via Appia was raised are still to be seen.

To-day the Appian Road crosses the ravine which divides L'Aricia from Albano by the noble viaduct, 700 feet long, erected by Pope Pius IX., and composed of three tiers of arches. Magnificent are the views which this grand work of modern engineering affords the traveller along its course. At one end of the viaduct we look up a fine avenue of ilexes and olive-trees towards the lofty cupola of the church of L'Aricia and the palace of the Chigi family, both the work of Bernini; while on the other the domes of Albano rise out of the midst of ilex-groves. Below us lies the deep ravine of Vallericcia, thickly wooded

with giant forest trees, whose masses of heavy foliage are one glory of colour in autumn, and beyond these we look across two miles of plain to the Mediterranean waters.

Another short mile along the new Appian Way and we pass the huge Etruscan tomb, with its curious pyramidal towers, known of old as the sepulchre of the Horatii and Curiatii, and now generally supposed to be that of Aruns, the son of Lars Porsenna of Clusium, who, when his father retreated from before the walls of Rome, laid siege to Aricia, and was slain in the attempt. A step or two farther on we re-enter the gates of the town, and find ourselves at one end of the long street, among the shabby palaces—the noisy wine-carts, and the handsome beggars, the dirt, the squalor, the wonderful beauty of Albano.

JULIA CARTWRIGHT.

GERMAIN PILON.

THE Editor kindly allowed me to say a few words in last year's 'PORTFOLIO' upon the life and work of Jean Goujon. I propose now, with his permission, to sketch the career of one who presents to us a very different aspect of French sculpture in the sixteenth century. And I choose the name of Germain Pilon, not only on account of his intrinsic merit, but also because of him alone among other sculptors of the Renaissance have we any certain information, and a sufficient knowledge of his work to be able to judge of his style.

Pilon forms a contrast to Goujon in more ways than one. They both belong to the central period of what we call the French Renaissance; they both exemplify its independence of foreign influences. But the one represents its earlier, the other its later phase. In the case of the former, sculpture has just broken the trammels of the past; in that of the latter, it is tending already towards the license of the future. The difference between them, however, lies deeper than this: it is individual as well as typical.

Goujon spent his life almost entirely on works of an architectural character; he remained in position always the simple craftsman; his sympathies or fortune threw him into companionship with men who belonged more or less openly to the Huguenots; and like these last, so at least says tradition, he fell by that fatal blow which struck at the intelligence, the liberty, and the honour of France. Pilon, on the other hand, was a conventional Catholic, and became attached in an official capacity to the royal Court. Moreover, he was no *maître-maçon*, but an independent sculptor, with something like the social status of the modern artist, and entered, like him, into architectural labours, if at all, only on equal terms with the architect himself.

And the difference between their art is equally marked. Goujon is always reserved, and sometimes severe in style; Pilon's chisel (to use Michelet's expressive phrase) is at once passionate and frivolous, impetuous in impulse but extravagant in its very fervour. We may fancy that we can discover the same fire in the work of both; but in Goujon's art this fire leaves behind its cleansing activity a handful of pure metal, while in that of Pilon ore and dross burn together in an impure flame. The former worked for an ideal which we can see now, at this distance of time, to have been beyond his reach. The latter accepted frankly the artistic conditions of his day, and obtained the immediate recognition which all such artists receive, whatever their branch of art—be it sculpture, poetry, or music. There was room for the attempt of both; and we are in a sense bound, having glanced at the one, to glance also at the other.

Great uncertainty hangs over the date and place of Pilon's birth. People did not trouble themselves about these details in a sculptor's biography three hundred years ago as we do now. And few will question the justness of their indifference. Now-a-days one is expected to throw all possible light upon the most minute as well as the most important points, and so to focus that light as if every part of the picture was of equal value. Here I shall attempt to hit the golden mean, and pass as lightly over an obscure question as is consistent with regard for substantial accuracy. There is some interest in ascertaining the truth for two reasons. First, we should like to know whether Pilon was a Parisian or a provincial by training; and, secondly, whether he executed certain works attributed to his hand in the old province of Maine. But it must be admitted that he may have been born in one place and trained in another, just as our own Flaxman was born at York but brought up from infancy in London, and therefore that his birthplace is in itself an insignificant matter, while the ascription of works in Maine has lost its interest from the fact that almost all of them perished at the Revolution.

Two kinds of authority form the source of our information on these points: the first kind of evidence is tradition; the second consists of documents. Happily, the second source—that of documents—is absolute upon the question of date, and absolute also upon the question of place, if I understand them rightly. Tradition, we need call in only upon the case of those works which have hitherto been considered as evidence of his place of birth.

In a document dated 8 May, 1581, which seems to have been a sort of testimonial to the character of a certain Olivier, an officer of the Royal Mint, Pilon

describes himself as '*about forty-six years of age.*' This will place his birth about 1535. And we could hardly have it on more satisfactory authority. Pilon, therefore, belongs as a sculptor altogether to the second half of the sixteenth century. Another document, coming also from the Cour des Monnoyes, and consisting of depositions to Pilon's character made by two citizens of Paris and a working goldsmith, contains a remarkable passage. The first deponent affirms '*that he has known Pilon from his birth, because he is a native of the said fauxbourgs of St. Jacques,*' he himself being at the time sixty years of age. And another witness refers also to his birth in what was then the northern outskirts of the city, but has long since become one of the busiest quarters in all Paris.

These entries in the archives of the old Cour des Monnoyes, found by the Baron Pichon about 1856, set an old dispute at rest. They fix his birthplace and its date. There is no real conflict with the legend that Pilon came from Loué, near Le Mans, which in its oldest and almost contemporaneous form merely asserts his family to have belonged to Loué, and a little earlier in his lifetime simply mentions Maine as the land of his origin and Loué as his father's birthplace.

Turning now to tradition, we find, as early as the first half of the eighteenth century, a MS.* assertion that Pilon was a native of Loué, a parish not far from the old city of Le Mans; and the writer goes on to mention many works ascribed to him in its neighbourhood.

We hear of statues and bas-reliefs at the Abbey of Solesmes, of a tomb of one of the Du Bellays in the Cathedral of St. Julien, and of a figure of St. Bernard at the church of his order at Epau. On the pedestal of the last the name of Pilon is said to have been actually cut. But these works suffered seriously in the last decade of the century. Only those at Solesmes, the tomb of Du Bellay (since restored from its broken pieces), and the head of the St. Bernard escaped. The head was carried off for safety by a citizen of Le Mans and has quite disappeared. Of the other sculptures, both at Solesmes and in the Cathedral, people seem to have judged rather hastily. I am sorry to say I have never seen it. But hitherto critics have formed their conclusions on the assumption that Pilon was older than he really seems to have been. We have seen that he was born about 1535. Therefore, in 1560, the latest date assigned to any of these provincial works, he was only about twenty-five years of age; and he was hardly engaged in Paris, so far as we know by documents or by works, before that time. There is, therefore, a time of apprenticeship in his art of which no satisfactory account can be given; and certainly no better tradition exists for filling it in than that which represents him as busy in Maine. It may have been the native land of his father,* who is said to have also been a sculptor; and Pilon may have helped him as a young man upon commissions, which took them down into the country, but did not by any means render other work in or about Paris impossible.

Above all, we must not form our judgments solely upon evidences of style. If the works in Le Mans and Solesmes betray no traces of his later manner, even should they bear a different character altogether from that of his better-known works, we must not conclude hastily that they are not his. A young artist's style is very seldom formed—whatever may be his art—so early in life. And there are instances innumerable to prove the assertion. Confining ourselves, however, to sculpture, who would recognise the sculptor of the *Moses* in the *Cupid* at South Kensington, or the circular relief of the *Madonna and Child* in the Uffizi; or, again, the sculptor of either of these in that of the other? And yet we never cease hearing of Michael Angelo's *manner*—not without just cause.

We have not gathered much so far about Pilon's training. At Paris he is connected by tradition with both of those centres of artistic activity which were contending for the mastery in the closing years of the reign of Francis I.—with the band of native artists who co-operated at St. Germain l'Auxerrois under Lescot, the French architect of the Louvre, and also with the dying glories of Florentine art at Fontainebleau.

At the church of St. Germain, Brice, the fashionable historiographer of Paris, describes as his some angels in bronze (which, adds another writer, were upon the balustrade that shut in the sanctuary) *of rare beauty.* Other work, too, has been attributed to him there, but with no real reason. Even Brice thinks poorly of some ornaments, '*valued merely,*' he tells us, '*because they are by a sculptor of note,*' viz. Pilon, who was still, he goes on to say, '*somewhat infected with Gothic taste.*'

The other tradition of which I spoke associates him with the Cour de la Fontaine at Fontainebleau, designed by Serlio, but greatly altered since. Now it is impossible to identify anything there as his, though two statues in the chapel—a Charlemagne and St. Louis—in bronze, are pointed out under his name; statues which, I fancy, very few visitors have ever seen. Pilon is connected, however, with Fontainebleau in another way. The palace which Francis restored within the magnificent old forest gave its

* This MS., written by Louis Maulin, '*conseiller au presidial Du Mans,*' was in the possession of M. Renouard of Le Mans, who vouched for its statements to M. Lenoir in a letter dated 1801.

* Tradition says he married and settled at Loué.

name to the group of artists whom he had summoned to his court from Italy. A thousand memories are awakened by the old château, but none are more potent than those that link it with the sixteenth century and its *Grand Monarque.* Francis has many sins for which to answer before the bar of history; but that which will best bear scrutiny is his relation to the art and the artists of his age. A shrewd writer has remarked that all monarchs of his time encouraged, but that Francis alone loved, those great artists whose names are the glory of their century. Francis' taste indeed extended far beyond the style of those men who were gathered at Fontainebleau in his last years; but it was they who exerted direct influence over French contemporary art: not Leonardo, who came to die, or Titian, who refused to come at all. So, unhappily, did even Francis' best acts work evil to the country which he really loved.

We are irresistibly led on to ask how Pilon stood towards the School of Fontainebleau; for if he did not come (as the tradition supposes) into actual contact with its artists during early life, he certainly worked with them later on, and cannot have remained indifferent to their influence or insensible to their charms. Sculpture cannot be considered the *forte* of the École de Fontainebleau. Benevenuto Cellini's somewhat disappointing Nymph (now at the Louvre), and Primaticcio's gay staircase still in the château itself, are but an echo from the great Cinque Cento. Still there is more sympathy between them and the work of Pilon than between them and that of Goujon; a sympathy which only throws Pilon's originality, in many respects, into still stronger relief. He could and did learn much from their science, their studied refinement, and their bold handling; while he contracted something of their mannerism and meretricious elegance. But in other points he shows his independence. In his most characteristic work he never falls into those false proportions of the female figure which mar the work of the late Italians. His management of drapery is original, his heads are thoroughly French. And in one gift—his keen sense of the relation of his art to the life around him—he rises above men who in many ways were undoubtedly his superiors. These men, indeed, were representatives of an expiring art. They had parted from their native soil, they had lost touch with popular sympathy, and they were dependent on the caprices of a foreign court. No wonder, then, that they succumbed to that stagnation which was fast spreading over art, even in their own home. But this post-Florentine School—numbering among it members of high talent, and inheriting the rich and living traditions of Italian art—could not lose all at once the sense of beauty and grace which ran, as it were, within the blood of its artists. Only they lacked the vitality to reproduce these qualities in a line of pupils: there is no School of Fontainebleau in the proper sense.

Pilon profited much from the example of this exotic art, but he imparted to what he borrowed a flavour all his own. In his work you find yourself face to face with a man who saw Nature through his own eyes. He differs from his contemporaries, Goujon and Cousin, in reflecting the superficial graces of his day, the meagre passion and the ecstatic asceticism, which throve in the hothouse atmosphere of Catherine de Medici's court. But the mirror which he held up to nature was, like theirs, of native workmanship.

When Pilon first appears at work it is in royal employ, at the Abbey of St. Denis. Philibert de L'Orme, who had been charged to design and generally superintend the execution of the tomb of Francis and his Queen, entrusted to Pilon eight figures in bronze and some small bas-reliefs. The former, intended no doubt to stand detached at the extremities and along the sides of the tomb, were melted down at the Revolution. The royal tombs had been all decreed for destruction, but bronze had a special value for those who stood in need of the material of war. The bas-reliefs have survived with the rest of this splendid monument. They consist of small scenes in the canopy that overhangs the prostrate effigies below, and supports the kneeling figures above. But to these must be added four little winged figures in the spandrils of the main lateral arches.

The former are practically not to be seen in the cursory visit which you make under the charge of a guide, and for any longer view you must procure an order from the architect's office in Paris. The latter show how artistically a sculptor in that day regarded such trifles. A hundred years later he would have turned out these details as so much mason's work done to order. France is full of monuments executed in such a spirit, and in our own country Wren's noblest churches are vulgarised by similar tasteless ornament. At one time, indeed, it seemed as if this blemish had become an ineradicable characteristic of modern art. And it is the difference in this respect, the high conception of their work in matters small as well as great, which distinguishes the artists of the sixteenth from those of the succeeding centuries.

From this point of view, if from no other, the Cinque Cento is entitled to be called an *age of faith;* that is to say, in the intrinsic value of its art.

Pilon's little figures (insignificant if judged by any standard but that of beauty) breathe just as much as larger works the vigorous, yet delicate spirit, of the French Renaissance. Not unfrequently Pilon returned to the same theme, handling it just as lightly as he does here. And he always displays that simplicity and *abandon* of style which are the

secret of his success in dealing with the infantine form. Even before his employment at St. Denis Pilon must have enjoyed considerable popularity as a sculptor, for De L'Orme thought it necessary in his contract to expressly stipulate that he should leave his work in a state of completion. He stood upon his trial indeed in this commission, and it is clear that he at once pleased the fancy of the Court —perhaps we should rather say, that of the Queen Mother. In 1560 she ordered him to carve four statues in wood—Mars, Minerva, Juno, and Venus—for her garden. She had brought her love of *al-fresco* life from beyond the Alps, and she did not lose it. Some years later Palissy entered warmly into her schemes, and certainly the decorative character of his art, his naturalistic forms, and his command of colour, guided by his inexhaustible invention, were much better fitted for the task than Pilon's somewhat cold and subtle forms. Palissy's employment saved his life in the terrible days of the St. Bartholomew, but his and Pilon's works have been less fortunate. Neither the former nor the latter have survived.

Henry II. died in 1559, and in little more than a year his son, Francis II., had followed him to the grave. The open and avowed ascendancy of a woman could not be without its influence upon the state and tone of society at the French Court, nor could it fail indirectly to affect its art. Catherine added to the unscrupulous ability of a Medici the legitimate title of Queen Mother. She played her cards admirably. The hereditary taint in the younger line of the house of Valois, the internal conflict between Protestants and Catholics, and the necessities of foreign policy, rendered France an easy victim to her ambition and intrigues. Women have often, through the affections, ruled the country which excludes them from its throne, but Catherine owed her power to her qualities of mind and will. And of this feminine interregnum Pilon is undoubtedly the artistic representative. All his successful works, both those which we possess and those which we know only by tradition, are cast in this lighter mould. When he attempts the more robust and sterner qualities of manhood his fervour grows cold and his style becomes mannered and laboured. Women, children, and those angelic beings, who seem to border on the nature of both, are his happiest efforts.

In 1562 the Queen Mother placed a monument to the memory of Henry II., her late husband, in the church of the Célestins. Three Graces, who are creations rather of allegory than of mythology—Ronsard's

> Les graces, qui sont
> les filles du ciel,

rather than Horace's

> Gratiae decentes,

bear upon their heads an urn containing the king's heart. The inscription tells us in epigrammatic Latin the reason for the design,—That heart had once been their abode!

Catherine may have suggested the idea, but the artistic credit was altogether due to Pilon's.

In his treatment of a very old subject he differs, I believe, alike from ancient and modern sculptors. The Graces frequently appear in those miniature reflections of Antique Life and Art—the ancient gems. But the sculptors of antiquity, and, following their example, modern sculptors such as Canova and Thorwaldsen, have all considered it as an opportunity for the display of the female form in its utmost variety and beauty.

Pilon has obviously, on the other hand, avoided the difficulties of such an attempt, and we may feel thankful for his wisdom in choosing a style of treatment which lay well within his powers. He knew both himself and his public, and hit correctly the taste of his time when he translated the Graces into three Court ladies in different stages of undress.

But he consulted also the strictly monumental character of his work in the rigidly symmetrical form which he adopted. He built them back to back, their arms falling simply by their sides, their fingers interlaced, their heads close enough to support the urn which crowns the whole. Their natural height he enhanced by the pedestal on which they stand. Pilon's Graces remind us of Ovid's pretty picture,—

> '. . . . . facies non omnibus una
> Sed diversa tamen, qualem decet esse sororum.'

He sought variety mainly in the heads and draperies. The latter, of a delicate transparent texture, cling coquettishly about their fragile forms and flutter gently in the breeze; but the architectural lines of the composition are carried out by the perpendicular folds which they assume between and behind the figures.

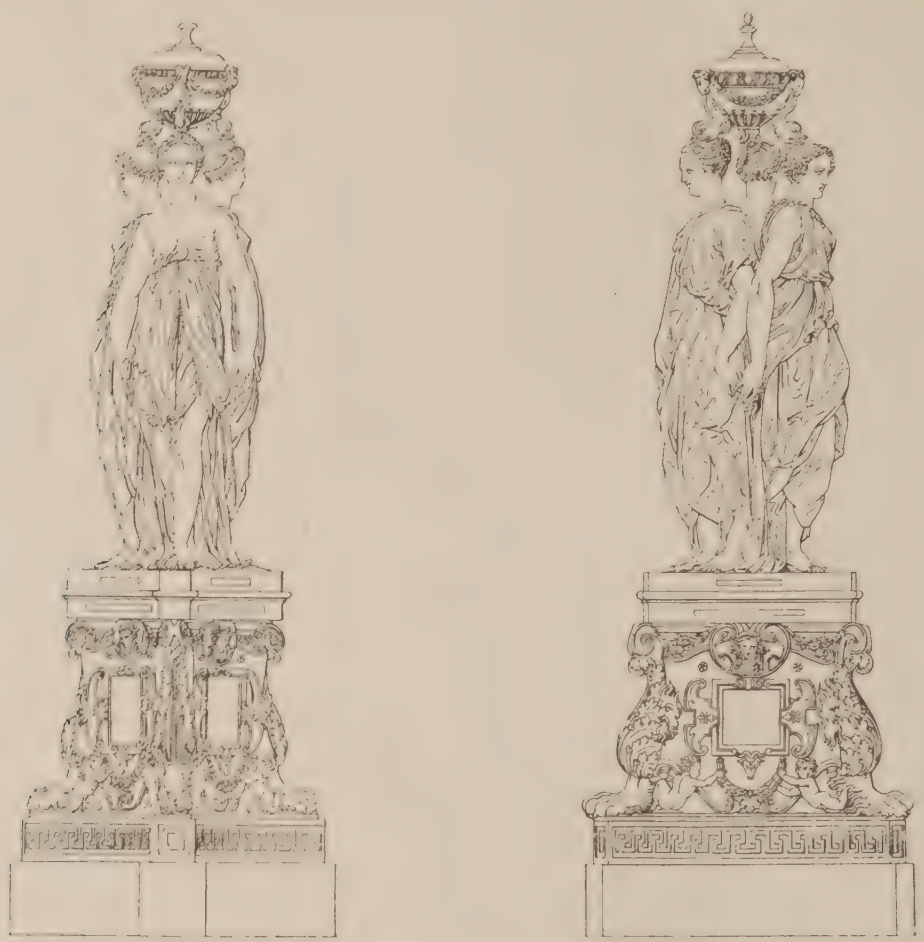
Pilon has contrived, by a certain frivolity in their execution, to lighten and relieve the monotony of his group. Their boldly broken surface suggests the image of *ἀνήριθμον γέλασμα*, which Aeschylus invented for the ripples of a sunlit sea, and the gaiety they impart to the whole conception reinforces in perfect harmony the key-note struck by the evanescent smile on the features above.

The heads, indeed, are Pilon's chief success. From individual models (the features in one case are said to be those of Catherine herself), lacking both physical beauty and moral dignity, his art of truthful characterisation has educed a grace which will never cease to charm so long as men take pleasure in perfection of style, in the beautiful treatment of thoughts however trivial. Nor can we take leave of this work without recognising the harmony of design and excellence of

workmanship which pervade every detail—the coiffure of the heads, the finish of the fingers, the ornaments of the pedestal below. The execution of the nude parts may be poor if compared with that of an antique marble, but the proportions of the figures are natural and admirable. And when we remember the decorative intention we are forced to admit that Pilon stands the best test of artistic success—the perfect attainment of the end in view.

It is interesting to note the immediate favour

The Constable himself survived his former master by many years. He came of one of the most illustrious families in France, and had played with Francis as a child. Francis when he ascended the throne first trusted and afterwards neglected him; but Henry, who sought his counsels as Dauphin, repaid his devotion far better, and he lived to fall with grand dignity upon the plains of St. Denis, when he had achieved a great and decisive victory for Charles IX. His body went, by his will, to the family church at



THE GRACES. BY GERMAIN PILON.

with which this composition met. An exact replica is said to have formerly held the heart of the founder in a conventual house of the Camaldules at Besse. In the eighteenth century, however, it disappeared, either having been carried off by a bishop of Le Mans who admired its beauty, or thrown into a well by a prior whose devotions were disturbed (not an uncommon incident in religious houses which possessed works of art) by its charms.

A more interesting proof of its popularity is to be found in the monument similar to that of Henry II. which Barthélemi Prieur executed for the heart of the Constable Anne de Montmorency, and which was placed in the Célestins, as the inscription records, by the wish of the late king.

Montmorency, but his heart remained in Paris, and Bullant, the gifted architect of Écouen, was charged with the design of the monument which should contain it. The execution, as has been said, was entrusted to Prieur. Portions of this monument may now be seen in the Louvre, and one of its figures, that of Abundance, conveys a high impression of his powers.

She bends slightly towards us, bearing in her arm the traditional horn, full of flowers and fruits, and the heel of the right and hinder foot is just raised to balance the forward motion. On her face a smile is breaking. Both pose and head have a womanly *naïveté* which is very charming. The draperies are a little conventional, but their heavy folds which

fall and lie about the feet give balance and repose to the figure in accordance with its monumental character. We may well feel surprised at its natural expression and unaffected beauty, treated with perfect science, when we remember that it is a work of tombs, their truthful characterisation, and simple, sober beauty. And if he has not Pilon's peculiar grace, he is free at least from his extravagance.

Barthélemi Prieur is said to have been a Calvinist, though this tradition is hard to reconcile with the

PEACE.

JUSTICE.

ABUNDANCE.

BY BARTHÉLEMI PRIEUR.

the second half of the sixteenth century. As such it is a proof of the elasticity of the French Renaissance, and makes us regret our almost complete ignorance of other sculpture by Prieur's hand. Certainly the recumbent figures of the Constable and his wife, which have found their way to the Louvre from Montmorency, have all the best qualities of the earlier story that he was a favourite of the Montmorency house in face of the Constable's rigid orthodoxy. But we could easily believe, from the individual and unaffected style of his work, that he was a man accustomed to think for himself, and follow his convictions with earnestness of purpose in other matters as well as in those of his art.

S. Udney.

ART CHRONICLE.

Sir F. Leighton, F.R.A., having at length completed his second mural painting in spirit-fresco within the South Kensington Museum, it was uncovered to the public last month. The cartoons for this composition, *The Arts of Peace*, and its companion, *The Arts of War*, were exhibited at Burlington House some years since, and are familiar to the public. The composition before us is built up in three portions of a classic palace: the central open semicircular court is filled with fair women, attiring themselves in draperies and ornaments; on either hand project porticos thronged with brown-fleshed sinewy men, bearing fabrics of the loom or objects of fictile art. Above and behind the central structure rise wooded heights studded with white temples. In front boats lie moored to the marble quay, which is here covered by a green carpet figured with blue. In composing line, mass, and colour, the painter has sought a broader and firmer scheme than in his previous fresco, *The Arts of War*. Repeated perpendicular and horizontal lines in figures and accessories square out the surface, and balance the sweeping curve of the central structure. The flower-like hues of crimson, blue, and crocus greys, are confined to the draperies of the women, and framed in by the brown and tawny shades of the side groups; the strip of blue water and green carpet find response in the tints of sky and landscape; the white buildings throw up the figures, and bind the whole together. If one may not lay overmuch weight upon the strength of this effort at monumental art, one may safely point to the beauty of individual parts, and the dignity and grace of the composition as a whole. The style lies happily between academic and naturalistic modes. The painter has adopted this time the expedient of a firm dark outline throughout. But his effort to mass his figures has, as regards the side groups, overreached the mark; for at the distance of the court below they do not detach at all, and tell only as incoherent masses of tawny brown flesh. The position of the fresco, on the wall of a comparatively narrow balcony, overlooking a court at a considerable depth below, presented crucial difficulties in treatment as regards effect from two such different points of view; and it does Sir Frederick Leighton great honour to have met the test with even comparative success.

The controversy as to the 'Reform of the Royal Academy,' raised by the circular which we summarised last month, was continued in the hands of Mr. Holman Hunt and others. A dignified letter sent to the press by the President of the Academy

disposed of some mistaken assertions, as, for instance, that the galleries are rent-free. The answer to this is that 'every foot of floor and wall space affected to exhibitions and schools is provided and paid for by the Royal Academy from its own funds.' A suggestion that the Chantrey Fund should be applied otherwise than to direct purchase of pictures is shown by the terms of the will to be impossible: commissions, for instance, are distinctly therein forbidden. In this matter of Academic reform it may be added the intemperate zeal of the attacking party again hinders the usefulness of their interference. The scheme for a National Art Exhibition had arrived by the middle of September so far as a programme and an Honorary Secretary to manage correspondence. The programme, as set forth by a letter bearing the signatures of Messrs. Clausen, Walter Crane, and Holman Hunt, suggests that guarantors for the expenses of the first exhibition shall be obtained, and that from these, and others elected by them, shall be constituted the Managing Committee. The Artistic Committee, who alone are to have voice as to selection and hanging of works of art, is to be quite separate and distinct. A system of suffrage among the general body of exhibiting artists is to be organized, in which voters are to submit two works for exhibition, enter their names as candidates for Hanging Committee, and vote for twenty other candidates. At this early stage of the proceedings we abstain from comment or prognostication.

THE spoken thoughts of an artist on art are always worth listening to. The little collection of 'Impressions sur la Peinture,' which the admirers of Mr. Alfred Stevens have induced him to publish in the 'Librairie des Bibliophiles,' form a welcome pocket companion. While the triteness of some of these thoughts make one smile at the *naïveté* which puts them on printed record, others have the true ring. An axiom loses brilliancy by translation, but, for convenience, we will give an Anglicised example or two:—'The Japanese have taught us that nothing in nature is to be disdained, and that an ant is equally well constructed as a horse.' 'In Japanese art all is love, from a blade of grass to the Divinity.' 'It is easier to find a man of talent than a man of fine taste.' 'Place three landscape artists before a scene, each will interpret it according to his temperament, yet it is the same scene. Wherein, then, consists that which it is customary now to call truth to nature? 'The opinion of inexperienced youth is often more judicious than that of a matured painter. Youth has the sentiment of the present and the presentiment of the future; the matured artist has a predisposition to stiffen himself within the formula of the past which has won him his reputation.' And one more, which touches French art with a winged shaft: 'Quoique la France soit artistiquement à la tête des nations aujourd'hui, le Français est cependant plus styliste que vraiment pictural.'

THE restorations at St. Mark's have again received strong advocacy and defence from a well-known anonymous correspondent of the 'Times' resident in Venice, and a summary of the correspondence may be well placed on record. Again we are reminded that the men who raised St. Mark's were superb decorative artists but wretched builders. They laid upon their piles of six feet long, uncemented rubbish and walls of wretched mortar and brick, bound with firewood. The restoration work of the architect-brothers Meduna, now both passed from hearing of abuse from any Preservation Societies whatsoever, is defended both within and without as faithful and careful. Only their successor, Signor Dottore Pietro Saccardo, appears to have been more assiduous in use of as much ancient material as he by diligence can find. Thus in the marble panelling the old colours are kept in harmony. The south-west pavilion and chapels were in the worst condition, and are still in process of renewal; but the corresponding erections on the other side are going to pieces, and must eventually suffer destruction unless permitted restoration. The wave-like inequalities of the mosaic inlaid floor, arising from the unequal sinking of the piers of the old church under the nave and transepts, continue to increase. The water of the lagoon again enters the crypt, which was most carefully repaired and treated with Portland cement comparatively a few years since. The designs of the floor mosaics are being effaced, and unless conservatism permit of their being replaced by modern imitations, and the old remains be reverently stored in museums, or unless they are boarded over, methods which have both been used at Siena, the old floor must perish. Summing up his statement, the writer of the article to which we refer reiterated that the Italian Government grant of 2000*l.* a-year for repairs, &c., is 'well and wisely spent.'

A second article gave, on the authority of Signor Boni and his architect *confrères*, further interesting details as to the general mode of the early builders when laying foundations for palaces and churches throughout Venice upon the shifting ground of the Islands. The practice was to excavate the unstable soil and the *débris* of depositions from previous centuries, until the solid clay was reached. Into this piles were driven down and into the next stratum of clay, into the sand beneath, until a hollow was filled as close as piles could be placed, and the interstices were crammed with stones. On this was laid a raft of oak planks crossing in double layer, and then masses of squared stone up to the bases of the walls. Such was the construction employed where great stability was sought; but in other cases, notably in that of the Ducal Palace itself, the *palafitta*, or mass of piles, was left out and the substructure of stones was laid on the first stratum of clay. In the church of St. Mark's the *palafitta* does not reach the lowest stratum of clay as it does beneath the Campanile, and the 'marble shell' added to the church of the eleventh century, a hundred years later, has not even this semblance of substantial foundation. Under the conditions of subsidence existing in these circumstances vanishes the poetic fancy gravely adduced, that the wave-like inequalities of St. Mark's pavement were an intentional construction significant of Venetian Empire over the sea; and it needed not the additional comments of a letter, signed Della Rovere, pointing out that Venice did not possess the boasted 'Dominio del Mare' until after the pavement of St. Mark's was laid down. 'The Basilica,' says the writer from whom we quote, 'has had four centuries of construction, four of embellishment,—it is approaching its fourth of nursing and more or less intelligent restoration—in all a history unique in the existence of architecture.' The burden of responsibility, we may add, is heavy on the present generation.

M. HENRI BERALDI compiles for the Librairie Conquet, Paris, a dictionary of French engravers of the nineteenth century ('Les Graveurs du XIXme Siècle'), the earlier numbers of which have been some little time in our hands. Each issue is accompanied by a fancy title-page from the hand of a well-known aquafortist, separable from the text. The aim of the editor, as set forth in the preface, seems fully carried out, namely, to provide for the guidance of present and future collectors an approximate inventory, reliable within its limits, of the engravings of this century. The biographical matter is limited in most cases to a mere outline of the life; criticism, whether descriptive or analytical, is intentionally reserved; confined to the point of view of the amateur and collector, or allowed expansion only in the often valuable footnotes. This abstention from descriptive comment, however safe as a rule, often leaves the mere inquirer without the indication of style, for which he naturally consults a dictionary. We may signalise as instance the notice of M. Bida. But in notable cases this rule proves elastic, and we find, for example, in the third issue of 171 pages, which is entirely given to M. Bracquemond, that the long catalogue of his works is preceded by a spirited biographical sketch and touches of enthusiastic, while discriminative, criticism. In case of engravers who are also painters, their productions in the first capacity only are noticed. It is interesting to find a sympathetic article on the lithographs of Richard Bonington. The artist's Christian name, by the way, is by error omitted at entry of the notice. The precise range of graphic art to be covered in the plan of the work under the title 'Engraving' is not indicated by M. Beraldi; we note also that in case of an artist who works in several methods, the plates are not always classified accordingly. It remains to say that the extent and detail of this dictionary, the happy mode of its arrangement, and the brightness of the text, commend it to the reference library of the collector and student of modern prints.

through the woods and over the rocks to the tune of their own melody. We wander through walks overgrown with violets and maidenhair, between aged cypresses and magnolia groves, where the doves murmur among the fragrant blossoms, and bend over the mossy parapet between the shattered marbles and busts of Caesars to look on the radiant plains and the city which lies sleeping in the golden haze below. Everywhere there is the same air of decay and ruin, the same pathetic note of loneliness and desolate beauty, which is the true charm of these Roman villa gardens. And yet, with all their follies, the men who built these casinos and laid out these grounds were masters in their art. There is consummate skill in the manner in which the walks and terraces are planned, and the undulations of the ground turned to the very best advantage. The trees and shrubs are all planted with the utmost care and eye for effect; the bright green of polished laurel and mimosa bushes is mingled with the dark foliage of ilex and cypress; the palm-tree rears its graceful head above the long, low terrace wall, and the branches of the tall stone-pines meet overhead, framing in the distant view of the white Lateran walls and dome of St. Peter's against the shining belt of blue sea in the horizon.

Next to Villa Aldobrandini, the most remarkable one at Frascati is Villa Mondragone, so named from the Buoncompagno dragons placed on the walls in honour of Gregory XIII. The stately casino, with its long arcades and three hundred and seventy-four windows, was designed by Vansanzio, and the noble loggia and fountain surrounded by columns is the work of Vignola. This villa—now a Jesuit College—lies on the eastern slope of the hill, overlooking the Porcian height and the basin of Lake Regillus, and the view from its terraces is most beautiful towards evening, when the plains below catch the deepening glow, and the long line of Sabine mountains is steeped in a faint pink flush of colour. But there is another villa at Frascati, which, less imposing in its situation and less picturesque in its surroundings than either of these, yet has a stronger claim on our interest. This is Villa Ruffinella, the casino which stands on the site of Cicero's villa.

CASCADE OF THE VILLA ALDOBRANDINI.

Originally a *dépendance* of Bishop Ruffini's Villa Falconieri, which lies embosomed in chestnut-woods close by, this villa was long the property of Prince Lucien Buonaparte, who was here attacked by brigands in 1818, an adventure which excited great sensation at the time, and forms the subject of Washington Irving's 'Adventures of an Artist.' But these modern associations are of small interest by the side of the great traditions which belong to the place as the site of Cicero's Tusculana; and it is to the credit of Lucien Buonaparte that he first started the excavations which are the best proof of this theory. We know that Cicero's villa stood on the upper slope of the hill

close to that of the consul Gabinius, where the great orator complained that during his exile not only his furniture but also the trees of his garden were removed, and which is supposed to have occupied the site of the present Villa Falconieri.

Here, then, in all probability was the great Roman's favourite country-house, the most beloved of all his villas, that 'cottage' of which he speaks with so much affection in his letters. There he could snatch a few days of leisure and repose from his labours in Senate and Forum, and taste those rural delights which he has so well described, the charm of green fields, the beauty of vineyards and olive-groves, and the pleasant aspect of a well-cultivated estate, and yet all the while feel himself within easy reach of Rome. 'Cling to the city and live in her light!' was his advice to his friend, and no doubt this nearness to Rome was one great charm of his Tusculan villa. From his porticoes on the heights he could look down on the city—that Rome which was at once the scene of his labours, the centre and object of all his desires, and which, in spite of his querulous complaints and sighing after peace, was dearer to him than all else in the world.

'Excelsâ de rupe procul jam conspicit Urbem.'

Cicero himself has helped us to form some idea of his villa and its different buildings. There was the *atriolum*, or courtyard, decorated with stucco reliefs and surrounded with bedrooms and offices, the colonnade where he could walk in winter, and the two gymnasia, one called the 'Lyceum' in honour of Aristotle, the other known as the 'Academia' of Plato. Both of these halls were decorated with marble statues and bronzes collected by his friend Atticus from all parts of Greece and Italy. The Lyceum occupied the upper slopes where the present Casino stands, and was Cicero's usual morning resort, while the Academia stood in the midst of cool and shady groves, where on hot afternoons he could walk like Plato and discuss philosophy with his friends. The Lyceum also held what Cicero counted his greatest treasure, the library on which he spent all the produce of his vineyard, hoarding up his *vindemolia* to buy those books in which he took such pride, and without which he said 'a house is but a body without a soul.' Like modern bibliophiles, Cicero took great pains in the choice of bindings and liked to see his favourite authors bound in carefully chosen colours. Frequent allusions to this library are found in Cicero's correspondence; and here was his favourite seat under the bust of Aristotle, where, he declares, he would rather sit with Atticus than occupy the curule chair. For although he sighed over the interruptions which he suffered from morning callers, and complained that his villa at Formiae was little better than a public hall, Cicero was eminently sociable in his tastes. He 'liked a talk over a cup of wine as well as any man,' and at Tusculum he was in the midst of his friends. All around him were the country-houses of illustrious citizens. He could step across to the villa of his ward, young Lucullus, and borrow a book from his excellent library, and he could pace up and down his colonnade in winter, or recline under his plane-trees in summer, talking politics or philosophy with the most accomplished and eloquent Romans.

Here he spent his happiest days in the bosom of his family and tasted the sweet joys of domestic affection. Here he kept the birthday of his little daughter Tulliola, whom he called 'the light of his eyes,' and whose playful words he loved to repeat. Here he came stunned by the blow which tore this fondly loved child from his embraces, and sought relief in work and study from a grief that seemed inconsolable. 'Whole days I write,' he says, sorrowfully. 'Not that it does any good.'

But it is to these dark hours that we owe the noblest and most touching of his writings, the 'Disputations' addressed to his Brutus, which bear the name of the 'Tusculan Villa.' There he tells us, he walked with his friends in his long colonnade, and moralised on those great problems which have perplexed the finest souls in all ages. Then with the memory of Tulliola still fresh in his breast, he asked himself if death were indeed an evil, if there were any hereafter, if virtue of itself could give happiness, and if there was a God who reigned over all. And the sun overhead, and the stars which shone down through the trees, gave him back the answer almost in the words of the modern thinker, who found in the starry heavens and in the mind of man the best warrant for belief in the soul's immortal birth. 'Look on all these things and doubt not that there is a Being, although you see Him not, who orders the world. Who is there when he thinks that a God is taking care of him shall not live day and night in awe of His divine majesty?'

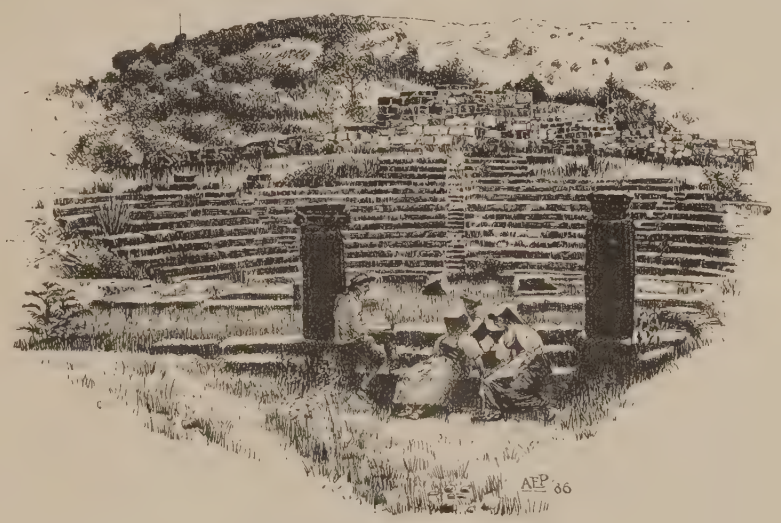
And as years passed, and Cicero found that the cup of life held more of bitter than of sweet, the conviction forced itself even more and more upon his soul that this life was but an inn to tarry at by the way, not a place to abide in; that death was like the coming into port after a long voyage. 'There is certainly a place in heaven where the blessed shall enjoy eternal life.'

It was here at the Tusculan villa that the fatal news of his proscription by the Triumvirs reached him, and that he fled to Formiae only to die there by the hands of Mark Antony's emissaries, who found him, it is said, in the act of reading his favourite Euripides. The avenues and laurel bowers along the slopes of Villa Ruffinella still remind us of his words, who bade the aged cultivator plant trees careless, whether or not he should live to enjoy them himself.

'If any should ask the old man for whom he plants, let him reply: "For the immortal Gods, who would have me hand these fields on to those that shall come after."'

From these pleasant groves, which speak to us of the great philosopher, we go on our way up the hill, through shady chestnut-woods, and emerge on the open mountain-side, where, among heather and brambles, long grass and furze-bushes, lie the ruins of ancient Tusculum, the once mighty rival of Rome.

The white walls which were so conspicuous an object in the view from Rome, are razed to the ground, and the 'proudest town of all' will never rise again from the dust where it has lain for six hundred years and more. But the cyclopean remains strewn all over the hill-side bear witness to the extraordinary strength of the old Latin city, which, after the fall of Alba Longa, became the head of the League. In one place we find colossal blocks of peperino, which formed portions of the city wall; in another, we come across fragments of fluted columns that once belonged to a gateway; there again we see traces of a ruined amphitheatre. On the northern side there is a curious water-tank with a pointed roof built of overlapping stones, in the same manner as the Mamertine prisons, and supplied by a cistern, which still bears the names of the aediles by whom it was constructed. But the most complete of the ruins is a small theatre at the foot of the citadel, with fifteen rows of seats in almost perfect preservation. The upper part and the walls of the stage have perished, but its ground-plan is plainly seen, as also the three entrances and nine staircases for the use of the spectators, who, sitting with their faces towards Rome, enjoyed the magnificent view of the Latin plains at the same time as the theatrical performance. Beyond the theatre the pavement and walls of the chief street leading up to the citadel have been laid bare, and we see the wide space at the gateway where chariots were accustomed to turn round. The Arx itself stood on a raised platform of precipitous rock, 200 feet above the rest of the city; but its walls were completely destroyed by the Romans in the twelfth century, and a few huge blocks of stone are the only remains of this once impregnable citadel. Dionysius describes it as the strongest in Latium, and says it could be held by a handful of troops; while so commanding was its position that the Tusculans when at war with their neighbours could see an army leaving the gates of Rome.



RUINS OF THE THEATRE, TUSCULUM.

Standing here, we realise the truth of Mr. Freeman's recent remark on the influence of physical features in the making of history, and see how, in his words, 'The whole fate of the world of which we are a part was ruled by the physical fact that certain of the hills of Latium were nearer together, lower in height, and nearer to the river's bank than their fellows. Tusculum on her one lofty hill could never become the head of the world. Rome, on her seven lowly hills, could and did. What Tusculum could not be, what Athens could not be, Rome was.'

Few prospects in the world are more full of interest than this one from the Arx of Tusculum. Certainly nowhere else so well do we understand the history of Rome in her early days, and the war by which the young republic attained the supremacy over the rest of Latium. Whichever way we turn the site of some one of the Thirty Cities meets our eye. Down yonder in the plains, between us and the Sabine hills, lie the ruins of Gabii on the green shores of its lake; Gabii, the most populous city of Latium, betrayed by 'false Sextus' into the hands of Tarquin the Proud; Gabii, which was desolate even in the Augustan age. Close by is the site of Collatia, the home of Lucretia, the injured wife of Collatinus, and scene of her death. To the right, on the lower slopes of the Sabine mountains, are Tibur and Aesula, and, rising out of the plains, the isolated rock of Labicum—the mediaeval Colonna,—while, further

south, on the still loftier heights, are the Pelasgic walls of Praeneste, the Greek city older even than Alba, and famous as the fortress of the Aequian frontier. In the valley at our feet runs the great Latin road, crossing the Alban hills which encircle us on every side. High on the left is the Alban Mount itself, with the Via Trumphalis leading up to the great sanctuary of the Latin race. Then come a number of lesser peaks belonging to the same range, which hide the sea-coast and the sites of Lavinium and Laurentum; and the long ridge of Monte Artemisia, across which we look to the Volscian mountains, and their primaeval cities—Cori, Segni, knights decided the fate of the day. There, where anemones and violets spring up to-day in the long grass, was fought that battle of heroes, whose names were preserved in the popular lays of the old Romans. There Roman and Tusculan met in deadly fray; there the aged King Tarquin fell, wounded by Aulus the Dictator; and there Manlius, the great lord of Tusculum, was slain by Herminius, the comrade of Horatius Cocles, 'who kept the bridge so well.' The whole scene is spread out before us as we look down from the heights of Tusculum. We see the hill-cities from which the armies of the League came down; the place where they

RUINS OF THE BASILICA OF S. STEFANO, VIA LATINA.

Norba—'those gigantic watch-towers, no work of earthly men.'

Last of all, on our right, beyond the blooming gardens of Villa Mondragone and the convent of the Camaldoli hermits, is the hill of Monte Porzio; and in the crater at its feet the dried-up basin of Lake Regillus, where—

> 'Under the Porcian height,
> All in the lands of Tusculum,
> Was fought the glorious fight.'

That green meadow—a small, weedy pool in Dr. Arnold's time—is the renowned battle-field, where the young nationality of Rome came face to face with the Thirty Cities ranged in martial order under 'the banner of proud Tusculum, which never stooped before;' and the valour of the Roman encamped under the leadership of the Latin dictator, Mamilius, 'prince of the Latian name.' We follow the course of his dark-grey charger as, alone and riderless, he rushed up the pass: we track his steps up the long white street to the doors of his master's house. We see the plains over which the Great Twin Brethren rode on their steeds white as snow; the gate by which that evening these two strange horsemen entered the city of the Seven Hills, bearing with them the news of the glorious fight they had won for Rome—

> 'To-morrow your Dictator
> Shall bring in triumph home
> The spoils of Thirty Cities
> To deck the shrines of Rome.'

So we dream on the grassy hillside, and Livy's

tale grows every moment more real and lifelike, till the tinkling bells of the goats clambering among the ruins recall us to the present; and the young missionary students of the Propaganda, climbing the steep ascent with their crimson scarves fluttering on the wind, come to remind us of other ages and forms of thought, as we look back at the tall wooden cross set up on the summit of what was once the Arx of Tusculum.

THE CLAUDIAN AQUEDUCT AND ALBAN HILLS.

JULIA CARTWRIGHT.

WARWICK BROOKES.

WE are grateful to any man who interprets nature for us in a new way or who reproduces the old with the addition of his own individuality.

We are delighted when the ideals we have cherished are presented to us in a fairer shape than we had imagined; we recognise their truth and feel that we have some partnership in their presentation.

In all original work a peculiar combination of circumstances is needed; of organization, to which a thousand subtle, remote, yet vital influences have contributed, and life experiences which also belong solely to the individual. In this sense every man is unique, but it is not every man who is gifted with the power of seeing not only the outward and visible sign, but the inward and spiritual essence, and few indeed are they who, if they are so gifted, have the power of adequately expressing their vision.

When, however, we meet with a man who possesses both qualifications in an unusual degree, we recognise in him a benefactor, and find in his work a continual charm.

It is probable that the name which stands at the head of this article will be new to the majority of the readers of these pages.

It is that of a man (no longer living) who excelled in the representation of children and young people; of the pathetic beauty of tender, helpless infancy; the artless, unconscious, profoundly-moving expression of pure innocence in faces fresh from the maker's hand, and whose ethereal eyes seem to retain stray gleams and visions of a fairer state of existence.

The reproductions here given will furnish a good idea of the power and scope of the artist, while this brief narrative will explain the causes of its limitation, and answer the question which is sure to arise, 'How came it that a talent so virile and original did not make itself widely known?' for in these days if a man can tell with graphic force the story of a cat or dog he finds a numerous and appreciative audience. It will be seen that it was not owing to wilful disdain or aberration of purpose.

Love of art was the motive power of his mind and steady labour his unvarying habit; but nature had not given him the spur of ambition 'to prick the sides of his intent.' He gave his time and talents to a calling for which he had but a supercilious regard, and would have been satisfied to pass away unnoted and unknown beyond the limit of a narrow circle. His enthusiasm was not demonstrative; the fire which warmed and illuminated was not an electric light. He was not mercurial, adventurous, self-reliant, combative. The keenness of his insight into what was worthy and noble in art ever kept him modest and distrustful of his powers and fearful of launching the little shallop of his fortunes on that fickle sea whereon so many have suffered shipwreck. Physical strength

and high spirits often supply the want of moral courage and carry a man through difficulties which would daunt a clearer mental vision. But Mr. Brookes was not of the robust and thoroughly masculine order, so he remained in his humble groove of life until failing health precluded the idea of change.

In the end, however, he was discovered by men of discernment and influence who were unwearied in the performance of offices of delicate friendship, in affording substantial aid, and in making him known to people of rank and wealth.

For all this he was indebted to the influence of his physician and life-long friend, Dr. Crompton, a descendant of the inventor of the spinning-mule. By Sir Walter C. James, Bart., he was introduced to the then Prime Minister, Mr. Gladstone, in whom he found a friend as generous as he was powerful, and

through whom he was made known to the Royal Family. He thus found an audience 'fit though few.'

His art was appreciated at its true value by the twin aristocracies of intellect and rank; and though his work never appeared on the walls of the Royal Academy, it was cordially recognised by the President of that time, Sir Francis Grant, who wrote that he 'had seen nothing better than the photographs from Mr. Brookes's sketches, and that he had submitted them to the Council, who unanimously resolved that a copy should be purchased for the library.'

It is delightful to find how warmly the work of this humble and previously unknown man was welcomed by those most eminent in the profession of art, and with what unstinted generosity they wrote and spoke of it, at a time, too, when the condition of the artist's health and circumstances must have made such recognition extremely precious. These valued names included those of Sir Frederick Leighton, Mr. (now Sir John) Millais, Mr. G. F. Watts, Mr. Thomas Woolmer, Mr. George Frederick Shields, Mr. Richard Redgrave, and others. Mr. Watts forwarded copies of his works, saying that 'they would be but a poor return for Mr. Brookes's, many of which could not possibly have been done better.'

Of these drawings Mr. Dante Gabriel Rossetti wrote that they were—

'Remarkable, and, indeed, admirable. Their production by an untrained hand seems almost incredible. I cannot doubt that, when seen, they will be widely appreciated in London by all whose judgment is of any value. The babies seem to me triumphs, every one of them; not that they are better than the other figures, but because every artist knows, to his cost, how difficult it is to obtain such success in reproducing babyhood.'

Mr. W. P. Frith was equally hearty in his commendation.

'Your photographs,' he wrote, 'gave me the greatest pleasure. I do hope some day to see you embody such charming thoughts in unfading colour, instead of the pencil which is scarcely worthy of them.' He also wrote, 'One cannot help deploring that a man who possesses such exquisite taste and feeling should not have the opportunity of fully developing his rare powers. It is not unusual to find clever sketchers and designers, but you and I know how rarely such evidence of the appreciation of the delicate subtleties of natural expression, and of grace and beauty, as these designs show, ever comes before us. There is the truest stuff of the truest artist in them, and if the author is suffered to go out of the world unknown, he will be another instance of the truth of Gray's line—

Full many a flower, &c.

However, I sincerely wish him a better fate, and better occupation than what I understand he is about at present. It is a crying shame that such a man should be spending the time in designing patterns that ought to be occupied in doing justice to rare and delightful powers.'

The eminent engraver, Mr. Samuel Cousins, in sending a set of prints after Lawrence, with expressions of regard and admiration, wrote:—

'There is a truth and purity in your style of drawing

that makes me fear you can hardly relish the engravings from Lawrence. He was certainly wanting in those qualities that we admire in Sir Joshua Reynolds.'

Through the good offices of Mr. Gladstone Her Majesty the Queen became a purchaser of Mr. Brookes's works, and wrote (by the hand of Mr. W. B. Gurdon) to say how charmed she was with them. He also found friends in the Princess Louise, the Duke and Duchess of Argyll, Lord Ashburnham, Lord Granville, Mr. Brooks (now Sir William Cunliffe Brooks), and others. He was invited to Inverary Castle, and at Hawarden, on more than one occasion was treated with a degree of distinction that excited his wonder and gratitude.

The letters above quoted do honour to both sides. There is no reading more delightful than that of the familiar letters which the great artists and writers of the sixteenth century addressed to one another, such as those of Raphael to Il Francia, Michael Angelo to Vasari, and those of Titian 'the Soul of Colours,' Aretino, Sansovino 'the Breath of Marbles,' &c. Without making any comparisons, why should not one have the pleasure of recording such letters as the foregoing?

In the case of every man of peculiar powers we naturally try to discover through what channels his endowment came. Are the good gifts of Providence scattered at random—the lamp of beauty to one, the lyre and laurel to another—or is nothing given, but every scruple sold? The quest is vain, at least in the present instance. Mr. Brookes's father's family came from Lancashire, his mother's from Yorkshire, and on both sides they appear to have been long-lived and to have held their offices (whether of gardener or schoolmaster) with tenacity; his grandfather, Warwick Sagar (who succeeded his brother), having held the offices of parish clerk and schoolmaster at Askrigg, in Wensleydale, for fifty years. But the Yoredale yeomen of the last century knew nothing of any art save that of wood-carving. Tidings had never reached them of the beauty of their legendary lakes, the glory of their waterfalls, or the interest latent in the ruined stronghold, the religious cell, the Roman camp on the height, or the relics of races which have 'high-mettled the blood of our sires.' We find nothing here to support the doctrine of heredity. The grim castle of Nevil, the kingmaker, was nothing to them, nor its brooding war-cloud, lightened by the poetic gleam of the loves of Richard of Gloucester and Ann Nevil. And yet in the family of the old pluralist above named there was a tradition that a certain daughter of the king-maker had eloped with a progenitor of theirs, which accounted for the name 'Warwick' being in the family.

On the death of the schoolmaster's wife their daughter, Ellen, accepted an invitation to reside in Salford, where, in 1807, she married Ralph Brookes, and where, also, in 1808, the subject of this notice was born. In one sense the poor mother had made a sad exchange in leaving Askrigg, standing on its ghyll of idyllic beauty, for Salford, the Southwark of Manchester, notwithstanding that the Hundred was once the appanage of Edward the Confessor. And trade throughout Lancashire was bad, poverty widespread, the dread of invasion everywhere, the masses simmering with discontent, weaver and worker being turned into the Blanketeer, the Luddite, the victims of the massacre of Peterloo. Abroad, Europe was a battle-field, Spain in revolt against the modern kingmaker, and the armies of England on the march against him.

The gloom and horror of the time made an indelible impression on the sensitive mind of the delicate and timid child; and when the chill of

poverty has got thoroughly into the bones it is hard for the sunshine of prosperity itself to dispel it. In these circumstances there is much to account for the subsequent want of boldness and enterprise on the part of Mr. Brookes. At the age of six the little boy was sent to school and taught (what is now termed) the three R's, his copy-book being smooth

sand, his pen his forefinger. Here, for the first time, the lead-pencil came within his ken, the ceremony of marking his attendance-book with it being viewed by him with deep interest. At this time he began to carve in wood (here some hereditary faculty may be discerned) all manner of things, to the delight of

his schoolfellows, who acknowledged him to be their leader. The love of drawing became predominant, but he was as one struggling for utterance who had never heard the music of speech. The only works of art to which he had access were the plates in his mother's delf-case and the public-house sign of the two racehorses, 'Magistrate,' and 'Fitz Orval,' which had an indescribable charm for him, and which he copied.

Three years of such poor schooling could not do much, yet the family circumstances did not allow more. If a school of art had then existed, and opened its doors to him, they would have been a gate of heaven. As it was, he entered a gate of quite a contrary description, and became a 'tear-boy' under his uncle, a block-printer in calico-printing works.

'Peace hath her victories no less than War,' and, under the successive inventions of Highs, Hargrave, Arkwright, Crompton, and others, the cotton trade, and calico-printing (first introduced in 1675) were beginning to assume great importance.

The distasteful drudgery of the tear-boy did not last long. Some drawings came under the eye of the master, who exclaimed, 'Have I a tear-boy who can do this?' He was forthwith taken into the designing-room, or, as it was called, 'conjuring shop,' and set to work. Work and workers in this room had been objects of veneration to him; all was in sharp contrast to the machine shop; its order and quiet, the importance of the work carried on, and its situation, overlooking the Irwell and country beyond, all delighted him; besides which, he was to have five shillings a-week! The family fortunes were clearly in the ascendant. Apprenticeship followed, and he soon made himself useful by designing patterns which became so popular that they were engraved several times.

He became 'sketch-maker' (one whose duty it is to bring the pattern to scale, and mix the objects in the best way for the copper roller) and 'putter on,' *i.e.*, one who draws the pattern on the block for the cutter. Thus, in succession, he became conversant with three branches of the business.

It is easily understood how he became proficient in these two last branches; more difficult is it to comprehend how he (or any of the designers of that day) gained insight into the former. There was no school of any kind at which drawing and design were taught; no facilities for the improvement of taste, or for learning elementary principles. In France, in every centre of industry, the greatest attention was then, as now, paid to these matters. There might be found normal schools, free institutions, capable instructors, and a love of the beautiful in form and colour inculcated in children from their earliest years.

As Dr. Ure then wrote: 'At Lyons weavers may be seen, in their holiday leisure, gathering flowers and grouping them in the most engaging combinations; they are continually suggesting new designs to their employers, and are thus the fruitful source of elegant patterns.' The genius of France awoke early, and took the field in art and design, whereas in England we long remained sunk in stupor. We boast that ours is the metropolis of the world, yet within the lifetime of those who hardly consider themselves elderly London was without a National Gallery!

It is but fifty years since Parliament issued a

Commission, the result of which was the establishment of the first School of Design in Somerset House; and it was not until 1838 that the first provincial school was established in Manchester. Where, then, did the designer to calico-printers get his training? It must have been in the aforesaid 'conjuring shop,' and they must have conjured their designs out of the depths of their inner consciousness. Yet they were by no means contemptible, and, as the rage for novelty was not so overmastering as now, their engraving on the copper roller was often more complete and finished than now.

It was a great epoch with Mr. Brookes when, having served his apprenticeship, he could command the wages of a journeyman, and take them home to a mother at whose side he loyally and lovingly remained for a whole half century, until death parted them. Mr. Brookes remained about fifteen years with his first employer, and during all this time he diligently sought to improve in drawing and in art, apart from the business of design. His surroundings were sadly against him. Amid sordid ugliness, unredeemed by any grace of form or gladsomeness of colour, how could any delicate faculty put forth leaf or flower? No pencil of light from that great sun which reached its meridian ages ago had ever penetrated the gloom of Salford. Art, architecture, the picturesque in dress or decoration, secular pomp, or religious ceremonial, all non-existent; no fire of conviction or frenzy of faith to kindle a living enthusiasm and stir the spirit to its depths. How different was the environment, the spiritual and mental awakening of those sons of the morning who dwelt within the shadow of the Acropolis, by yellow Tiber and four-fountained Arno, by the Adriatic, the Scheldt, the rushing Rhine, or within the ornate and roseate cities of Germany and the Netherlands!

But although Art was not with us, Nature was without our walls pure and beautiful: a land made 'green with the running of rivers.' Not in vain were its ancient people called Segantii. On one hand the high moorland springs of Irwell; on the other the sweet Cheshire waters of the Mersey, with many a moor and moss, hill and valley, between; whilst, over-

looking the Irk, was the College of Humphrey Chetham, and on its rock above the Irwell the Collegiate Church of De la Warre. And though the darkness was visible, the dawn was at hand, and Haydon was the star of the reformation of art in Lancashire.

(*To be continued.*)

T. Letherbrow.

TWO ITALIAN TERRACOTTAS.

These two statuettes, both in the South Kensington Museum, are delightful examples of Florentine sculpture in the latter half of the fifteenth century. The little boy with the shield is a common feature in the grand tombs of the period. One stands on either side of Desiderio's famous monument to Carlo Marsuppini in the church of Santa Croce at Florence. Our terracotta has some resemblance to these *putti* of Desiderio, but it is more baby-like, and the diversion of the child, who is holding up a bunch of grapes for a bird to peck at, makes it doubtful whether it was intended for a tomb. The group of amorini with the dolphin is a marvel of execution; indeed, there cannot be many terracottas in existence which surpass it in fineness of workmanship. The figures, while full of life, are highly idealised, and their expression is natural and of great sweetness. It is supposed to be an old reproduction of the group which surmounted a marble fountain once in the palace of the Medici (now the Riccardi Palace) at Florence. This fountain is mentioned by Vasari among the works by Antonio Rossellino.

GERMAIN PILON.

THE other great monument to the memory of Henry II. was his tomb at St. Denis, and there we find Pilon engaged for about twenty years. No doubt the tomb would naturally take a long time, but some of the delay may be put down to the extravagance and penury of the Court. Pilon had already found employment at the Royal Abbey, and in the group of the Graces he had under his direction the Florentine who executed the gilded urn. This time, although Primaticcio, the Italian, was charged with the general design of the tomb, he obtained the most important share in its execution. His commission included '*the two effigies in marble, four scenes in bas-relief, two bronze figures kneeling in prayer, and four other figures also in bronze, as well as the masks which formed part of the decoration.*' Pilon, therefore, may justly be held to have carried on the tradition of French workmanship at St. Denis, which dates in the sixteenth century from the collaboration of the Justes on the tomb of Louis XII. In that of Francis, Pilon himself had worked with Bontemps and others under the direction of Philibert de L'Orme, himself a Frenchman and the first architect of the Tuileries. Now, again, he worked in the company of at least one other Frenchman—the Roussel who executed the relief of Charity on the base of the tomb, also the slumbering nymph and the youthful figure entitled History at the Louvre.

The plan of Henry's tomb was similar to that of his predecessors, though varied in some of its details. Upon a rectangular base rises a marble catafalque of architectural design. On the bed of marble thus supported kneel the figures of the departed, who join, as it were, the living in the worship celebrated beneath a common roof. Even in death they do not lay aside the pomp of life: they wear royal robes, and observe in their distance from each other the distinctions of rank which etiquette imposed. Their posture is an intermediate step between the recumbent figures of the Middle Ages which lie around them in the Abbey and the standing or sitting figures in our own Cathedrals.

A contemporary, our own dramatist, Webster, in his powerful and terrible play, 'The Duchess of Malfi,' puts into the mouth of Bosola, while he converses with his victim before her murder, words which show how this change struck the world of his day. The Duchess asks,—

'Do we affect fashion in the grave?'

And Bosola answers,—

'Most ambitiously:
Princes' images do not lie, as they were wont,
Seeming to pray up to heaven, but with their hands
Under their cheeks, as if they died of the toothache:
They are not carved with their eyes fixed upon the stars,
But as their minds were wholly bent upon the world,
The self-same way they seem to turn their faces.'

But the pageantry of the royal tombs at St. Denis covers a horrible revelation of ghastliness below in the effigies of the dead king and queen.

The horror of the Renaissance for the thought of death is as old as Villon; it lurks behind the verse of Ronsard, in spite of those odes where he has taken upon himself the somewhat incongruous task of a preacher.

But nowhere does it appear more persistently than at the tomb, which Pagan and Christian had hitherto agreed in consecrating to the memory of the past or the hopes of the future; and this feature of sepulchral art, by one of those unhappy accidents which are responsible for so much wilful ugliness in the world, long survived the feeling which gave it birth. The forms of sepulchral ornament crystallised at the close of the sixteenth century, and this morbid representation of death under its most repulsive but superficial aspect, was perpetuated with mechanical regularity, when far purer and saner views of death's real significance had long prevailed. It is surely with mixed feelings of admiration and disgust that Englishmen regard Roubiliac's* brutal allegory in their own Abbey.

But it was not always so, or the custom would not have been tolerated for two centuries and more. People had probably grown to consider a hideous representation of death as its only artistic symbol, and in times so fond of allegory perhaps it was really a necessity. We find Madame de Sevigné extravagant in her eulogies of an enormous temporary catafalque designed, I think, by Le Brun for the funeral ceremonial of some Chancellor in Notre Dame, and a sketch shows the artist to have revelled in inventing fresh forms of the idea in the details of this monument.

Let us examine Pilon's work on the tomb of Henry II. a little more closely. The kneeling king and queen strike us at once as they rise sharply defined by the surrounding space, and they look as if they had been finished yesterday, were it not for their air of aristocratic distinction, which is a peculiar excellence of Cinque Cento sculpture. All good art has this enduring charm, but here the effect is heightened by the masterly handling and admirable founding of the bronze.

We must turn, however, from the scene above

* The Nightingale monument.

to that below. Even there, in the marble effigies of the dead, Pilon could exhibit his science and redeem a repulsive subject by his somewhat melodramatic expression, and a glance at Lenoir's engravings shows his originality and power. In this art, instead of the dissecting-room, the sculptors of the French Renaissance are generally allowed to have attained great excellence.

The work tested an artist's powers much as the broken mechanism of a disabled engine, incapable of locomotion, might test the knowledge of an engineer. With the forms of life—still less with life's incessant change and movement—the human body in this condition has no analogy. Nor can two opinions exist as to the artistic value of such labours. They are an unquestionable blemish upon the taste of the age which produced them.

as a sample of Cousin's workmanship. What, indeed, is the subject of the latter it would be impossible to say, but some allegory of the Virtues is probably represented by this composition of nude female figures. It is impossible to deny its originality of conception and its conscientious execution, but the strained expression destroys our pleasure in looking at it.

It is just the reverse with Pilon's bas-reliefs, which please us more every time we go back to them. Imagination and the artistic capacity of giving it expression are in perfect harmony. The sculptor has completely assimilated to his own purpose what he has borrowed from foreign schools of design.

Dexterity is characteristic of French sculpture, and, indeed, of French art generally. But here the science in relief and foreshortening subserve a higher

FAITH. BY GERMAIN PILON.

But Pilon comes out at his very best in another though very small detail of the tomb—the four bas-reliefs which are said to represent Faith, Hope, Charity, and the Church. They are quite small, and require close inspection. But we are fortunate in possessing excellent reproductions at the Crystal Palace (very unlike so much of the coarse work there), where they can be studied at leisure. Perhaps in their own way they are not inferior to anything of the kind in Europe belonging to this time.

In the South Kensington Museum may be seen a small carving in pear-wood, ascribed to the school of Jean Cousin, and exactly corresponding to an engraving of the same design in the collection of the Baron Denon,* whence the carving must have come. It is interesting to compare it with the work of Pilon, though of course it would be quite unfair to regard a second or third-hand copy of his design

end, and the sharp precision of the chisel bespeaks a workmanship that was destined to disappear for a time from native hands. It is impossible to translate Pilon's subtle and thoroughly artistic motives into the language of verbal description; they must be seen to be understood, however imperfectly. And we must be content to remark that their freshness of composition, their naturalness of form and attitude, and their sweetness of expression, place these little bas-reliefs far above the praise of mere ingenuity, and render them more generally acceptable than grander art.

A very different task fell to Pilon's lot shortly after the accession of Henry III. He was commissioned by a certain M. de Birague to design and execute a monument to his late wife. The circumstances were somewhat peculiar. Réné de Birague had been a fugitive from the court of Ludovico Sforza to that of Francis I. By Francis, who entertained an almost romantic regard for anything

* Denon considered it a Florentine work.

Italian, he was very kindly received. Nor had he any reason to complain of his subsequent career. During the ascendancy of his countrywoman, Catherine de Medici, he was in high favour; and he made his fortune by his services in urging and planning the massacre of St. Bartholomew. At the death of Charles IX. he conceived a new ambition. Already Chancellor of France, he aimed at a Cardinal's hat; and his wife died just in time to allow him to take Orders. He already enjoyed a popular reputation for the skill of his apothecary in concocting poisons, so that not unnaturally dark suspicions got afloat relating to the cause of her death. But he certainly consulted his own name, as well as his wife's memory, by engaging Pilon's services for her tomb; and it speaks highly for the French sculptor's fame that moved elsewhere, and the clergy in charge, unlike the monks at the Célestins, unscrupulously carried away its bronze ornaments to their altar. When the churches of Paris were doomed to become the prey of the revolutionists the tomb was transported by Lenoir to his museum, and since then it has found a home at the Louvre. But it is always a hard fate that removes a work of monumental art from the place for which it was designed, and in this case we have lost, too, its architectural frame.

Germain Brice tells us that in his time people were accustomed, almost a hundred and fifty years after its completion, to visit and admire the tomb. Pilon, he says, never did anything finer. Certainly he never threw himself more entirely into any work he undertook. The truth and spirit of its

HOPE. BY GERMAIN PILON.

he should have been selected by an Italian for the work. We have seen the character of the man whose wife Pilon had undertaken to portray. An Italian,* he seems to have been more than ordinarily hated by the French populace; who, like all northern races at this time, detested what they believed to be the land of intrigue, poison, and unnatural crime.

On the tomb of Henry II., in the little work we have just noticed, Pilon displays a breadth and ideality of style which he does not attempt elsewhere. The statue of Valentina de Birague called out other qualities. Her tomb, like the group of the Graces, was originally placed in the Church of Ste. Catherine du Val des Écoliers; but it was afterwards half-pathetic, half-cynical conception, the masterly character of its design, the brilliant touch of its execution, stamp its sculptor with unmistakable individuality. Pilon, with an artist's intuition, impressed its character upon the tomb by the very form which he gave it. He poses Valentina in a listless attitude, with an open book upon her knees, whilst a lap-dog paws at her dress as if to awaken her attention—a touching little incident, the significance of which will be explained a little further on. This court lady is neither laid in quiet sleep nor is she protesting her devotion upon her knees. Death has overtaken her on her couch, as she mumbles some formal prayers from the book before her. She has passed into the death of cold stone without changing an atom of her look. What wonder, when her life itself was made up of chilling forms and empty pleasures, which anticipated death in the *ennui* of old age! This sombre *roman de marbre* has proved an irresistible attraction to the moralist. Though the sculptor certainly never meant to preach, his mar-

* A popular quatrain of the time compares him as Chancellor unfavourably with the King. Two of the lines run thus:—

'Son chancelier est tout bien au contraire,
Car il dit mal et fit encore—pis.'

One day in Paris a man was brought before his Court for raising a cry of extermination against all Italians.

vellous and dramatic fidelity to life seems to exclaim 'All is vanity.'

The statue of Valentina reminds us of the seated Agrippina in the Capitol, of her freezing dignity and heartless sneer. Pilon's faculty of cold analysis often indeed brings him near the wonderful portrait-sculptors of the early Roman Empire. But the malice of the Roman lady has become apathy on the lips of the French *grande dame*. We should look in vain in either for the knowledge of good and evil which sparkles in the eyes and breathes from the lips of Lionardo's Monna Lisa. Pilon's portrait is that of one whose life has burnt like a candle to the socket. The most obvious way of testing one's impressions of a work of art is thus to abandon oneself to the thoughts which it suggests. The safer course, perhaps, is to pick out individual excellencies, and to comment on their relation to the whole; but to criticise to any purpose requires the knowledge which only a sculptor possesses.

Michelet, with the magic of his style, has pictured Pilon at the work. Six years, he tells us, of his life were thrown into the task. He carved Valentina herself first; then he came back, and spent the same unwearying toil upon her robe. A third time he returned, to add the ghastly effigy below. Michelet's fictions often contain more truth than other people's facts. But in this case there seems no reason to ascribe Lionardo da Vinci's or Michelangelo's passionate habits to the French sculptor. The tomb looks the work of a calculating and cool, as well as of an able man. Even Michelet excludes from his rhapsody the 'hypocritical little loves who make a show of tears' for the dead.

What, however, we detract from Pilon in point of enthusiasm, we must allow him in point of skill. His insight grows keener as his invention grows colder. The lavish execution shows the stress he laid upon workmanship, but the realism of his treatment is completely subordinated to monumental effect. In this respect his art is excellent.

Pilon faces too in this figure of Madame de Birague one of the most difficult problems of modern sculpture. He achieves plastic simplicity in dealing with the multiplicity and insignificance of modern dress, and he turns his very difficulties into triumphs, not by running away from them, like those who adopt what they call ideal dress (sometimes this ideal dress resolves itself into no dress at all), but by exerting all the resources of sculpture in design and execution in order to reduce hard facts to the service of art.

Madame de Birague's robes obey two primary laws of good drapery—that of truth to life and that of truth to the ideal function of all dress, namely, that it shall 'half reveal and half conceal' the form beneath. Due regard to the principle of truth to life will not allow the sculptor to present his portrait under a disguise which practically destroys its identity. If, too, there be any substance in Flaxman's well-known comparison of drapery to language, it must surely be used to add grace to what is vulgar, to give charm to what is indifferent, and to hide what is ugly, as well as to satisfy the essential meaning of the body beneath. Pilon has observed both laws. He has chosen such a dress as this courtly lady must have often worn, and he has so arranged it that her form should be felt through every line and fold; but while he boldly accepts the dress as he finds it, and seeks to reconcile us to its drawbacks by richness of handling, he employs its superfluities with admirable judgment to cloak poorness of form, to characterise more thoroughly his conception, and to clothe it with further attractions. In all this Pilon

CHARITY. BY GERMAIN PILON.

is an excellent example, even for sculptors of our own day.

The bas-relief below is a feature that needs no comment. He has not attempted to soften, but to express the literal truth. But one little detail—the fawning dog above—calls for a word of explanation. It seems that Madame de Birague's little dog (one, it is also said, of a breed introduced by her husband at the French Court) pined and died three days after her death. Some verses written by Flaminio de Birague, her nephew, tell us the story:—

'Ce petit chien aima tellement sa maistrisse,
Qu'après qu'elle eût quitté la terre pour les cieux
Le regret causa tant en son cœur de tristesse
Qu'après trois jours laissa le vivre soucieux.'

his son,* produced the tomb statue of the Cardinal himself, the second work fell far short of the first in originality and character.

The statue which for power and beauty can alone compare with that of Valentina is the portrait of Admiral Chabot, which stands near it in the Louvre. On the authority of a very old tradition it has been generally ascribed to Jean Cousin, and this is confirmed by the express declaration of a contemporary and fellow-citizen of Sens, who wrote a few years after Cousin's death.

Cousin, whether we look to the extent or the quality of his achievements, is certainly second to none of the other artists of the French Renaissance. If we consider extent and quality together, he stands

EFFIGIES FROM THE TOMB OF VALENTINA DE BIRAGUE. BY GERMAIN PILON.

Nor can we feel any doubt that Pilon has used this admirable incident for the introduction of the dog, whom he portrays with great truth of form and vivacity of expression in the act of pulling at his mistress's skirt.

It is a strange coincidence that both Goujon and Pilon in these statues of women, by which they are as well, if not better, known than by any of their other works, should show themselves adepts in animal sculpture. The dogs of the *Diane la Chasseresse* are superb pieces of workmanship. This little creature is as excellent in its own way. It has been already observed that women hold in the French art of the Cinque Cento a supreme, almost an exclusive, place. And Pilon certainly achieves his success in this field, though he cannot be charged with effeminacy of style. When, in 1585, he, or, as appears from recent discoveries, more probably at their head. As a painter he is equally famous for his work on glass and canvas, though possibly he only furnished the designs for the former. His best-known picture, *The Last Judgment*, hangs upon the walls of the Louvre. But a finer and more individual work, if the account of those who have seen it may be trusted, is the *Eva, Prima Pandora*, in a private house at Sens.

As an engraver he is somewhat overshadowed by those men who, like Duvet and Delaulne, gave themselves entirely to the art, and his practical connexion with the woodcuts that bear strongly the impress of his style is a doubtful question. But he deserves notice as much as a student of the theory as a master of the practice of art. His two works, upon

* This son may merely have worked under him, but the former does not mention his father where he speaks of the tomb

the science of Perspective and that of the Figure, are wonderful proofs of industry and intelligence in a man of his busy life; and the interest which they evince in the welfare of art and artists shows Cousin to have possessed no common order of mind. The merit of the latter work is best established by the number of editions it has gone through, and the fact that to this day Cousin's measurements and proportions are the basis of those accepted in French schools of the figure.

Cousin's general resemblance to his contemporary, Albert Dürer, can hardly escape notice. But if the attribution of the statue of Admiral Chabot to his hand be correct, he has in one respect the advantage over a greater man. Dürer is doubtfully credited with some small carvings, to Cousin is authoritatively ascribed a capital work of sculpture. Our chief difficulty in believing it to be his lies in its excellence, especially that of its technique, which could not be expected of any but a professed sculptor, and which seems almost incredible in a man like Cousin, full of other work.

EFFIGY FROM THE TOMB OF ADMIRAL CHABOT.

But whoever deserves the honour of this splendid marble, the sculptor had in his favour the noble character and person of the man whom he portrayed. Of Admiral Chabot's rare distinction of person any one who has examined the head and hands, and followed with his eye the fine form beneath the armour of this figure, can judge for himself. His courage and his honour may be read in his unhappily-terminated career. He had no pretensions to being a great man, but he was transparently honest and deserved a better fate. After many years of gallant service in the field—his activity in his own department as titular Admiral was confined to some valuable State papers, prepared under his rule if not by himself, and still preserved—he was accused by personal enemies on a false charge of peculation. For a time all went against him, and he was condemned in the heaviest penalties, but later on things mended.

During his disgrace Francis had forbidden him to approach within a certain distance of the court. His answer has a ring of the old spirit of chivalry about it which is refreshing in such an age, and it is tempered with the tone of moral responsibility which is characteristic of Huguenot writings. 'Sire,' he said, 'I know too well that no man is without blame before his God and before his King: but I have this consolation, that my enemies' worst malice has failed to prove me guilty of unfaithfulness to your Majesty.' He only lived two years after the first charge; and though the storm cleared away before his death, restitution could not heal a broken heart. Brantôme tells a strange story, that he lost his pulse from the shock of the adverse judgment, and that no physician could find it again.

Such, then, was the character and such were the misfortunes of the sculptor's hero, who, accoutred in the insignia of his high office, turns wearily yet haughtily upon his couch, as if to refute calumny from the grave by his air of conscious dignity.

We may notice the same features as in Pilon's monument: the same grand study of form beneath the highly wrought dress, the same characteristic treatment, and more than the same exquisite execution of detail. The beautiful hands and subtly chiselled head only emphasise the breadth and refinement of feeling which ennoble the whole figure. We might almost apply Michael Angelo's dictum about the Antique, and say that its excellence can be better appreciated by touch than by sight.

The only other fragments of the tomb, as it once stood in the Church of the Célestins, which have

been preserved at the Louvre, consist of a statuette of *Fortune* and two little winged figures. The former, originally embedded in the base of the sarcophagus, was evidently intended as an allusion to the Admiral's own inconstant fortune, but its value must have been rather symbolic than artistic.

The winged figures, too, with torches reversed, seem to our way of thinking rather a stale device; but in the sixteenth century they had not yet become a stereotyped feature of every monument. They were, too, only part of a scheme of surrounding decoration, still to be seen in Millin's engraving taken before the removal of the tomb from the Célestins. And similar figures handling paddles, with other nautical ornaments, are introduced with reference to the Admiral's rank. We have lost now the rich framework which once enclosed the central marble; but we are inclined to regret it the less, inasmuch—at least in the engraving—the decorations seem too heavy for the delicate beauties of the portrait.

The minute ornament of the statue itself stands on quite a different footing. The Admiral's armour is sown with stars, lions' heads, and millers' thumbs, which may be distinguished in the engraving among the quarterings of the shield that surmounts the tomb—and opinions have differed very much as to its fitness.

But it has offended conventional rather than fastidious taste; and perhaps we may safely stake the judgment of the sixteenth and nineteenth centuries against the scruples and fluctuations of the tasteless and artistically barren centuries which come between. We recognise fully the beauty of the sculptor's intentions. And, to my own mind, such delightful craftsmanship, introduced with perfect plastic propriety—perhaps this, however, is begging the question—is a welcome indication of native originality. The French have always been distinguished for nice taste and skill in the use of ornament, and here these qualities find legitimate play.

Let us, however, return for a moment to the consideration of the marble as a whole. The Count Cicognara—not, perhaps, an unimpeachable critic, but a stern judge of French sculpture—who lived at a time when the Antique was blindly worshipped, and who looked at Northern workmanship with the keen eye of an Italian, has left us a few weighty words upon its merits. He recognised the union of grand style with consummate execution, and finds the head not unworthy of comparison with the finest of Michael Angelo. Yet there is no danger of our overrating its value; its simplicity forbids exaggeration. Its sculptor may lay just claim to the praise of inspiration, but on no higher ground than this—that he has perfectly caught the spirit of his subject, and expressed its essence by exhausting thereon the resources of his art.

The advocate Taveau, who tells us that the tomb of Admiral Chabot was the work of Cousin, adds that he was perfectly acquainted with the art of sculpture. If this be true, it is indeed unfortunate that we possess no other work even equally accredited, still less any work worthy to rank with the Admiral's statue. Ascriptions are somewhat numerous, but they fall far below his reputation. Apart from pure conjecture, such as the attribution of the De Brézé tomb in the Lady Chapel of Rouen Cathedral (more satisfactorily accounted for, from some points of view, by the presence of Goujon there about that very time), I may mention one or two works to which his name is still attached. The Cathedral of Sens ascribes to him an ivory figure of *St. Sebastian* in the sacristy (said by Mrs. Mark Pattison to be incontestably a work of the seventeenth century); the Musée de Cluny numbers among its rich treasures of the French Renaissance a group of *Venus and Cupid* under his name; and South Kensington possesses a *Salutation of the Virgin by St. Elizabeth* and a *Judith with the head of Holofernes*—the first of which the authorities call a work in his style, but the second only a French work of the sixteenth century, though I think it may also be after him, inferior as is its execution and realistic as is its treatment. But little is to be gained by ascribing doubtful works to a master of whom they are unworthy. The temptation in the present instance, no doubt, is great, for we would gladly place Cousin's claim to be considered a sculptor upon firmer ground; and his name already stands, not indeed upon a level with, but by the side of, those great names which shed a lustre upon the sixteenth century, irrespectively of individual, local, or national distinctions.

Here we are exclusively concerned with the statue of Chabot. If it is not Cousin's, it is even more certainly not the work of any Italian, and the honour therefore remains to the French Renaissance. It belongs to that rare class of art which not only transports before our eyes the long-vanished past, but also reveals, as in a mirror, our knowledge, our thoughts, and our feelings.

A little before his commission for the tomb of Madame de Birague we have a glimpse of Pilon's activity in another field than that of sculpture. In 1571 Charles IX. celebrated the restoration of peace by one of those triumphal entries which are characteristic of the time. When his father, Henry II., had entered Paris in state upon his accession, he found Goujon's work upon the Fontaine des Innocents just completed; when, in later years, he entered Rouen, his progress gave rise to the most beautiful woodcut of the sixteenth century in France. But Pilon, unhappily, was not required to celebrate this new

pageant by putting forth his powers in any lasting monument. It was a universal habit among monarchs of the day to require the services of artists, who lived at their court as informal masters of the ceremonies at their state festivities. It is impossible not to regret the loss of time upon such matters when the artist is Lionardo at the court of Milan. But the custom undoubtedly lent a value and dignity to such pageants which they sadly lack now. If, however, we cannot fancy a court-painter, still less can we fancy a poet-laureate in our own day so employed. Ronsard, on the other hand, found nothing incongruous—and certainly he received something very substantial for his trouble—in superintending the decorations for Charles the Ninth's entry. Under him Pilon was engaged, in conjunction with Nicolo dell' Abate of Fontainebleau, at the St. Denis gate, which must have stood close to the house on the fauxbourgs de St. Jacques, where he afterwards lived, though he is described on this occasion as '*demourant à l'hôtel de Neslè*.'

Between them they received 3500 livres, which seems handsome remuneration for any work they can have done. A couple of years later he was called upon by the municipal authorities to take part in the preparations for the entry of the Duke of Anjou before his departure as the newly elected King of Poland. It is noticeable that on these two occasions Pilon is styled *architecte* as well as *sculpteur*. He appears next in a different capacity, which shows he must have stood well at court in a somewhat critical time. On the 29th October, 1572, five days within that of St. Bartholomew, when the slaughter had hardly come to an end, Pilon obtained from the King letters of appointment to an office which seems to have been created out of consideration for him as much as with any other purpose.

He was to be called *conducteur et contrôleur-général* of stamps at what seems to have corresponded to our Mint. On the 21st April of the following year Pilon was examined before the Cour de Monnoyes before it would ratify the appointment. They expressed their fears that his new office would clash with that of the *tailleur-général*—itself a very recent creation, and they boldly asked what benefit king and people* would derive therefrom.

But Pilon stood firm, and explained his conception of his new duties in terms that are interesting as coming from himself. He intended to make a wax model of the King's effigy, as his features might change from year to year, and to fill the reverse with fleurs-de-lis and crowns. If, as he seems to apprehend, the *tailleur-général* or his subordinates should show carelessness in following his models, he will cast his own moulds and cut his own stamps. The Cour de Monnoyes, however, espoused the side of the workmen, who threw back Pilon's charge by asserting that their own shortcomings were partly due to faultiness in the designs sent them, and though Pilon satisfied Claude de Hery, the *tailleur-général*, of his honest intention merely to follow the instructions he had received, it appealed to the King, representing the new office as useless and a burden to the public finances.

There is no need to follow the quarrel further. Eventually Pilon was duly installed, and he discharged his duties, so far as the records indirectly inform us, with zeal. He held the office almost, if not quite, till his death. But the court required, *according to usage*, before he took his place, an inquiry into the new Controller's *life and religion*. The depositions put in on his behalf contain some interesting particulars. We learn that he had been twice, and even thrice, married, with family, that he attended mass, and in every way conducted himself as a good Catholic and honest man. We hear also that during many years he had worked as a designer for the goldsmiths of Paris, and was considered by his witness, Richard Tontain (there were two others), himself a goldsmith, to be an excellent artist in this capacity.

From these depositions too, as well as in a similar deposition made later by Pilon himself on behalf of another official of the Mint, we gather that he had lived for a long time in the *fauxbourgs de St. Jacques*, and was a parishioner of the Basse Chapelle at the Palace. And other dusty records—how often the dry dust in such cases will quicken under the breath of imaginative sympathy!—tell us of Pilon's house and field along the city wall and between its towers, which he left in the troublous times of civil war. Now the only relic of his time is the grand old Tower of St. Jacques,* where Pascal fifty years later made his experiments upon atmospheric pressure. But Paris since Pilon's days is still more changed within her old walls than without.

S. Udney.

(*To be continued.*)

* 'La république,' a frequent phrase in the language of this time.

* The church disappeared in 1789.

ART CHRONICLE.

The National Gallery has recently hung a picture by Andrea di Luigi d'Assisi, known as *L'Ingegno*. It represents the Virgin and Child, and was bought from the fund bequeathed by Mr. John Lucas Walker.

The head and leg of a statue for which Mr. Murray, of the British Museum, was negotiating, have been proved to belong to a torso in the Louvre, brought from Carthage by M. Reinach in 1884, and the parts having been brought together, the statue is identified as a figure of one of the Dioscuri.

The splendid imperial work on the Belvedere Gallery, illustrated by the etchings of Wilhelm Unger, and elucidated with historic and critical comment by Dr. Carl von Lutzow, has reached its conclusion with the issue of the twenty-fifth volume. The large plates number one hundred, and the small, in the text plates seventy-five. The last number, though possibly not equal to some of its predecessors, makes still a fitting close to this noble and truly artistic publication. Dürer's *Holy Trinity* picture; *A Portrait of a Man*, by Parmigianino, sometimes named Malatesta Baglioni, sometimes Lorenzo Cibo; the beautiful group of *The Madonna and Saints*, by Lorenzo Lotto; and Van Dyck's superb portrait of *Jean de Montfort*, still show the striking interpretative fidelity of Herr Unger, as also his characteristic success with the masters of colour and free handling, rather than with the German and Dutch mode of enamel-like fusion and finish. Perhaps we must also admit that this last set of plates betrays an increased tendency in the etcher to off-hand manner and abated delicacy, especially in flesh surfaces. But the undertaking must be viewed as a whole, and from this point it is difficult to be too grateful for such a record of one of the finest collections in the world. Dr. von Lutzow, in his conclusion, conscientiously notes the few important changes in nomenclature by which recent criticism has lately touched the pedigree of the pictures. Thus Correggio's *Ganymede* is by Herr Tschudi assigned to an imitator of the master. The date of Rubens' glorious altar-piece of S. Ildefonso is shifted to a later period, viz., 1630–31. The *Family of Velazquez*, hitherto unassailably assigned to the great master himself, is, by his latest critic and biographer, C. B. Curtis, given to the son-in-law, Mazo Martinez. Dr. von Lutzow also gives a list of the most recent critical works in which the Belvedere Gallery is discussed. This year sees the transference of the collection to its new home, and no more fitting memorial could be found than the completion of this unique graphic, and literary record of the masterpieces it contains.

THE essay 'De Scultura,' by the learned Pomponius Gauricus, a learned Italian scholar of the fifteenth century, has been translated into German by Dr. H. Brockhaas, of Leipzig, and printed side by side with the original, thus bringing a most interesting document within reach of the general reader. The text follows the original edition of Florence, 1504, differing only in division and accent. The editor has supplied the missing illustrations and diagrams; he has also given a biography and critical comments. The essay deals with what the author considered the most difficult and comprehensive branch of sculpture —sculpture in metal, and divides the subject into working and casting, and treats with the practical as well as aesthetic side. Gauricus was Neapolitan by birth, but a student at Padua, later on he laboured in the Vatican library, and finally ended the later days of his life of forty-eight years, in tuition at the University of Naples and private tutorship of Ferdinand, Prince of Salerno. Sculpture was the occupation and delight of his leisure from his youth, and he associated while at Padua, whence he wrote this essay at twenty-one, with a distinguished group of Venetian sculptors. His writings rank with those of Alberti, the architect, Leonardo da Vinci, the artist and scientist, Vasari, the painter and chronicler, and Cellini, the metal-worker. His two brothers were literati of position. This essay, 'De Scultura,' of the young Humanist writer, is embodied in the dialogue form favoured in his day, and with its theories of proportion and type, curious closeness in mechanical detail, and judicial dignity of manner, reminds one of the treatises of Da Vinci and of Albert Dürer. The undiscriminative judgments on contemporary artists are instance of the invariable fact that a century rarely knows its greatest men, and it is in retrospective view that they are rightly seen, or that genius detaches from its local surroundings.

MOST welcome is the issue from the Spithöver Library in Rome, under the editorial anonym 'E. E.' of a series of lithograph outlines from certain designs by Antonio Federighi on the famous pavement in Siena Cathedral. Federighi worked in the later half of the fifteenth century; we know nothing of his schooling, but he held high repute in his day. He was made master of the works in the Siena Duomo and teacher of drawing to the 'children of the town,' in 1455; his family was ennobled later on for his services. The known works in Siena are a seat and three fine and vigorous statues of the saints Vittorio, Ansano, and Savino, in the beautiful *Loggia dei Nobili*, the design of the *Loggia del Papa*, the figures on the Duomo pavement of the Judith, the Erythraean Sibyl, the Mercury, and the series before us of the Seven Ages of Man. These designs are executed in white marble outlined with black on a ground of black and white. Nothing could more fully test freedom and charm of drawing than these figures in mere outline, simple realistic designs, with as little as possible of accessory surrounding, merely a plant or two, the stump of a tree, or an open tomb, over which the aged man is bending. Of greatest charm is perhaps *Juventus*, the youth with his falcon and leash: a figure of wonderful grace and spring. The artist misses the first stage of life, Shakespeare's 'puling infant;' and his *Infantia* is a stout child of four. There follow *Puertia*, a boy with bird and quoit; *Adolescentia*, the young collegian with his satchel and books; *Juventus*, *Virilitas*, in biretta and toga; *Senectus* telling his beads, and *Decrepitus* on crutches. Besides these original designs Federighi also carried out on the pavement that wild composition by Matteo da Seina, the *Massacre of the Innocents*. It is curious, by the way, that Burckhardt who gives high praise to Federighi's statues hardly mentions his pavement designs.

HERREN HANFSTAENGEL, of Munich, issue, in two editions, a volume of photogravures from pictures in the Jubilee Exhibition at Berlin. The publication appears in twelve issues of six large plates and four in the text, which is supplied by Herr Ludwig Pietsch. The *édition de luxe* is at ten marks the number.

THE Duke d'Aumale has resolved to present at once to the French Institute his estate of Chantilly, which he had already by a will of 1884 bequeathed to them, only reserving to himself the use and right of habitation should he be allowed to return to France, and the power to complete certain portions of his work still unfinished. This illustrious body, which, as the Duke says, is free from the spirit of faction and from too sudden shocks, is entrusted with the whole domain, together with the library and all the collections of art and sculpture, to hold it for the nation. They are bound by certain conditions regulating its use. It is to be thrown open to the public at stated times, and the balance of the revenues is to be employed in enriching the collections, and in granting pensions to needy literary men and artistes, and prizes to encourage students. The history of Chantilly dates from as far back as the thirteenth century, but it is chiefly associated with the memory of the great Condé. The château itself has been described as one of the finest specimens of Renaissance architecture in France.

A DISTINGUISHED representative of the religious school of German art, Johann Eduard von Steinle, has passed away. He had attained a good old age, having been born in 1810. He early betook himself to Rome, and joined company with Overbeck and Veit. His powers of production were very great, and though he is chiefly known by his religious frescoes in Strasburg, Cologne, and elsewhere, he turned his attention also to secular subjects, such as the plays of Shakespeare and the legends of the Rhine. In 1850 he became director of the Städel Institute at Frankfort, and among his pupils was the President of the Royal Academy, Sir F. Leighton, whose early works are said clearly to betray the influence of the German painter.

WE also note the death of another German artist, Franz Adam, of Munich, the battle-painter, who celebrated the German victories of the Franco-Prussian war.

OF our own artists we have lost the veteran Thomas Webster, R.A., born in 1800, the painter of village schools and schoolboys. His picture of *Punch*, in 1840, procured his election as A.R.A., and he became a full Academician in 1845, retiring in 1877. Two of his pictures—*The Dame's School* and *Going to School*—are on the walls of the National Gallery, and others may be seen at South Kensington.

ZANUBA.

FROM AN OIL-PAINTING BY G. L. SEYMOUR.

ALTHOUGH the women of pure or mixed Arab blood do not, as a rule, have really handsome features, it is yet no uncommon occurrence to find among them really remarkable examples of female beauty. Such was the subject of Mr. Seymour's painting, of which we are enabled to present an unusually successful reproduction. The original sketch was made by him at a village called Sweeka, near Nablous, during one of his many tours in the East.

WARWICK BROOKES.

UP to the year 1825, the pace of time in Lancashire may be said to have been decidedly slow. The stage-coach was still an indispensable institution. The free boroughs of Manchester and Salford, with a history extending beyond the Christian era, were still governed by the Gerefa, or Borough-reeve, of the Saxons, by the Courts-Leet of Alfred, with their deputy constables, beadles, dog-muzzlers, and ale-tasters.

The latter borough, long before the Conquest, was (as before said) a royal possession, a watch-tower over a hundred townships. The former had been the home of Agricola and Antoninus; the garrison of a Roman cohort; a seat of the religion of the Druids and of the Pantheon, with its temples and images of the Gods. From the days of Edward III. it had gone on increasing until it had become the greatest manufacturing town in the world.

Yet these famous boroughs (unlike the mound of Sarum!) were without direct representation in Parliament. Under the genius of Rome (historians aver), morality, literature, and politeness flourished; but when it left the Irwell for the Tiber, the people lapsed into ignorance and barbarism.

Recognition is the first step towards remedy; desire the initiation of achievement; and knowledge and desire (about the date first written) were making themselves manifest.

Stephenson was busy with his railway over the moss which separated Liverpool from Manchester. The Mechanics' Institution began its long career of beneficence. Among its classes was one for the study of drawing, which Mr. Brookes attended. A Town Hall was built, upon the lines of the Temple of Erechtheus and the Tower of the Winds at Athens, (evidence of a taste for classical art), and the Italian Aglio was commissioned to decorate its interior with frescoes. He painted some landscapes and allegories, of which, happily, no trace remains. They stimulated no nascent genius; originated no school. The authorities, probably, did not believe in native ability in this direction, although Barry had not long been dead, and Haydon was in the vigour of his powers. How he would have revelled in such an opportunity as that which was given to Aglio!

Another important step was taken in the founding of the Royal Institution of Manchester (designed by Sir Charles Barry), for the diffusion of a taste for the fine arts, by means of painting, sculpture, lectures, and the forming of a collection of works of art. In 1837 Haydon came. His visit revealed to him 'a dreadful condition as to art;' no school of design, no instruction; and he asked, indignantly, if Manchester, with all its vast capital and credit, its great repute and acknowledged superiority, would rest content to be inferior in anything. 'Are you to be remarkable in all that renders manufacture useful in material, perfect in completion, and wonderful in despatch, and yet slavishly bow down to the earth before France—humbly beg her to design your patterns, and gratefully pay her whatever, in her proud superiority, she may choose to demand?' This appeal was enforced by others. In 1838 a School of Design was established, and, on the recommendation of Sir David Wilkie (whom he had assisted), Mr. John Zephaniah Bell was appointed sole (and only) master. In Manchester and London the Councils held that the sole study should consist of ornament. Mr. Bell (with Haydon) believed that the human figure must form the basis of all design,—a divergence leading to fatal difference. Mr. Bell had made a pilgrimage to Rome, had put up scaffolding and studied the giant shapes of Michael Angelo in the Sistine Chapel; Saints, Sibyls, and Fates; and had been employed in important works in fresco for his friend the Earl of Airlie.

There were many capable young men in Manchester eager to take advantage of the best means for instruction. Mr. Brookes was among the very first who entered the School. He had reached the age of thirty before he found the means of instruction such as are now strewn broadcast over the land. From one extreme we have hastened to another. The teaching then was simple; now it is complex, multifarious, all-embracing; then the teacher was merely an artist, not a living encyclopaedia of the arts. Mr. Bell was sole master, not the director of a

staff. He was an accomplished draughtsman and designer of the figure (who took a prize for a cartoon in the National Competition at Westminster), not a specialist in modelling, geometry, architecture, anatomy, pattern-designing, &c. But he taught form, proportion, the analysis of light and shadow, the principles of ornament and design, taste, composition, the knowledge of the human figure, and nobility of style. The School was not a School of Athens, lofty and spacious, with hall and portico and flights of marble steps; neither had it a Plato on one hand, nor a Diogenes on the other. It was a single room, and small, but planted thick as Olympus with Immortals. It seemed, to those who entered, 'a temple for all lovely things to flock to and inhabit.' They were brought face to face with a higher order of beings than they had been accustomed to, free from accident, from disease, from the debasing influences of insalubrious and excessive toil, and the cunning and chicane of trade.

Mr. Brookes had now, for the coarse public-house sign, "the fiery steeds from the frieze of the Parthenon, and, for the homely designs of the Dutch potters, the beautiful abstractions of Greek art. The transition was great; from the Dirt Fair of Salford to the games of Olympia.

So well did he avail himself of his opportunities, after his day's work at business, that in two years he was able to compete successfully with the strongest students in the School, taking a prize for a cartoon, life-size from life; and Mr. Bell told the Council that, however long the School might exist, the quality of those prize drawings would never be surpassed.

In addition to the study of the antique, a class for painting from the living model in the morning, before business hours, was established,—a privilege which was heartily enjoyed. All this, however, came to an end in 1843, with the resignation of Mr. Bell; but Mr. Brookes and his friends immediately formed an independent class for studying from life—in summer in the morning, in winter in the evening. This class was probably the first of its kind in the provinces, and was carried on with the greatest harmony and success for several years, until the School of Design, under another master, returned to the study of the living model.

In 1845 Haydon paid a second visit to Manchester for the purpose of discoursing on English art and artists, on Greek art, on Beauty, and on the Elgin Marbles. He told the romantic history of those immortal fragments, explained their perfections, the immutable principles on which they are based, the moving incidents of the battle he had waged on their behalf, and he predicted their influence on the art of the world. The profound knowledge, noble enthusiasm, eloquent and fearless language of the lecturer, made a prodigious impression.

Mr. Brookes and his friends were introduced, and showed him their drawings; he was delighted, and requested that they might be hung in the lecture theatre, in order that he might make public reference to them, which was done. Next morning, soon after seven, he was with them, according to promise, in their attic, sitting in their midst discoursing with energy and freedom on technical points. The foregoing circumstances are alluded to in the first volume (pages 446 and 447) of Haydon's 'Correspondence and Table-talk.'

To his wife he wrote the following letter:—

'*Manchester*, 9 *April*, 1844.

'Only think of what has happened. I had established here, as you know, a School of Design, with the figure as the basis. Some time since, again influenced by those obstinate ignoramuses in London, the Council here allowed itself to be persuaded to abolish the figure. The young men behaved admirably well. They met together, subscribed, and continued the figure privately, and waited for my coming down. Now that I have arrived, they have brought me their drawings, which are admirable for their accuracy, breadth, and finish. This is going on like the early Christians. Persecution like this will make the thing. These Councils and pupils are doing here what is being done by Councils and pupils in many of the great towns in which I have lectured. Such is the baneful and mischievous influence of that blot of centralised ignorance in London: the moment my back is turned they send to undo all the good I have done. But if the young men only remain sound, and continue to draw the figure, those gentlemen in London will one day be brought to acknowledge their error. It is pitiable to find such obstinacy and ignorance—wilful, intentional ignorance—of what is for this great country's good in high places.'

Haydon addressed a sketch of his palette and its arrangement, 'To the United Society of Manchester Artists.' The adjective was not misapplied. Those 'early Christians' (or 'Roman bricks,' as they called themselves) met daily for study, and monthly at each other's houses for the exhibition and discussion of drawings, sketches, and prints,—a custom maintained with never-failing interest and never-

clouded friendship for more than twenty years. It was a curious coincidence that none of the members ever used tobacco or stimulants; the physical and mental atmosphere was, therefore, equally clear. Various phases of politics, religion, and art, were represented: politics which dated from the year of the Corn Law, and those which were thought to be 'the canker of a calm world and a long peace;' there met artist, architect, and amateur; the painter who was lax in dogma, and the Bible Christian who fulmined from the pulpit on Sundays. Opinions clashed and grappled; sparks flew, but never scorched; love of art, like a central sun, fused all harsh outlines and harmonised the whole.

To those meetings Mr. Brookes contributed many charming sketches; from Nature, from Shakespeare and Spenser (the painter's poet), from the fairy tales of childhood, and especially from Wordsworth, in whose pure pages he found all the charm and sweetness which lie enfolded in the heart of pastoral nature. He brought the results of his studies from the antique, and his long self-discipline in recording observation, and in drawing from life.

To this period belong the beautiful designs he made to illustrate 'The Journal of a Poor Vicar' (exhibited in Manchester in 1849), which indicated what he might have done in this direction, and the grievous loss which art sustained by being denied the dedication of his powers, the charm of his style, and the elegance of his fancy.

In his temper there was none of the brooding gloom allied to imagination; but he had the serene spirit, the sportive mirth, and cheerfulness, attendant on fancy. He delighted to dip in the enchanted stream of Spenser, and wander amid scenes which were haunted and glorified by the immortal beauty of Una. Ideas of primeval vastness, chimeras, demogorgons, portentous shapes, shadowy horrors, and splendid chiaroscuro, had no abiding charm for him. Milton's imperial theme, and Shakespeare's highest mood of tragedy, he could enjoy; but his tender, remorseful nature could find no pleasure in the awful under-world, the gulfs of fire and cataracts of flame, the human groves and damned wights of Dante.

On these evenings, for engravings in fine states after the great masters, there was the relish arising from unsatisfiable hunger. Every name of note was welcomed—Rubens, Rembrandt, Vandyck; but the most potent spirits were Sir Joshua and Turner. If those dear spirits could have looked in they could not fail to have been gratified to find how much they had ennobled the loves and enriched the lives of those obscure enthusiasts. The *Liber Veritatis* amused; the *Liber Studiorum* stunned. The beatific delight of Mr. Brookes in the 'Richmondshire' series was pleasant to behold. Richmond, Hardraw, Aysgarth, Easby, Hornby, Crook of Lune, Kirkby Lonsdale, and Semmerwater, by whose shores his mother had wandered when a girl; to all these places he had made a pilgrimage of love; there were no landscapes in the world to compare with them; and as for the painters, he would cry, 'They are all mechanics compared with him!'

In 1852 Mr. Brookes married; his wife and several children survive.

In Art circles throughout the country, the year 1857 was memorable for the Art Treasures Exhibition in Manchester; to local artists it was especially so, because of the exhibition at Peel Park, in Salford, out of which arose the Manchester Academy of Fine Arts,

which has flourished ever since. Mr. Brookes' contributions to the exhibition (more than a dozen drawings and an oil picture of three cats) were singled out by Prince Albert on the occasion of his visit, and greatly admired by him. Mr. Frank Stone was also delighted with them; sought out the artist, invited him to London, and, when there, made much of him.

His annual holidays were devoted to Lancaster—to friends, relatives, and beloved neighbourhoods, and to London—the National Gallery, the exhibitions, the print-shops, and to making a reverent call upon some great man, as, for instance, Etty, whose work he greatly admired.

The year 1865 was one of sad memory, inasmuch as it was the commencement of his long martyrdom of seventeen years.

A series of colds settled on the lungs, which became so seriously impaired that he could no longer

work at his business. In the midst of the sad condition of things arising out of this great calamity he was introduced by his old and dear friend, F. J. Shields, to Dr. Samuel Crompton, a worthy grandson of the recluse of Hall-i'-th'-wood, Bolton-le-Moors, the inventive genius who was hunted by his neighbours, starved by his debtors, and honoured by his successors with a statue in his native town and a niche in the national Pantheon. The doctor was astounded at the beauty of Mr. Brookes' work, and encouraged him to be of good cheer. He sent the drawings to Sir Walter C. James, Bart. (now Lord Northbourne), who showed them to Lord Hardinge, Mr. Nasmyth (of the steam-hammer), and to Sir Francis Grant, who exclaimed, 'Where has this man been that he has not made himself famous? We have no such art on the walls of the Academy!' Sir Walter invited the artist to Betteshanger, became a warm friend, a munificent patron, and crowned his innumerable good deeds by bringing him to the notice of Mr. Gladstone. Reverting to 1865, Mr. Brookes found in his friend the doctor a man who combined the three great qualities of friend, physician, and financier; a man able and willing to minister to mind, body, and estate; and this he did with so much success as to lighten considerably the anxieties of the invalid. The Rossendale Printing Company (with whom he had been for five-and-twenty years) behaved with liberality, keeping him on their books for a year and a half, until Mr. Brookes positively declined to remain on them any longer. He had ever a sturdy spirit of independence.

In 1870 Mr. David Douglas, of Edinburgh, employed him to illustrate a book for children. He drew the cover and six illustrations on stone.

The genial author of 'Rab and his Friends' (Dr. John Brown) also engaged him to make drawings. He wrote, 'Genius such as yours is best left to its own promptings; you are thoroughly original without being in the least odd or strained. You remind me most of the German Richter, but you are more yourself than anybody else.' But, in the circumstances of Mr. Brookes' life, in the cast of his mind and character, and the direction in which the strength of his art lay, most people will probably associate him with William Blake. Blake, no doubt, was a man of wider powers, who had imagination as well as fancy. He was a poet of delicate and original melody, but a man who dwelt perilously near to the edge of the world of reason. Mr. Brookes had no dreaming abstractions or imaginary visitations, angelic or demoniac. But, as Blake was bound to the graver all his life, so Brookes was bound to the designer's desk, and each made use of his freedom to devote himself to his ideal. Graphic power and literary skill were given to Blake in equal measure; in the *Songs of Innocence* the tender grace of the early days of human life, their spiritual beauty and purity are expressed in an enchanting manner. But the lightsome essence of all these was translated into another language by Mr. Brookes. Natural sweetness, tender playfulness, softness, simplicity, refinement, graceful reserve, arch and elfish innocence, the pride of assured and conscious purity and dignity—all these were given by him with natural and inevitable ease.

The two artists resembled each other in the happiness of their domestic lives; and although it was not given to Mr. Brookes to have converse with the prophets and poets of old, he was able to see shapes which to others were invisible. On the wall opposite the bed on which he was condemned so long to lie, a piece of muslin was stretched; the wrinkles on this gave, to his eye, the semblance of a procession of figures—'a bevy of fair women.' He asked one of his sons to look intently and see if he could not discover the same thing; he replied that he saw nothing. 'Then,' said he, 'thou wilt never be an artist!' Asking for pencil and paper he made a charming drawing (which he gave to Mrs. Crompton) of a group of women, diaphanously draped, dancing.

It is sad to think that such a man, during his long vigil, must gaze on dead wall or blank muslin, instead of soft spaces of changeful grey vapour, blue sky, golden leaves, and the lights and shadows of hill and valley. Good friends (like Mrs. Leaf) made generous offers with a view to remedying this, but a feeling of independence, combined with dislike of change, stood in the way. So he preferred to remain in his smoky suburb of Manchester.

The room in which he lived, when able to work, was, it is true, lined with fine engravings after the great masters; but its one window admitted a very limited space of smoke-veiled sky, with abundant chimneys, bricks, and mortar. Then, he never shut himself up, but loved to be surrounded by romping children, who had access to him at every moment, and (of course) availed themselves of the privilege.

No doubt he regarded them from an artistic point of view; watching, with unwearying interest, every mood and tense (the showers and sunshine of the spring-time of life), seeing in every attitude something finer than Fiammingo ever shaped, and rich material for his practised pencil.

A sentence or two may here be quoted from a letter written by his good doctor, no mean judge of art:—

'Within his range, viz. the representation of the innocence of childhood, I know nothing by others so pure and so refined; and the skill, both as to touch and seizing the picturesque, will be difficult for any one to approach. His love for his children was wonderful; and I do not believe that there could be a purer-minded man than he was. He said that he often had to wait for days before he saw a child in an attitude that would suit; and that then the difficulty was to keep it in that position till he could secure

his sketch. He had a side window looking into a back street, where the children would sit at the cottage doors, and where he seized the attitudes that struck him. But most of his sketches were done from his own children and from his admirable wife.'

It is pleasant to read (in the letters he wrote to his home in 1870–78) of the pleasure and advantage he derived from his visits to Sir Henry C. James, Bart. (Lord Northbourne), and his son, at Betteshanger, and Updown Park; his visit to the Duke and Duchess of Argyll; and his interviews with the Duke of Cambridge, Lord Granville, Lady Bath, Lady Winchelsea, Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, Dr. Bowman, and many others, who admired and bought his drawings. For the above space of time the frail invalid was an honoured annual guest at Betteshanger, where he was loaded with kindness.

The twenty-eighth of March, 1871, was a memorable day indeed, for it brought him a letter from Mr. Gladstone's secretary, informing him that the Queen had been pleased to approve the grant to him of 100*l.* a-year on the Civil List. The old myths are daily being repeated in common life. Prometheus, bearing fire from heaven, is chained to a rock; a vulture gnaws his vitals; but after thirty years the bird is slain by Jupiter, and the prisoner set free. Genius may be the fire from heaven; the rock an uncongenial business; the vulture, anxiety; and Jupiter may be a Prime Minister of the Queen.

In 1876 Mr. Brookes records, with modest pride, his visit to Hawarden, and the infinite, yet homely, kindness with which he was received by his host and hostess and the whole happy family; and how Mr. Gladstone requested that, if he could no longer work, he must let him know, and that he should not want for anything. There must have been some sterling qualities of mind and heart and hand on the part of the Salford 'tear-boy,' to secure such friends as these. But year by year the thread of his life became more and more attenuated. His existence was a struggle, maintained from hour to hour, with wonderful cheerfulness and gallantry. A fresh and buoyant spirit supported him to the end, and his last drawing, from Waugh's 'Come whoam to thy children an' me,' was full of vigour.

His old and tried friend, Frederick J. Shields, thus said of him:—

'He was a gentle soul, a true artist. What he might have done cannot be said, but what he did is perfect and delightful. It is like some exquisite geometrical pattern, of which only a portion has been unrolled; enough to show its perfection, while its further interlacings are unrevealed. You know that they may be more beautiful than the portion you see, but they will be the same in spirit, limited, and without surprise.

'As the Thames above Windsor, flowing through the quiet meadows, with the willows fringing its banks; the same, though ever changeful, soothing and peaceful.

'Not a break of rock, or torrent fall, nay, not so much as even a steep bank with gnarled roots exposed, and strong branches shooting over you as your boat glides on. There is no taint of evil in his art. It is as pure as the babes he portrays so delicately.'

A few hours before he died an Italian woman began to play in front of the house on an English organ. What was the tune? It might have been 'The land o' the leal.' The family, thinking it might disturb him, would have sent her away. 'Don't,' panted the dying artist, 'don't send her away—she is the countrywoman of Raphael!'

The Premier, on hearing of his death, forwarded a donation of a hundred pounds from the Queen's Bounty, with the following letter to the artist's son:

'*Downing Street, Whitehall,*
'*Aug.* 14, 1882.

'My dear Sir,

'My wife and I are much moved by your letter. We look back upon your father's life, I may say, with an affectionate interest and regard. It was, indeed, noble, pure, and beautiful; and it seemed as if an exterior discipline, without internal conflict, sufficed to raise him to the point at which he might escape from the flesh, and from the pressure of the world, to enjoy at once the vision of God.

'Have the goodness to inform me as to the health, and also as to the circumstances, of your mother (I believe she survives him) and family.

'I remain,
'Your very faithful and obedient Servant,
'W. E. Gladstone.'

Mr. Brookes' grave is in the cemetery at Brooklands, near Sale, Cheshire.

T. Letherbrow.

GERMAIN PILON.

WE have seen that Pilon was largely engaged in work for the goldsmiths (though all traces of that work have vanished), and a good deal of the finish and delicacy in his art may be due to his familiarity with a minute scale of design. The bas-reliefs of the Virtues on the tomb of Henry II. in St. Denis are an example of his daintiest style. Utterly different from these little scenes are the four Virtues in wood of life-size which may now be seen at the Louvre, but were designed to uphold a reliquary containing St. Geneviève's bones at the Abbaye Royale. In an old engraving (that of Abraham Bossé) they hold in one hand a lighted torch, evidently for some festival procession, while with the other they support their burden. Since they left their original position they have travelled a good deal—to Lenoir's Museum, to the École des Beaux-Arts, and Versailles—before finding their present home.

We have a natural prejudice against formal statues of this kind, especially in this case, where they seem to repeat under a different name and requirements the idea of the three Graces. But the sight of them undeceives us; there is no repetition. There is just the same resource and variety of harmonious combinations in the adjustment of the draperies and the expression of the heads that we noticed in the famous group. But these are quite novel, and the tone of the whole work is altogether different. They satisfy the eye by dignity as well as grace.

The heads still strongly individualised are of unaffected beauty, and the draperies are well deserving of study for their admirable indication of form and the emphasis they lend by mass and fold to the character of the figures. Pilon, if I remember right, avoids in their case an unhappy trick of protruding lower limbs and abruptly parted draperies, which mars their natural pose and gives a theatrical effect to so many of his other statues.

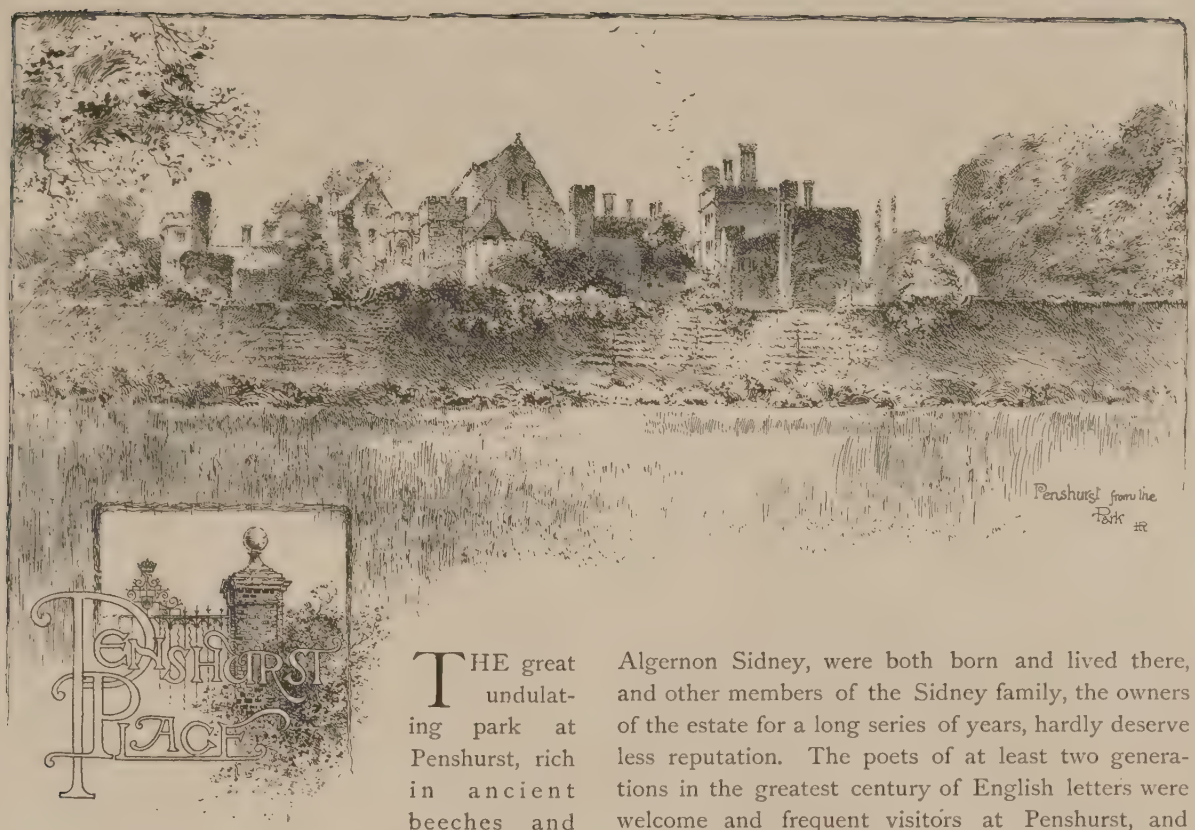
The treatment is no doubt largely due to the heavy nature of his material, which required a much broader handling than anything to which he had been accustomed with marble or bronze. But we must remember that the mediaeval tradition of wood-carving had not died out in Pilon's day. It was a school of ready invention and general effect, just as the goldsmith's shop was a discipline of finish and workmanship. Even in our own century there are at least two of the greatest names and the most diverse talents in sculpture—those of Flaxman and Dupré—who entered their art through the portals of the more delicate and the more vigorous craft. Flaxman achieved his first great success* in working for Wedgwood, upon designs which required just the qualities of the former, though with much greater artistic license. Dupré was trained in a Florentine wood-carver's bottega, and worked there, I believe, till he sprang into sudden fame. And in the sixteenth century the bond between the craftsman and the artist was much closer than it is in the nineteenth. We have seen how Goujon, in all probability, first attracted the notice of Rouen by the beautiful doors he executed for the church of St. Maclou.

This late work of Pilon's displays just the same familiarity with the same material. And we can hardly help a feeling of regret that the peculiar style of French cabinets—excellent and characteristic of this time as is their art—forbade that freer employment of sculpture which throws so potent a charm over the beautiful Cassoni of the Cinque Cento in Italy. So far as I know, no authenticated cabinet has come down to us from the hands of a French sculptor of the same century; but members of the School of Fontainebleau occasionally stooped to such work, if the cabinet in the Musée de Cluny, said to be executed after their design, is really theirs.

These statues are the last work which we can identify in Pilon's best style. There are notices of a flattering kind (by French historiographers) which relate to after years, and there are—mostly in the Louvre—some fine works which may be referred to a later date; but there is hardly anything which distinctly adds to his reputation. And certainly Pilon grew more inflated in style as his invention became more barren; though he sometimes worked with the old grace and spirit. It is fortunate, without doubt, that we possess productions chiefly of his middle period; nothing before his work at St. Denis on the tomb of Francis, and very little after the statues at the other royal abbey of St. Geneviève, being still preserved with certainty from his hand. It will be simplest then, in order to avoid a long list of unproved and unprovable assumptions, to notice rapidly the chief works which are probably his but have not yet been accounted for, and to refer to the most important descriptions which have reached us of those works which have since disappeared. Let us glance at the latter first.

At the Abbaye Royale of Ste. Geneviève, beside the Cardinal Virtues already mentioned, there were once to be seen a *Dead Christ* and a *Resurrection*, both

* We might almost say, formed his style, except that his peculiar refinement was innate. Perhaps his most popular work is the shield he executed for the king's goldsmiths in later life—the famous Shield of Achilles.



Penshurst Place

THE great undulating park at Penshurst, rich in ancient beeches and in avenues of limes, overlooking the hills of Tunbridge and encircled by the Medway, exhilarates the visitor as no ancient architecture is capable of doing. It was not for its 'envious show' of marble, pillars, stairs, or courts, that Ben Jonson, according to his own confession, could commend Penshurst, but for what were to him its 'better marks—of soil, of air, of wood, of water.' In spite, however, of the overshadowing charms of the park, the Castle has a long and attractive history. It is associated, as few other private houses are, with the most fascinating epochs of English literature and politics. When the visitor to the great mansion enters the central hall he is brought into direct relation with the chivalric age of Edward III., so few seem the changes wrought in the chamber's fabric or furniture. The galleries at hand introduce the guest by no uncertain tokens to Tudor times; the hangings, the pictures, the chairs and tables, are all authentic survivals of Elizabeth's reign or of her immediate predecessors. Elsewhere terribly ironical reminiscences are excited of the 'merry' age of Charles II.

The Castle has been the birthplace and the home of more than one man of world-wide renown. It enshrines more memories than it is pleasing to recall of ambitious men, heroes of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, whose aspirations brought them to the scaffold. Sir Philip Sidney and his grandnephew, Algernon Sidney, were both born and lived there, and other members of the Sidney family, the owners of the estate for a long series of years, hardly deserve less reputation. The poets of at least two generations in the greatest century of English letters were welcome and frequent visitors at Penshurst, and proved in their verse their familiarity with its hospitalities and architectural charm. Ben Jonson was not the only poet who wandered under the beech-trees in the great park. Edmund Waller desired posterity to believe that he had many hurried meetings, on

> 'The ranged ramparts bright
> From level meadow-bases of deep grass,'

with his Saccharissa, whose home was within the walls of the Castle. Whether a reader's interest be centred in English architecture, in English portrait-painting, in English political history, or in English poetry, he will find it to his profit to acquaint himself with Penshurst Castle and its past.

About the very ancient history of the mansion and district it is needless to speculate here. In the thirteenth century a Constable of Dover Castle and a Warder of the Cinque Ports, called Sir Stephen de Penchester, had a fortified house at Penchester—Penchester, 'the castle on the hill,' being the earliest form of the name Penshurst. The building was said to date from the lordly times of William the Conqueror, but no traces of it are extant; and we must assume, in charity to the annalists who have testified to its existence, that it was all of wood, devoid of a Norman keep, and thus of limited durability. In the fourteenth century we reach firmer ground. Sir Stephen de Penchester died without an heir. He left only two daughters, one of whom married into

a Somersetshire family named Columbers, and Penshurst followed her fortunes. In the hands of this family Penshurst remained for very few years. A rich London merchant, Sir John de Poulteney, or

Pulteny, was in 1336 in need of a country-house within a reasonable distance of the City, and the heir of the Columbers readily parted with Penshurst for a sum of money. The new owner was a wealthy draper, popular and powerful at the Guildhall, where he was four times elected Lord Mayor. His charity and piety were attested by his building one church (Little All-hallows) in Thames Street, and another for the Carmelites at Coventry, while his benefactions to the London parish of St. Lawrence transformed its name to that of St. Lawrence *Poulteney*. But his chief claim to the remembrance of posterity lies in his paternity of Penshurst Castle. Whatever may have been the character or history of the original building, Sir John de Poulteney was not desirous of preserving any vestige of it, and in its place he set up the house which is the central portion of the existing edifice. He first obtained, according to contemporary custom, a license from the Crown, dated 1341, to 'crenellate' (*i.e.*, to erect battlements about) the building that he was planning, and immediately afterwards the workmen were summoned to begin their labours.

A fourteenth-century house consisted mainly of one great hall. A few smaller apartments were placed in the towers which surmounted it; while at either end there was an inner and an outer wall, and the narrow space between the two was often inconveniently crowded with the private chambers, most of which did double service as sitting-rooms and bedrooms, for the distinction between the two classes of rooms is of modern origin. In size, all was overshadowed by the one great hall. Sir John de Pulteney's hall at Penshurst, although standing no longer alone but amid a cluster of later additions, remains in much the same condition as when its first owner crossed the threshold. The high-pitched open timber roof, with its decorated mouldings, is little the worse for age. There, too, are the fourteenth-century windows, with their tracery of a pattern peculiar to the county of Kent, and crossed by stone bars ornamented with miniature battlements. In the centre of the floor is the unprotected platform, which did duty for the hearth, with its andirons or fire-dogs still supporting logs of wood for the fire's consumption. High above this primitive place for fire there was a small turret or *louvre*, whence the smoke escaped, but this is almost the only ancient architectural feature which has vanished. At the upper end of the hall is the raised dais, and upon it now stands a narrow table of Elizabethan manufacture, obviously

the successor of a similar table of an earlier century. The table is narrow, because the host and his chief guests sat only on one side of it; they turned their backs on none of the less distinguished diners seated in the lower floor of the great room. Two other

tables run nearly the whole length of the hall below the daïs: they are lightly carved wooden slabs on tressels, and the tressels on one side, having mouldings of the Decorated epoch, are judged by competent critics to be actual survivals of Sir John de Pulteney's time. The slabs and the tressels by the opposite wall doubtless date from the later Tudors. From the right end of the daïs one stone staircase still leads up to an upper chamber, the original withdrawing room, near which in all probability there was once a chapel, although no trace of it now appears. Another flight of steps leads down to a stone vault, at one time a parlour. At the opposite end of the chamber is a solid wooden screen broken by two wide doorways, and surmounted by the musicians' gallery. The passage beneath the gallery communicated with the buttery, pantry, and kitchen; it was the vestibule of the ancient house, the porch at its northern end being the principal entrance of the mansion. Sir John de Pulteney's buttery and pantry are still extant; but the kitchen, which was probably a separate wooden structure in a distant yard approached by a narrow passage, has disappeared. So much of Sir John's stately pleasure-house remains, however, that very little imagination is needed by the visitor to enable him to realise the conditions of life at what is for all practical purposes the original Penshurst Castle.

Sir John de Pulteney found a last resting-place in St. Paul's Cathedral some five years after his house was built, and Penshurst changed hands within the following century more times than it is convenient to enumerate. Pulteney's only son, together with his widow (who soon found another husband), at first became its owners. But the son died unmarried at five-and-twenty, and his mother's property passed to an heiress of her second husband's family, the wife of Sir John Devereux. The name of Sir John, an ancestor of the sixteenth century Earls of Essex, is just worth remembering in the annals of Penshurst. He obtained permission, in 1393, to add a wing to Sir John de Pulteney's building and to fortify it anew, probably with an eye to the raids of the Kentish Wat Tyler's riotous socialists. But Death seemed at this, as at other periods, to have marked out the dwellers of Penshurst for his especial prey. Devereux died, and left the new long, bare, barrack-like building all unfinished. His widow had no children. When she died, in 1409, the house passed to a neighbour and connexion of hers by marriage, by whom it was at first neglected and afterwards sold. Its purchaser was John Plantagenet, the great Duke of Bedford, Shakespeare's 'Prince John of Lancaster,' brother of Henry V., and uncle of Henry VI.

Duke John's tenure of Penshurst gave it something of the interest that attaches to Hawarden or Hughenden in these days. It was the property and the occasional home of the greatest statesman and general of the age. Henry V.'s premature death in 1422 left his brothers, John and Humphrey (Duke of Gloucester), the virtual rulers of his wide realm, which included France as well as England. The new king was a few months old, and the highest responsibilities fell to his elder and sober-minded uncle Bedford. Although Henry V. had intended Bedford to rule

France, and Gloucester to rule England, the former could not safely remain very long abroad, while the ambitious Gloucester's reckless policy was spreading discontent and distrust at home. But Bedford was seldom able to enjoy the calm of Penshurst and its park; he left Devereux's unfinished wing as he found it; and when the English fortunes in France declined, Bedford abandoned England perforce. He died broken-hearted at Rouen in 1435, to be succeeded in the ownership of Penshurst by his brilliant and unprincipled brother of Gloucester. Bedford's career as a soldier was sullied by his treatment of Joan of Arc, but Shakespeare's estimate of him runs:—

> 'A braver soldier never couched lance,
> A gentler heart did never sway a court,'—

words curiously applicable to another owner of Penshurst in the succeeding century. Duke Humphrey survived his brother for thirteen years, with his dangerous power largely increased. He was too restless to spend much time at Penshurst, and no memorials of him are preserved there. His fierce quarrel with his uncle, Cardinal Beaufort, finally ruined him: his enemies contrived his arrest early in 1448, and the indignity killed him. The pious young king, Henry VI., inherited the Penshurst property, and he

presented it to his cousin Humphrey Stafford, Duke of Buckingham, in whose family it remained for the greater part of a century. But it still proved a perilous gift, and allowed its new owners no long life.

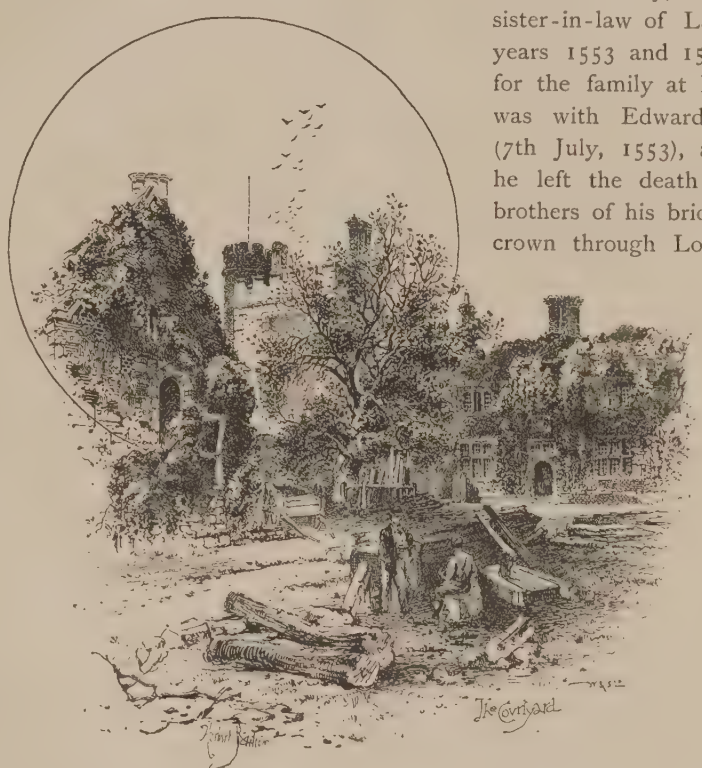
Buckingham was able to complete the wing begun by Sir John Devereux about sixty years before. It still survives, and is known as the Buckingham building. The general features recall the reign of Richard II., when the foundations were laid; it consists of two storeys—of a long hall or dormitory with small chambers beneath it. The simplicity of design seems to point to the employment of the building as a barrack for soldiers or retainers, and the wars of the Roses doubtless made it serviceable at the date

of its completion. It was in the beginning of these wars—at the battle of Northampton in 1460—that Buckingham, its builder, was slain. His grandson, a boy of five, became the new lord. At first his life was uneventful: he married into the Woodville family—the family of Edward IV.'s queen, and later became intimate with Edward IV.'s scheming brother Richard, Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III. To the energy of this owner of Penshurst, Richard was much indebted for the crown of England, which he obtained in 1483. But the comparatively easy approach of Richard to the throne seems to have suggested to the 'deep-revolving witty Buckingham' the possibility of his own succession, and he set on foot a rebellion with the avowed object of deposing his newly-crowned friend in favour of Henry of Richmond (afterwards Henry VII.) His neighbours in Kent zealously supported him, but by anticipating the time of rising by ten days, gave Richard III. not only knowledge of the conspiracy which was spreading all over England, but time and opportunity to repress it. Buckingham was captured in the west, and unceremoniously beheaded at Salisbury.

This tragic close to a promising career, which Shakespeare has treated fully in his play of 'Richard III.,' did not disturb the succession at Penshurst, which passed to Edward Stafford, Duke of Buckingham, the traitor's son. But the fates were no kinder to him than to his predecessors in the ownership. He believed, or was thought to believe, with his father, that he had a better claim to the English throne than the man who sat there. Cardinal Wolsey, whom he foolishly despised, grew suspicious of him, and he lost his life on the scaffold in 1521. For the third time within sixty-one years a violent death had deprived Penshurst of its master.

The Crown, in the person of Henry VIII., now claimed the deserted castle, and although occasionally small sums of royal money were devoted to the 'mending of Penshurst Place,' it remained untenanted until Henry's long reign had been succeeded by Edward VI.'s. Then for a few months John Dudley, Earl of Warwick, the ambitious father-in-law of Lady Jane Grey, received a grant of it, but he soon restored it to the Crown in exchange for other property, and it passed to the hands of the Protector Somerset's attendant, Sir Ralph Fane. For a fourth time Penshurst was associated with an unnatural death. Sir Ralph was embroiled in the conspiracy in which Somerset fell, and he followed his patron to the scaffold. A little later, in 1552, Penshurst became the home of the Sidney family.

The Sidney pedigree mounts to Henry II.'s time, but the student of Penshurst is content to trace it from Sir William Sidney, Henry VIII.'s chamberlain, and a commander at Flodden Field. It was to this Sir William that Edward VI. gave the fatal gift of Penshurst, and in terrible conformity with the lives of its former owners, Sir William died in the following year. But his son, Sir Henry Sidney, the veritable builder of Penshurst as we know it to-day, happily held the property on less deadly terms. So many romantic careers began and ended under Elizabeth, so many reputations were lost and won, that a little lettered posterity cannot be blamed for remembering and honouring only a few of the names of Elizabethan heroes. But there is some capriciousness in the popular mode of meting out fame to celebrities of the past, and the mode is incompatible with either perfect justice or perfect knowledge. Drake justly lives, on many grounds, in the popular imagination. But Raleigh is only commonly recalled as the discoverer of the potato and the pipe; Burghley's fame is bounded by his nod; and Essex's name is vaguely associated with Lady Nottingham's ring. In like manner Sir Henry Sidney of Penshurst is known to the general reader as little beyond the father of Sir Philip Sidney; and Sir Philip himself is only remembered as denying himself a cup of water in favour of a wounded common soldier, when dying on the battle-field. Both these names deserve a more liberal and more definite meed of honour. The elder Sidney was one of the most brilliant administrators of his day—the successful governor of two countries so ungovernable as Ireland and Wales. His wise policy may, in fact, be said to have reduced the latter country to peace and contentment from a state of turbulence, which threatened either a separation from England or a permanent military despotism. The younger Sidney, as a poet and critic of poetry, as a man and a soldier, merits all but the highest place in the annals of literature and English history.



Sir Henry and his family had had full control of Prince Edward during infancy and boyhood, and when the Prince became king in 1547, Sidney was all powerful with him and his most intimate friend. For comeliness of person, gallantness and liveliness, of spirit, virtue, quality, beauty, and good 'composition of body,' Sidney was described as 'the only odd man and paragon of the court.' He made his father's new house at Penshurst his own home; obtained permission to keep fifty retainers in livery there, and very early in his occupation of it brought there his newly married wife Mary, daughter of the lately created Duke of Northumberland, sister of Queen Elizabeth's Robert Dudley, earl of Leicester, and sister-in-law of Lady Jane Grey. The years 1553 and 1554 were stirring times for the family at Penshurst. Sir Henry was with Edward VI. when he died (7th July, 1553), and immediately after he left the death-bed the father and brothers of his bride sought to seize the crown through Lord Guildford Dudley's wife, Lady Jane Grey. The Duke and Lord Guildford were beheaded, and Lady Mary's other brothers, John, Ambrose, and Robert Dudley were imprisoned in the Tower. On the 18th of October, 1553, the first-named of these was allowed to join his sister at Penshurst, and three days later he died there. His death was quickly followed by that of the new owner of Penshurst, Sir William Sidney, Sir Henry's father; and Sir Henry thereupon came into the property. Queen Mary had no suspicions of the Duke of Northumberland's son-in-law. She granted him anew all his offices and privileges in November, 1554; and on the 29th of the same month Lady Mary Sidney gave birth at Penshurst to her first child, christened Philip in honour of Queen Mary's husband. The event was celebrated by the planting of an acorn in the park, which grew into the far-famed 'Sidney's Oak,' 'the sacred mark of noble Sidney's birth.' The tree is unhappily no longer recognisable.

Having safely weathered a great political storm, and with parental cares coming upon him, Sir Henry Sidney, although only twenty-five years old, apparently anticipated a future of prosperity and repose. His first care was for the adornment and enlargement

of his house. He left untouched, so far as we know, the Pulteney and the Devereux, or Buckingham buildings, but he surrounded them with so many new blocks as to transform the character of the whole edifice. The semi-quadrangular entrance-court, with the gate-house in front of the old hall, the gallery and state reception-rooms leading from the Buckingham building at the back of the old hall, are all pure Tudor; they cover more ground than that occupied by the older mansion, and give the existing house its very composite appearance, in which Tudor architecture predominates. Sir Henry Sidney's rooms, one of which called after Queen Elizabeth is said to have been furnished by her, are smaller than the earlier owners of Penshurst approved of, but they are more numerous, and the dimensions and proportions of the picture-gallery are, for their age, majestic. The furniture of Sidney's state rooms is still well preserved: the hangings have retained their colour; the pictures have lost little of their freshness; and the musical instruments—the mandoline and spinnet—have not abandoned all their melody. The pictures are nearly all family portraits, among which Robert Dudley, earl of Leicester, often makes his appearance; in one he is represented as dancing with Queen Elizabeth in a very merry and eccentric attitude. Holbein's portraits of Edward VI. and of Dudley, duke of Northumberland, are also there, together with pictures of both Sir William and Sir Henry Sidney. Sir Philip Sidney and his father must have been familiar with such objects as these, and the former must often have played his 'infant play' in the gallery with his loving sister and companion, Mary, afterwards Countess of Pembroke. The Elizabethan student visiting Sir Henry Sidney's rooms might easily imagine himself corporeally transported to the epoch of his study.

But the enjoyment of quiet domestic life was still denied for any length of time to the owners of Penshurst, and almost as soon as Elizabeth ascended the throne public duty called Sir Henry Sidney from Kent. In 1560 he was Lord President of Wales, with an official residence at Ludlow Castle; in 1565, for the first of many times, he was nominated First Lord Deputy of Ireland, where his success in reconciling conflicting factions was a striking instance of true statesmanship. But all the anxieties that public servants under Elizabeth were wont to endure weighed on the owner of Penshurst in full force. Salary always in arrears, public expenses defrayed out of his own purse, taunting letters from the Queen when his difficulties, through no fault of his own, looked least superable, secret enemies poisoning his good name in his absence from court—such troubles as these rendered Sir Henry 'toothless and trembling' at fifty-four, deep in debt, and his capital wealth diminished beyond all reckoning. On the 5th of May, 1586, having nearly reached his fifty-seventh birthday, Sir Henry died. Penshurst had seen little of him in recent years, but his body was brought to the church there for burial. Sir Henry's widow died at Penshurst three months later, on the 9th of August.

Amid these griefs Philip, the eldest son, should have succeeded to the Penshurst estates. He was thirty-two years old, but since his boyhood had not paid very many visits to his father's house. After leaving Oxford he had made a long foreign tour, studying men and books: he had stayed with his father in Wales and Ireland, and with his sister, the Countess of Pembroke, at Wilton; had visited Germany and the Netherlands on diplomatic business, and become familiar with the Court at Whitehall. Such leisure as he obtained from politics he devoted to literature and love-making, translating the Psalms of David with his sister, penning for her his 'Arcadia,' and dedicating to his lady-love the richly-worded collection of sonnets called 'Astrophel and Stella.' In 1583 he married Frances, the daughter of Sir Francis Walsingham, the Queen's Secretary, who is not identical with 'Stella.' When the news reached him of his father's and mother's death Sidney was seeking glory in new fields. He had gone to the Low Countries with the army under the command of his uncle, Robert, earl of Leicester. Six weeks after his mother's funeral he took part in a skirmish with the Spanish enemy near Zutphen and was shot down. His friends in the camp were

The Orange Court.
Penshurst Place.

overwhelmed with grief, but he bore all with unique fortitude. 'This my hurt,' he said, 'is the ordinance of God by the hap of war.' For five-and-twenty days he lingered on between life and death, very cheerful although fully conscious of his danger, and on Monday, October 17th, he died. With every sign of honour and public lamentation, Sir Philip was laid to rest, early in the following year, in St. Paul's Cathedral. Thus Penshurst knew little of Sir Philip Sidney; as its owner he never visited it. A lock of his auburn hair is still preserved there, together with youthful portraits of himself and of his friend and correspondent, Hubert Languet, and in the park more than one avenue is still associated with his great name. The estate passed to Philip's brother, Robert, one of those gentlemen who made themselves agreeable to James I. on his arrival in England in 1603, and under Robert's *régime* Penshurst knew something like domestic peace. The King conferred on its owner the titles of Lord Sidney of Penshurst, Viscount Lisle, and finally of Earl of Leicester (in memory of his uncle, Robert Dudley); and the new Earl of Leicester had the honour of entertaining his sovereign at Penshurst about 1618, when James hunted deer in the park, and found the sport admirable. Ben Jonson, an admirer of Sir Philip Sidney, and the author of the famous epitaph on the Countess of Pembroke, 'Sidney's sister,' was a frequent guest of his brother Robert's, and in well-known verse he commends the splendid park and its trees, together with their owner's lavish and kindly hospitality. Of Lord and Lady Leicester's popularity with their poorer neighbours Jonson writes with enthusiasm, and he emphasises the homely comfort and simplicity of life within the Castle.

Another Robert Sidney, earl of Leicester, became lord of Penshurst in 1626; and, although for the first fifteen years of his tenure political ambitions drew him often from home, in 1641 he retired from a public career, and devoted himself at Penshurst to study; domestic recreations occupied him for the remaining thirty-six years of his life. Vandyke was employed by him to paint portraits of himself and his children, and the pictures still adorn the walls of the Penshurst gallery. In 1621 his son Algernon, the 'patriot,' was born at Penshurst, and a little later a daughter, Dorothea. The poet, Edmund Waller, of a Kentish family, re-christened the latter Saccharissa, and wooed her in a long series of poems. 'He catch'd at love and fill'd his arms with bays.' Lady Dorothea became Countess of Sunderland. To the beeches of Penshurst Park Waller, according to his own account, was in the habit of confiding his passion, and he complained more than once that Saccharissa was 'more deaf than trees and prouder than the heaven.'

The appalling tragedy of the life of Lady Dorothea's brother Algernon, of whom many memorials are extant at Penshurst, forms a ghastly contrast to Waller's ludicrous love-story. Under Cromwell's *régime* Algernon Sidney lived at Penshurst writing his essays on government, and his manuscript notes are still shown there. Before the restoration of Charles II. he went to Holland, with a view to obtaining means to resist the re-establishment of monarchy, and, until his father was dying at Penshurst in 1667, he did not re-enter England. Then his brother-in-law, the Earl of Sunderland, secured a royal pardon for him, and he was with the old Earl of Leicester when he died. His sympathies, unlike those of his family, were honestly republican, but to put his views into practice he did little or nothing that did not become a peaceful subject of a monarchy. But treachery and insane terror on the part of the Government's creatures overwhelmed him, and he paid the penalty of his ideas on the scaffold in 1683. Algernon Sidney, a lock of whose hair is with a portrait still shown to Penshurst visitors, was the last eminent name associated with the house. Until 1743 the family of his father in direct line of descent inhabited Penshurst. Then the male issue failed, and there was litigation between three female claimants. In 1769 a

female descendant of the Sidneys married Sir Bysshe Shelley, grandfather of the poet, and his son, Sir John Shelley, took the name of Sidney, and became proprietor of Penshurst. Sir John's son was created Baron De L'Isle and Dudley in 1835, and the first Lord De L'Isle's heir is the present owner.

The latter part of the eighteenth century and the commencement of the present was a dreary time for Penshurst. A few pictures were added to the gallery to maintain the character given it by a young Kentish lady visiting it in 1716:—'A mighty fine old house, and the best pictures of any that ever I saw: there is one closet of pictures valued at 6000*l.*' But, for the rest, the house was allowed to fall into decay, and remained rarely tenanted for nearly a century. Mrs. Charlotte Smith, the sentimental sonnetteer, apostrophises it thus, 'whilst wandering amidst the groves of Penshurst in autumn, 1788,'—

'Ye towers sublime, deserted now and drear,
Ye woods deep-sighing to the hollow blast!
The musing wand'rer loves to linger near
While History points to all your glories past.'

But the present owner has worked a transformation, and the glories of Penshurst are partially revived. Under his guidance the whole building has been carefully restored, and to his discretion and energy is due its perpetuation as a grand historic monument.

SIDNEY L. LEE.

ART CHRONICLE.

THE Burlington Fine Arts Club are organizing an Evening in the Gallery of the Engravings of the Mezzotint Engravers.

THE Royal Academy intend in their Winter Exhibition to bring together a second collection of Turner's works, which, it is hoped, will prove as interesting as last year's. At the Grosvenor Gallery the artist to be represented is Vandyck, a choice likely to be popular with a large number of the art-loving public.

WE have received from the Berlin Photographic Company a photogravure reproduction of Alma Tadema's well-known *Reading from Homer*, in which the beauty of texture and finish of the original are wonderfully preserved.

THE date at which we go to press prevented us from announcing earlier the death of our friend and contributor, Mr. J. Beavington Atkinson, which occurred on the 23rd of October. He had returned in ill-health from one of his frequent excursions on the Continent, and died in his own home in Kensington.

Mr. Atkinson began life with some intention of being an artist, but having a good private fortune, and taking a general interest in the fine arts, he became a writer upon art. He contributed many articles to the 'Art Journal,' and was afterwards for some time art-critic to the 'Saturday Review.' He has also, as our readers know, frequently contributed to the PORTFOLIO. The editor of 'Blackwood's Magazine' gave a conspicuous place to some of Mr. Atkinson's articles, especially to one on 'The State of Art in France,' published in April, 1884, and to another on 'The Decline of Art—Royal Academy and Grosvenor Gallery,' which appeared in July, 1885. An article by Mr. Atkinson on 'The State of Art in England' will be found in 'Blackwood' for May, 1882. These papers were ably written, but their tone was pessimist, which may be attributed to the feeling of satiety naturally brought on by the overwhelming quantities of pictures that Mr. Atkinson was in the habit of seeing, not only in London but on the Continent. What he really enjoyed more than picture exhibitions was the variety of foreign travel. Mr. Atkinson was an excellent and persevering traveller. His naturally strong constitution made the fatigues of travel a pleasure to him, and the constant change of scene and surroundings always amused him. His 'Art Tour in Northern Capitals,' published by Messrs. Macmillan in 1873, though it had the northern picture galleries for its chief object, afforded opportunity for many interesting observations outside of them. In the following extract the reader will clearly perceive that the traveller is talking quite as much as the art-critic:—

'In Russia subjects suited to landscape art are widely scattered, they lie far apart. While in England half-a-day's journey is sure to bring a painter to his sketching-ground, in Russia, on the contrary, he may travel a thousand miles without the temptation to take out his paint-box. The road from St. Petersburg to Moscow, and even further south, is dreary and monotonous in the extreme. The territory looks forsaken and uninhabitable, and yet when I remarked to a Russian traveller, of the rank known in England as a country squire, on the scantiness of the people I received for reply the assurance that the country was suffering from over-population. The seeming contradiction might have been explained by Malthus; the simple fact would appear to be that the inhabitants are in excess of the means of subsistence, a condition compatible with the most scanty population that ever held a desert land. The traveller at long distances encounters wood-built hamlets, but the houses are bare and barn-like as Norwegian tenements. Nature, too, is stunted, starved, and stricken; the trees struggle between life and death, their topmost branches have been carried away by the storm, and their roots are denuded by biting ice; it must be admitted that such scenes are not without a rugged and stern grandeur. Forest lands, too, which sometimes stretch from the foreground to the horizon, especially when left to their own wild will, move the imagination equally with the boundless and restless sea. Then at intervals are interspersed, amid arid plains, fertile oases; spots favoured by nature and fostered by man. Here the colour, especially under sunshine, becomes vivid, and often in these northern latitudes the traveller finds brilliant banks of wild flowers, for almost before the snow has melted away verdure springs into life.'

Mr. Atkinson took a special interest in German art, and has left a record of his observations in the work entitled 'The Modern School of Art in Germany.' He frequently visited Germany, and had the advantage of long familiarity with the subject.

The Editor of the PORTFOLIO wished to invite Mr. Atkinson to contribute a series of articles for 1887, but this project was frustrated by the fatal illness of the contributor. Our sense of loss is the greater in Mr. Atkinson's case that he was a kind and interesting private correspondent. His letters were long, but so full of matter and so clear, both in expression and in handwriting, that the recipient never found them tedious.

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